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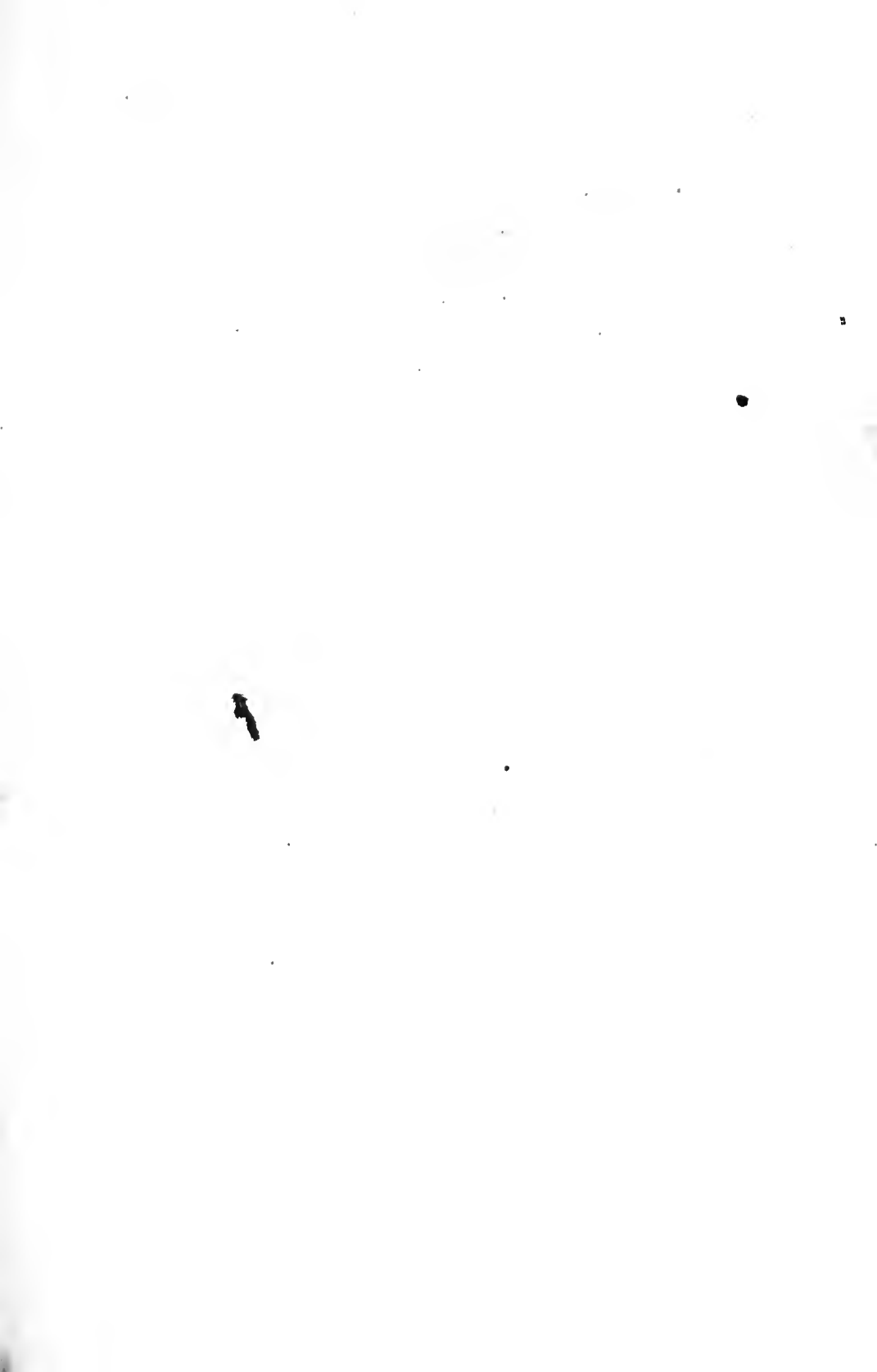
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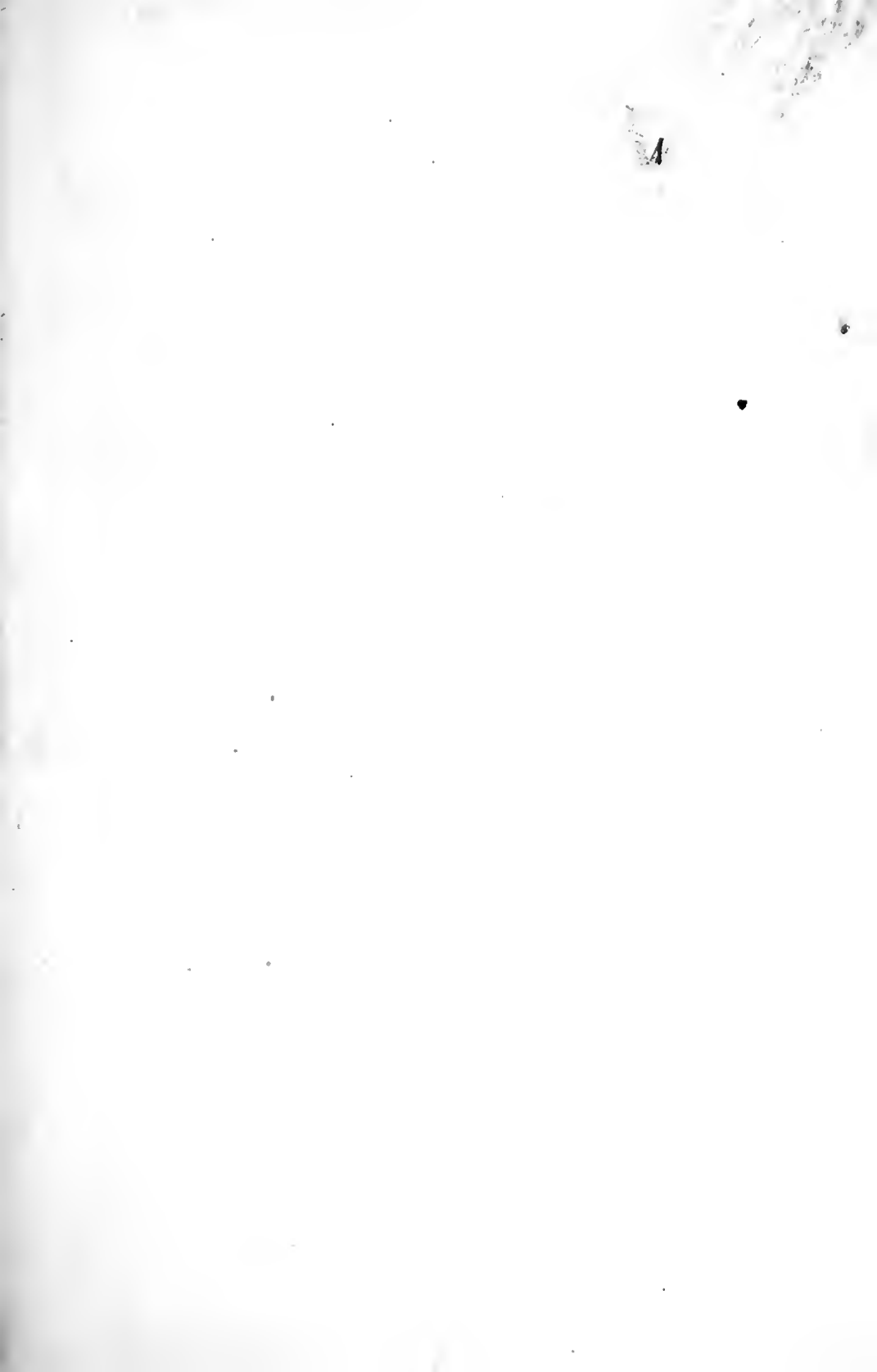
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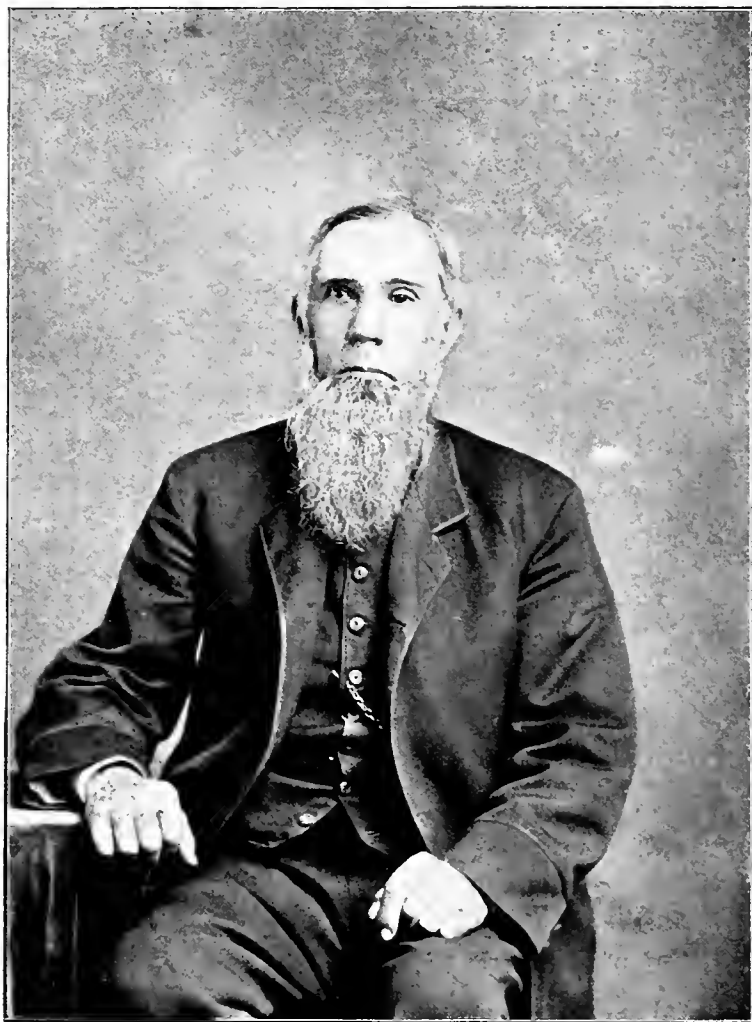
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THE LATE JONATHAN E. COX.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. VIII.

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No. 1.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE JONATHAN E. COX.

BY PRISCILLA B. HACKNEY.

Jonathan E. Cox was born 21st of first month, 1818, in Pasquotank county, N. C. When he was only six years of age his father, Joseph Cox, died, leaving him to the care of his mother, Margaret Cox, for whom he manifested a great attachment and kindly care in her declining years.

His forefathers were Friends for several generations, though his maternal grandfather was a soldier in the revolutionary war. His mother joined Friends about the time of her marriage, so he was within the pale of the church from his earliest infancy. The sober, earnest, thoughtful life which he was to lead began very early. He took advantage of every educational opportunity offered him in his early boyhood, and at nineteen entered this institution, then known as "New Garden Boarding School," and remained one year. While here he

met Elizabeth Hare, of Virginia, to whom he was married on the 28th of eleventh month, 1839. They settled in Northampton county, in this state, where they lived about twenty years. He was appointed to the station of Elder in the Society of Friends, by Rich Square Monthly Meeting in 1855. His interest in the prosperity of the Church was manifest throughout his life—not only by faithfulness in attendance of meetings but also by much personal labor in various lines.

In 1859 he, with his wife, took charge of New Garden Boarding School as superintendent and matron, and put their four children into the school. They remained five years and then went to their home in Northampton county, but at the earnest solicitation of Friends they returned after an absence of two years and again took charge of the school, re-

maining eight and one half years. In the struggle of the school after the civil war they devoted themselves and their means to sustain it. Their quiet christian manner was an object lesson to those who came under their influence. Uncle Jonathan and aunt Lizzie, as they were familiarly known by all who attended the school during those days, found time for kind encouraging words for the lonely or home-sick boy or girl. The dutiful student found in them kind counsellors, and the erring one equally kind reprovers. Having had the family life, the church influence and education among Friends, the subject of this sketch was much attached to their principles and was a useful member in the transaction of the business of the church. After aunt Lizzie's death uncle Jonathan devoted most of his time to work in the Blue Ridge mission. He often climbed the mountains or went into the valleys to carry the glad news of the gospel to those who never attended religious services. His declining health caused his friends anxiety lest he should fall by the way, but he was upborne by the arms of the Almighty. When quite sick last winter his one desire seemed to be to get well so that he might go to see some old men near the mission, in whom he was interested in leading to the knowledge of the

Savior, and to the surprise of us all, he was sufficiently recovered in the spring to make the desired visit and to leave the old men rejoicing in a Savior's love. Pres. Hobbs relates one incident that shows Jonathan Cox's keen sense of justice. When he came to New Garden he bought home-spun woollen cloth for a suit of clothes from the mother of President Hobbs, paying the price asked for the goods. He left about this time for his home in the eastern part of the state. After being away for some length of time, he returned to New Garden, and while on a visit to the President's mother handed her a five dollar note, saying as he did, that the goods he had bought of her some time ago had been worth more to him than the price paid and that he thought this amount in addition would make the matter right.

In a few weeks after his return from the mission to his home in High Point, N. C., he attended his meeting on First day as usual, and after walking to the house of his son, J. Elwood Cox, where he had been making his home for some time, he sat resting and awaiting the dinner hour, having spoken to the cook of the good meeting he attended, he was alone for a short time, yet not alone, for the angel of the Lord took him, and he was not; a translation

from earth to heaven. His three surviving children are: Mrs. J. E. Cartland of Concord, President of the State W. C. T. U., Dr. J. J.

Cox of High Point, and Mr. J. Elwood Cox, President of the Commercial National Bank of High Point.

NORTHFIELD.

There is no place like Northfield. In the peaceful valley of the Connecticut, between the Green Mountains of Vermont and the White Mountains of New Hampshire, on the north, and the Berkshire Hills on the south, nestles the typical New England village of Northfield. It has a single long street, shaded by fine old elms and bordered by substantial home-like houses. All the quiet charms of New England scenery are about.

Those who visit Northfield love it not so much for its natural beauties as for the spirit which pervades the whole place. The atmosphere seems charged with vital Christianity. The people you meet seem unlike those you have met elsewhere; they seem to be trying to live unselfish, Christ-ruled lives. Their chief thought seems to be: "How may we live the noblest and fullest life?"

Yet this religious enthusiasm brings no excitement, no idle shouting or commotion. Every-

one seems quiet and thoughtful, as is fitting in those who are working out the deepest problems of their lives. One cannot help feeling here that to be a Christian and live for others is really the simplest and most natural thing in the world.

Northfield is a world to itself. The great noisy world outside is left outside. Daily papers are neglected. Business and home cares are forgotten. This retreat is sacred to the soul and the interests of the inner life. And yet there is no obtrusive piety; there are few long faces; people engage in vigorous athletic sports or exercise during the recreation hours. Everybody seems healthful and in good spirits. There is nothing of the melancholic order; a ray of inspiration simply comes into our commonplace lives.

Three conferences are held at Northfield each summer: The Young Men's Student Conference, the Young Women's Conference, and the General Conference, for

all Christian workers. These are all held under the direct management of D. L. Moody.

It is remarkable how much attention these conferences are beginning to attract in the outside world. Nothing could more plainly show the mistake of the assumption that interest in Bible study is declining, or that the Christian faith is losing its hold as a vital force. Many of the great newspapers of the country gave extended accounts of the proceedings. The *New York Tribune* gave several columns each day to a report of the General Conference. The current number of the *Review of Reviews* gives two pages of editorials on the significance of the movement centering at Northfield.

The Students' Conference began June 28 and closed July 7. More than one hundred and twenty different institutions were represented by about six hundred delegates. In addition to the students, crowds of visitors from all parts of the country were present. The large meetings were held in the spacious new Auditorium, but Bible classes and special meetings were held in other places. The list of platform speakers was very strong.

Of all the speakers probably no one made a deeper impression than Mr. Moody himself. His strong common sense, his un-

doubted sincerity, his earnestness and his simplicity could not fail to exert a strong influence on all who heard him. Mr. Moody tried to keep himself in the background, but the students insisted that he should speak often, and he spoke most effectively several times in the latter part of the conference.

Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, perhaps the Nestor of the American pulpit, was a very popular speaker. One can hardly forget some of his strong, epigrammatic sentences, such as: "The only spectre I am afraid of is the ghost of a lost opportunity."

Rt. Rev. A. C. A. Hall, the very "High Church" Bishop of Vermont delivered three very spiritual addresses on the three temptations of our Lord, making especially helpful applications of them to our own lives.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the well known evangelist, gave several scriptural addresses on the Holy Spirit, which appealed to many.

President Patton, of Princeton College, spoke three times on subjects connected with the philosophy of Christianity. Dr. Patton, a very conservative scholar, and regarded by some as a stern Calvinist, won a high place in the regard of all by his ability, sincerity and deep piety.

Robert E. Speer, though a young man, was a speaker whom the

students never tired to hear. He has a strong and attractive personality, and, with his enthusiasm, deep spirituality and strong intellectual force, is an unusually inspiring speaker. His lecture on "Mark" was a marvel of conciseness and scholarship. It aroused great interest among the students and will doubtless inspire many to enter for themselves the new fields of thought which are being thrown open by consecrated, critical Bible study.

Among the other speakers of the conference were John R. Mott, the executive head of the Intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association; Rev. Dr. A. T. Pier-son, Spurgeon's chosen successor in the Metropolitan Tabernacle; Major D. W. Whittle, the evangelist, and Dr. Stryker, the eloquent president of Hamilton College.

Bible classes, for devotional study, were held each morning before the platform meeting. The afternoons were left open for sports and recreations.

The evening platform meeting was preceded by the most unique of all the Northfield meetings—the "Life Work" conference held at sunset on "Round Top," a little

hill back of Mr. Moody's house. In these meetings the claims of the different distinctively religious callings are presented, and many practical decisions are reached. Scores of young men have decided on Round Top to go as foreign missionaries. At one of these meetings, when presenting the claims of the ministry, Dr. Cuyler, who "likes to preach better than a dish of strawberries and cream in June" said, in his characteristic way: "I tremble to think how near I came being a lawyer."

At another of these meetings Mr. Speer said: "One calling is no more sacred than another. The ministry is no more sacred than brick-laying. There is the same kind of a call for each. No Christian man dare take up any work, unless it is God's will for him."

Perhaps these words of Mr. Speer will give an idea of the spirit of the conference.

There seemed to be a general desire among the fellows to make the best of life, to be in just the place where God wanted them. It is this Christ-like spirit that makes Northfield the force it is.

W. W. H.

REMINISCENCES OF NEW GARDEN BOARDING SCHOOL
IN 1850.

I first entered the school at New Garden May 21, 1850. Dr. Nereus Mendenhall was superintendent and Alethea Coffin was matron. Dougan Clark, jr., was teacher in the male department, and Ruth F. Stalker teacher in the female department.

The school was noted then as its successor, Guilford College, is now, for the thorough mental training of its students. Whoever recited lessons to Dr. Mendenhall or Dougan Clark had to have his lesson well prepared for recitation, if he did not, he very soon learned that something was wrong.

The school during that term was not large. Thomas C. Hill, John R. Hubbard, Wm. H. Russell, Alex. Benbow, Fowell B. Hill, Wm. R. Perkins, George M. Pierce, Jesse M. Henley, Ellis N. Hoskins and Marmaduke Hobbs were among my school-mates.

Pierce and Perkins were both somewhat eccentric, but were generous and kind-hearted. Perkins was especially popular with the boys. One day he took it into his head that he would go to Greensboro without permission from the superintendent, and started on foot to town. Dr. M., learning that

he had gone, mounted "Barney," a favorite riding horse, and started to overtake the disobedient boy, which he did, not far from John Russell's, where Dan'l. Worth now lives. The Dr. dismounted and he and William took a seat by the road side and had a long talk, the substance of which we never learned, but could guess at. At the close of the conversation the Dr. proposed to return to the school, and asked William if he was going back with him. He readily consented, and came walking up through the little old field south-east of the school room, and Nereus riding slowly along with him. Perkins had nothing but praise and gratitude to express for the way the Dr. had managed him.

Soon after the opening of the school one morning Dr. Mendenhall passing among the boys at their desks, asked George Pierce if he had his lesson ready to recite. He replied, timidly, that he had "sorter got it." Nereus said "we want no *sorter* lessons here!" This gave George as well as some of the rest of us to understand that thorough work was expected. Such was Dr. Mendenhall's meth-

od of dealing with careless and refractory boys.

The teacher, Dougan Clark, was energetic and thorough. He could do a vast amount of work in a short time. Well do I remember his reading, at the hour of retiring, some of the thrilling portions of Old Testament history. This he kept up for quite a while. He was a most excellent reader—read with animation, and could secure our attention, sleepy though we might be.

I did not, during my stay in school, become much acquainted with the matron, (aunt Alethea, as we called her.) She had a stern, commanding look, that would make a timid boy rather shy. Becoming more acquainted with her in after years, I found that my first impressions of her were entirely erroneous; she was a noble woman.

The most prominent men of the Society of Friends in New Garden neighborhood, at that time, were Dougan Clark, sr., Elihu Coffin, Stephen Macy, John Russell, John Wilson, James Woody and Dr. Saml. D. Coffin.

Dougan Clark, sr., was a minister, as also was his wife, Asenath. Often the meetings held in the old meeting-house which stood

south of the grave-yard, would be silent throughout. I have thought these meetings would have accorded with Whittier when he wrote

"For me, the silent reverence where
My brethren gather, slow and calm."

Sometimes, however, Asenath Clark's voice would ring out as clear as that of one of the prophets of old.

The "man of all work," the one who attended to feeding the animals on the farm, getting up wood for the school, &c., was Thomas Gossett, a colored man who had been a slave. He had managed to "buy himself," his wife and one son by paying a good round sum for the three. His earnestness and faithfulness would remind one of the hero of Mrs. Stowe's story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Thomas Gossett, however, lived to see the rest of his children breathe the air of freedom, bought by the blood and tears and treasure of a nation.

The young men and women of these days who are so fortunate as to be trained at Guilford College surely have much greater advantages than we had away back in the *fifties*. But we had excellent training then—the best the times afforded. D. H.

THE POETRY OF THE PSALMS.

The universe is one grand harmony. The laws of nature are the strings in the great orchestra of God, which have thrilled in faultless symphony since the birth of time. The music of the spheres is no less harmonious that our dull ears hear not their melody. The morning stars now sing in no less triumphant cadence than when at creation's dawn the sons of God joined in their glad refrain.

God had written all poetry ere time began, and he left it to man to reach that realm whose very atmosphere is melody and whose breath is peace. The first recorded instance of such an attempt in Hebrew literature is when Lamech said in poetic numbers:

"For I have slain a man to my wounding and a young man to my hurt;
If Cain shall be avenged seven fold, surely Lamech seventy and seven fold."

The spirit of poetry is felt in every nation. It lingers in the shady dell where the brook flows in gentle murmurs over its pebbled bed; it is seen in the blue sky and bright flowers; it is felt in the gentle zephyr and in all the "dark embroidery of the storm;" its mission always being to lift the thoughts above.

The soul possessing the true spirit of poetry uses grander

themes than mere external nature. The heart of the poet responds to the heart-throbs of humanity and pulsates in unison with the heart of God himself.

Notwithstanding the beauty and the symmetry of modern verse, there are no poetic effusions which are so catholic, which so portray the feelings, aspirations and longings of the human soul as the collection of Hebrew lyrics called the Psalms. While other portions of the Bible are eminently poetic, as the book of Job and the Song of Solomon, nothing, save the words of Christ himself, so suitably express the emotions of the human heart as the poetry of the Psalms.

So far as scholars have yet ascertained, Hebrew poetry was writted with little regard to either rhyme or metre, but the elements of rhythm were not wanting. The poetry was essentially lyric, for the drama had not yet been employed except in a rudimentary form in the book of Job.

Upon being translated into other languages the Psalms have necessarily lost some of their original symmetry and suggestiveness. Yet, apart from their devotional character, they possess that

unity of high sentiment and lofty imagery which makes them a rare literary treasure. Though there may be an occasional fault in style, yet the thought is so sublime that all defects are forgotten and the reader shares the feeling of Moses when he says "Lord thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." Or he dwells in a serener atmosphere as he walks with David "in the green pastures and beside the still waters," or contemplates with him the heavens that "declare the glory of God," or meditates upon the law of the Lord which is "perfect converting the soul."

The psalms retain only one outward element of poetry, called parallelism. The sentiment in the first line of a distich or tristich is repeated in the second or third, and the thought is thus made more impressive. It is like the undulations of the prairie grass or the rising and falling of the billows.

The first psalm affords an example of three aspects of parallelism.

In synonymous parallelism three rivulets, as it were, flow from the same fountain:

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel
of the wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

The thought in the first line is reinforced in the second and third lines in words happily chosen.

In synthetic parallelism the thought unfolds like a river which receives at regular intervals the flow of smaller streams:

"He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season
Whose leaf also doth not wither, and whatsoever he
doeth shall prosper."

The final distich is antithetic, a contrast of life and death:

"For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous
But the way of the wicked shall perish."

In climactic parallelism the thought in the first line is incomplete, the second line repeats the words, and in a sort of "ascending rhythm" completes the thought, as

"Give unto the Lord O ye sons of the mighty
Give unto the Lord glory and strength."

The naturalness of the poetry of the Psalms is shown by the use of the strophe. In marked contrast to the strophe of the Greek chorus and to the stanza of modern poetry, the Hebrew strophe or refrain was placed at irregular intervals in the poem. Its position was not determined by the number of verses written; but it was placed where the thought reached a natural pause, thus imparting ease and simplicity. Numerous illustrations of this are seen in the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm.

Even as Moses was called of God to perfect the law for the children of Israel, so David was lifted up to give to the Israelites and to the people of all time a

model by which to express their joys, their triumphs and their griefs.

For the accomplishment of such a trust it was expedient that every side of his nature should be developed—that he might be both wise and sympathetic, and able to voice the emotions of every circumstance of life.

In boyhood David watched his father's flocks upon Judea's hills. Here he lived close to nature and poured forth the feelings of his heart upon his faithful harp. Even now a foretaste of his skill as a conqueror is given; and how nobly he ascribes to the God of his fathers, praise for enabling him to slay the Philistine giant!

When his sweet shepherd life had been exchanged for life at the court, the envy of Saul oft-times caused the young prince to flee from his presence and hide for safety in caves and dens. His emotions while hiding in the cave of Adullam are pathetically portrayed in the Fifty-seventh Psalm, a psalm which has since comforted many a martyr and exile. The love of his parents and later of his own household, ever kept the fires of affection burning. Having been exalted to the throne of Israel, he after a time became so absorbed in the majesty and splendor of his kingdom, that in an unwatchful moment he fell into sin. Afterward, when Nathan

had said to him "Thou art the man," his remorse and sorrow were unbounded; and when pardon had been received the royal bard knew well how to express the rapture of a forgiven spirit. Ere long came years of solicitude and warfare with his wayward Absalom, whose untimely death evoked a pathetic strain of paternal love and sorrow.

During the enactment of these varying scenes David was pre-eminently a poet. Though honored as king, soldier and prophet, he is most beloved as the "sweet singer of Israel." His soul was an æolian harp whose strings made music whether touched by sad or joyous breezes.

The successors of David continued the strains begun by the great psalmist. Solomon, Asaph and the sons of Korah, led by David, have thus given to mankind a treasure of untold value—the book of Psalms.

Throughout these lyrics we see how David's harp sets to ecstatic strains his triumphs, tells in mournful cadence his deep penitence, rejoices in his forgiveness, weeps over his griefs, and exults in his patriotism.

Hear the triumphant strain which floats upon the air as king David and his people bear the ark of the covenant into the sacred temple:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
And be ye lift up ye everlasting doors
And the king of glory shall come in."

How great a contrast to these words of triumph is his prayer after his great transgression:

"Against thee thee only have I sinned
And done this evil in thy sight."

"Have mercy upon me O God
According to thy loving kindness
According to thy tender mercies."

Soon he is heard rejoicing in the restored favor of God in almost ecstatic strain:

"O the happiness of him whose transgression is forgiven!
O the happiness of him whose sin is covered!
O the happiness of him into whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity,
And in whose spirit there is no guile."

The patriotism of the "sweet psalmist of Israel" is worthy of emulation through all time. We believe his love for Jerusalem unselfish when we hear him say

"Beautiful for situation the joy of the whole earth is
Mount Zion,"

and

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof the
world and they that dwell therein."

Years afterward, when David had been gathered to his fathers and the holy city had been destroyed and its inhabitants made captive in a heathen city, the bards, unable to sing, hung their harps upon the willows and wept by the rivers of Babylon. But when the long years of captivity had ended and they had returned and rebuilt Jerusalem, the poets received fresh inspiration, and as they went up

to the dedication of the new temple the people sang and the priests replied in rhythmic accents. As the priests and Levites opened wide the doors they sang:

"This is the gate of the Lord,
The righteous shall enter into it,"

And then the music rose in one mighty anthem:

"O give thanks unto the Lord for he is good,
For his mercy endureth forever."

The love of natural beauty seen in many of the psalms not only show poetic genius, but are everlasting monuments to their divine inspiration. The psalmist rejoiced in the beauty of the natural world and this intense appreciation caused him to perceive equally the grandeur of the mighty sea and the murmur of the brook, to appreciate alike the stars in their brilliancy and the fading beauty of the flowers and grass. He noted no less the music of the waving corn that clothed the valleys, than the mountains which tremble at the roar of mighty waters.

The poets Wordsworth and Shelley, during their moments of inspiration, recognized God in nature, but to the psalmist He was an abiding presence.

We have but to compare Addison's stanza

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens a shining frame
Their Great Original proclaim."

with the distich—

"The heavens declare the glory of God,
The firmament showeth his handiwork."

to see the studied splendor of the one and the simple beauty of the other.

The natural gladness of the psalms makes them doubly attractive. "Rejoice in the Lord," says the psalmist. "Sing ye merrily, take the psalm, bring the tabret, the merry harp and the lute" "A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful;" this is the true significance of the word psalm.

No less than his acute sense of natural beauty is the psalmist's perception of the "beauty of holiness." As the machinist sees power in falling water, so the poet sees truth in beauty, and the expression of the conception of spi-

ritual beauty surpasses the portrayal of material beauty. The perfection of æsthetics is a soul in sweet accord with the rich harmonics of God. Such poets can but sing

"The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever.
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous
altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than
much fine gold;
Sweeter also than honey and the honey comb."

Perhaps the most transcendent characteristic of the poetry of the psalms is their rapturous enjoyment of God. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks," so the soul of David longed for God. He delights to recount his mercies and to say:

"The king shall joy in thy strength O Lord,
And in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice!"

EUNICE M. DARDEN, '95.

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SEPTEMBER, 1895.

Much regret is expressed at the resignation of Associate Editor Vest and Business Manager Lipsey. We are glad however to have their places filled by equally efficient gentlemen, Mr. O. P. Moffit taking the place of associate editor and Mr. Chas. Osborne business manager.

We are glad to favor our readers this month with a sketch of the life (together with a portrait) of the late Jonathan E. Cox. The services which he rendered this institution cannot be over-esti-

mated. The self-sacrificing, earnest and successful efforts which he put forth in the upbuilding of this educational center of the Friends of North Carolina place them under a grave responsibility to ever maintain its reputation for thoroughness, honesty and usefulness, and to open new avenues for its further advancement. "Reminiscences of New Garden Boarding School in 1850," is intensely interesting, so full of fact—we hope to have other publications from the author. "The Poetry of the Psalms," by Miss Eunice Darden, has been pronounced by one of our most popular professors as easily one of the best productions of the outgoing class of last year. "Northfield," by Prof. Haviland, will be found exceedingly interesting, as he attended all the sittings of the conference. We hope to have an article from him in next issue on "Life in Northern Universities."

To depict the life of the institution which it represents is certainly the mission of the college journal. This statement, true in all instances, we are glad to apply to the COLLEGIAN. While literary effort and excellence should never be neglected, yet when it is remembered that our readers have easy access to the great literary reviews, the COLLEGIAN need hardly make literary work its prime

object. To attempt a digest of passing events would be folly; for the daily paper does that. We cannot cope with the illustrated magazines in attractiveness. We have not the ability to handle the great questions of the day. But we have a live, progressive institution with a proud history, to keep the records of. And with this end prominently before them the present management cheerfully begins the publication of the eighth volume of the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

Many of us who are permitted to attend college and prepare ourselves for the higher positions of life do not realize the importance of our time, just the little whiles, "the spare moments," during which we might be filling our minds with the choicest thoughts of the best writers who have ever lived. Too, we think, that it is not so particular about the *beginning of the terms* if we do not improve the passing moments. But listen to Marsden:

"Time is the warp of life,
Oh tell the young, the gay, the fair,
To weave it well."

We are glad to see so much interest manifested in base ball at the beginning of the term. It seems that there is no doubt but that it will take precedence of foot ball this year. While the

individual playing is not by any means professional, yet we think that, by practice and thorough training, a fairly good team can be developed.

Last year the leaders were seniors, so now we are left alone. However, we have some "hustlers" to whom we trust the development of the game.

Too often the interest of the student body centers alone in the literary department of the college journal. Very little thought is given from a financial standpoint. It is very well known that a successful journal cannot be maintained without substantial financial backing. It is also known that our financial support is largely derived from advertisements inserted by business houses of Greensboro. These advertisements are not solicited as favors, nor given as favors, but from a business standpoint in each instance. The business managers really put the college under some obligation to those business houses from which they receive advertisements. The leaders in all departments of business found in Greensboro advertise in the COLLEGIAN. Every student can, in all probability, be suited in any purchase he may wish to make by our own advertisers. Those who have the interests of the COLLEGIAN directly in hand feel a need

of greater co-operation along the line pointed out above. It is earnestly hoped that these suggestions have not been made in vain, and that every student will find out who our advertisers are and consult their goods before going elsewhere.

Outside of the regular college curriculum there are many supplements which are necessary for practical life. Among these is the work of literary societies.

This age is demanding men who are able to take quick, decisive action, and who can adapt themselves to the occasion and surrounding conditions. For the development of such men there must be a force at work supplementary to that of knowledge gained from books. This is the work of literary societies. This instruction cannot be learned from text books; it must be acquired by meeting and mingling with individuals. As "the success of a speaker depends upon the ease with which he adapts himself to his theme, his audience and the occasion," so also does his success in life depend largely upon his ability to be master of himself and his surroundings. Knowledge may be of little value to one if he is unable to apply it at the right time.

Our literary societies are intended to supply this deficiency.

In them we are brought together socially to discuss various questions. It is here that we learn, by extemporaneous speaking, that which is needed in practical life.

It is a wrong idea that a college education consists alone in the study of books. It is far broader; it develops one's capabilities and at the same time puts them under his control so that he may be of service to those about him. Knowledge must first be acquired by persistent study, but the connecting link between it and practical life must not be forgotten.

For several terms past the advisability of organizing a Shakespeare Club has been thoroughly discussed. Why don't we organize? Heretofore the John Bright Literary Society stood in the way. Since that institution has been laid down—and we might add needlessly—its place should be filled. What is better than a Shakespeare club? There is certainly no good reason why we should not have discussions on the several plays of Shakespeare at least once a month. The plan of work is sufficiently understood to render such a club easily within our reach. Let us go to work at once.

We, the student body, entering on the duties of our year's work,

should form a character that will go with us through life. Consequently it behooves us to form the best character we are able; and in order to do this we should not let a single opportunity escape by which we can strengthen ourselves or our schoolmates.

An eminent writer has said that our characters are made up of our habits, and that these habits are formed daily. No class of people form habits more easily than students. Every student's thoughts and feelings assume a particular course, whether good or bad, and thus become a part of himself.

A good way to form a habit is to let "the same thing, or the same duty, return at the same time every day, and it will soon become pleasant." What at first seems difficult soon becomes easy. In beginning a day's work we should have a plan previously arranged, a certain time for preparing each lesson, for Bible study, reading, walking, playing, sleeping; in fact, a time for each habit that we, in our sober moments, wish to become a part of our characters. Let the whole day be employed and thus crowd out all time for idleness. It is in the idle moments that evil habits are formed, which are so difficult to throw off.

There is a great deal embodied in the economy of leisure time. A certain amount of time must be

given to recreation, but all that is given to this, more than is necessary for health, is wasted. If we only take time we shall find that Franklin, Livingstone, Lincoln and other great men of the past, always employed well their leisure moments. Franklin was a printer and had no time for reading or study except what he could command before and after each day's work was done. He said "leisure was the time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things." Cicero said: "What others give to public shows and entertainments, to festivity, to amusements, nay, even to mental and bodily rest, I give to study and philosophy."

Students, as a rule, have a good deal of leisure time, and we hope to see it spent, this year, in reading good, wholesome books.

To those looking toward the great finishing schools of Europe, and to those who are interested in having less rigid examination systems, it is interesting to note that the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge, profiting by the example of the generous Germans, have very lately consented to enter graduate students as such. Heretofore a student holding a diploma from the best American Universities, who wished to do

advanced work in either of these institutions, was obliged to spend one year as an undergraduate in order to stand the rigid examinations prior to entering upon graduate work. Although the doing away of this regulation has no direct effect upon the examination system proper, yet such leniency coming from so influential and conservative institutions as Oxford and Cambridge, can but have an ameliorating effect upon all examination systems.

Influence is an all-potent engine for good or for evil. No character, great or humble, is formed without its instrumentality. No life passes whose daily course bears not traces of influence as its recipient; nor any whose daily course casts not some lights and shadows around it on others as its creator.

From the first dawn of being we are each and every one its subjects; and let us live as long as we may, we shall never become absolutely independent of its authority.

The healthful dew of night is not more silent, the poisonous miasma not more unheeded, than many of the early influences that most powerfully effect the subsequent life and character.

Nowhere does one have greater need to be very guarded as to the effects of his own personal influence than when thrown with such

numbers of boys and girls, young men and maidens, as are found in our schools and colleges.

How careful ought students to be that their influence be not the "poisonous miasma," from the effects of which not only themselves suffer, but they cause a brother to stumble or offend or be made weak. And how infinitely much better, if, instead of each one's just simply *not* allowing his influence to be on the wrong side, he would positively strive to wield it for the good of his fellows! that he might be as the gentle dew, often adding new impetus to the languishing flowers of courage or well-doing. Truly "*non solis nobis viviens.*"

President Hobbs in his annual address of welcome on the evening of the reception, among other things said: "We are taking on new life." This is manifestly true when we notice the great increase in the number of students and the fact that such a large per cent of them have taken their places in advanced college work. The need of more room is felt in all departments. We are glad to note in another editorial that the department for physical culture is to be provided for at once. May the movement continue. The collection room in Archdale has been necessarily turned into a dormitory. The dining room has pro-

ven too small. At King Hall the museum, laboratory rooms and society halls are entirely insufficient. More or less confusion is caused by the strict economy which has to be used in order to furnish room for the different classes.

It seems that the time is opportune for Guilford to grasp greater possibilities. This cannot be done until we have more room. If Guilford is ever to have her new buildings now is the time.

THE OUTLOOK.

The outlook for the year just begun is very promising from several points of view. The number of students who have entered the college classes is larger than ever before, and the whole number of students is larger than ever before so early in the term. Thus the standard of scholarship of the entire student body has been raised, and the number of pupils increased. So large has been the increase that the Board of Trustees have added since opening an instructor to the faculty, and Prof. Renyolds, a graduate of Haverford College, of a most excellent record as a teacher, will enter upon his duties on the 9th of September.

The establishing of the department of Physical Training is already having a beneficial effect on the program of work, and there

will be constructed this year one of the most complete gymnasiums in the state. The additions made for the accommodation of the class in chemistry were timely, for the largest class the college has ever had has just been organized and excellent results are promised. With the expected devotion of students and faculty to the main work laid out before us, with the increased stimulus to study and investigation which will come from the large number of new pupils in advanced classes, the addition to the library of the usual number of new books, together with the purchase of the Dr. Mendenhall Memorial Library, and the usual vigor to maintain every department in good balance, the outlook is full of promise.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

Guilford College takes no backward steps, but constantly labors for a broader development. One evidence is the addition of the department of physical training to the course of work. The heretofore largely haphazard system in which physical training has been carried on in this institution has been replaced by one based on strictly scientific principles. The very latest methods have been studied by our director, Miss Laura Worth, of the Boston training school, and she has entered

into her work with an enthusiasm which has been taken up by every member of the college. The sound basis for sound intellectual and spiritual life is gradually being found to be a sound physical life. To bring that truth home to every student within Guilford College is the object of this department. Those who have been through the comparatively few exercises which have been given already, feel that physical training is an absolute necessity to anything like symmetrical growth, and wonder why

thinking people have so long neglected this scientific training. The girls' gymnasium now used for the work has proven insufficient and a large hall is to be erected at once. This building is to be equipped with all the modern apparatus and is to be used by both boys and girls. Guilford's taking such timely steps in this all-important department of college work should be a source of gratification to every friend and alumnus of the institution.

EXCHANGES.

The *Earlhamite* gives an account of its thirty-sixth annual commencement and second quinquennial banquet.

The *Magazine* of Tennessee University contains a pleasing article on "Wordsworth's Bird Songs."

The young women of Agnes Scott Institute get out a neat and interesting periodical the *Mnemosynean*.

One feature of the *Hampden Sidney* is an article on the poet Shelley.

The Wake Forest *Student* contains a sketch of the life of Dr. T. H. Pritchard, the oldest member

of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention. He was at one time president of that college.

The *Westonian* is neat and new. The Westtown report is a matter of interest to friends of that school. The Alumni Association encourages the pursuit of natural history among the students.

The *College Message* is a welcome guest. The May number contains cuts of society halls, reading room, laboratory, etc.

From the Emory *Phoenix* the following is taken: An Iowa editor, who attended a party, was smitten with the charms of a fair damsel who wore a rose on her

front bangs just above the place where she sneezes, and he gushed about it as follows:

Above her nose
There was a rose;
Below the nose
There was a rose,
Rose, nose,
Nose, rose,
Sweet rose,
Dear nose
Below her chin
There was a pin;
Above that pin
There was a chin,
Pin, chin,
Chin, pin,
Sweet pin,
Dear chin.

Whereupon a rival editor apos-

trophizes the Iowa chap thusly:

Above the stool
There was a fool;
Below the fool
There was a stool,
Stool, fool,
Fool, stool
Old fool.
Below the seat
There are two feet;
Above those feet
There is a seat,
Seat, feet,
Feet, seat,
Soft seat,
Pig's feet.

And there was a duel.

The last issue of the *Elon Monthly* is double. Each class has its own department.

LOCALS.

—Archdale full!

—Founder's full!

—And still they come.

—Trade mark up Tomlinson!

—The Junior and Sophomore classes have organized.

—Still another piano for the music students.

—The rostrum in King Hall has been elevated.

—The Y's will give an entertainment soon.

—A new teacher at Guilford, Prof. Renyolds, formerly principal of the Winston Graded School.

—The boys *go to bed* at ten o'clock—at least their lights go out.

—The pupils in instrumental music now double the number of last year.

—The boys say that Stanley is mighty on debate, especially when he is first speaker.

—Miss Anna Hill, of Chicago, is here to spend the winter.

—Bed-springs, carpets and centre-tables are finding their way into Archdale.

—"Os" says our Chinese friends don't know the game when it comes to sawing wood.

—Misses Addie Wilson and Mollie Roberts are assistant librarians this term.

—George Wilson ('92) dropped in the other day to bring a new student from Burlington.

—Every day the girls spin across the campus on their bicycles—no bloomers.

—The accommodations in the chemical laboratory have been much improved of late.

—Students are no longer required to attend the mid-week services in the meeting-house.

—Dr. E. E. Coulson and wife, of Archer, Fla., were here a few days at the opening of school.

—The dining room at Founders' is to be enlarged. It can no longer accommodate the students.

—There are more pupils in the Art Department than at any previous time.

—Miss Sallie White is teaching the primary school. She is an excellent instructor of several years experience in primary work and we bespeak a rare treat for the little folks.

—The boys do not have to cut the wood now. Farmer Knight's steam saw does the work.

—It is plain that Guilford will not have a base-ball team this fall equal to the one last year.

—Pete is back on the college farm, and Tom still wields the broom in Archdale.

—John Pigeon, a distinguished Friends' minister from Ohio, preached at the college not long ago.

—Henryanna Hackney will leave September 27th for Bryn Mawr college, where she will be Guilford's representative this year.

—The Christian Endeavor meetings are largely attended by the students, and are real spiritual feasts.

—The large cedar tree shading the grand stand on the ball ground is dead. Thanks to the energetic youth who girdled it last year.

—Somebody receives a box from home about every day. It is nice to be chummy with such folks.

—James Wray, a small boy from Randolph county, was suddenly sat down upon the other day by a red-haired freshman.

—Some interesting additions were made to the cabinet during the summer. Among others a large stone mortar used by the Indians for grinding corn. This specimen was sent in by H. S. Williams, ('95) of East Bend.

—It will be of interest to their many friends to know that Prof. John and Mary Woody have re-

turned to their home after a year spent in California.

—No extra charge is now made for book-keeping. Without additional expense a student may take a business course together with his literary work.

—With a loud crash the water tank at Archdale came to earth the other day. Another with stronger hoops has ascended the pedestal.

—A handsome glass-front case has recently been purchased for the accommodation of the books in the Dr. Nereus Mendenhall Memorial Library, for which considerable contributions have already been made. It is hoped that others may be made until the collection will occupy quite a prominent place in the library.

—One of the most interesting features connected with the college work is the regular drill in the gymnasium. Laura D. Worth, whose two years' training in the Boston School of Gymnastics has qualified her for the finest work in this line, is at the head of the department. Not only the girls are receiving special training, but at certain periods the boys also have the advantage of Miss Worth's teaching.

—At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees it was voted to

erect at once a building suitable for a gymnasium which will accommodate the students better than either of the old ones. The building is also to contain two society halls for the girls, a prayer meeting room for the Y. W. C. T. U., dressing rooms, etc. It will probably be placed north of King Hall.

—The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. T. U. work has started off in a very encouraging manner. The reception given for new students the first Saturday night after the opening of school was a very successful occasion. E. E. Farlow feelingly addressed the audience on behalf of the Y. M. C. A., and Addie Wilson, with warm words of welcome, spoke good cheer from the Y. W. C. T. U. President Hobbs, in behalf of the college, told of the deep interest which all the teachers take in the pupils, and caused the new students to feel that in the professors they had warm friends as well as instructors. The remaining hours of the evening were spent in games and social intercourse.

—The prayer meetings are well attended and much interest in them is manifested. If we are faithful to our duties may we not look for a prosperous year at Guilford and expect a great outpouring of His spirit?

PERSONALS.

C. F. Tomlinson, '93, is principal of the West End graded schools of Winston.

Miss Eula Dixon is now on a tour through the North. She will spend some time visiting centres of interest.

Ed. Petty has gone to live near El Paso, Texas. He will teach.

S. H. Hodgen, '95, conducts the school at Summerfield. He opens September 15.

Miss Annie Petty, '94, is librarian at the State Normal.

R. C. Root, '89, is president of Whittier College, California. We note the successful career of our ex-teacher and treasurer with interest.

O. E. Mendenhall, '95, takes charge of the Lexington Seminary, Lexington, N. C. Miss Rena Worth, '89, assists; also Mrs. N. D. Elliott.

Alden Hadley goes to Earlham.

Claude R. McCauley, an old student of Guilford College, now resides in Goldsboro. We learn he has launched on the Neuse a new steamer.

H. S. Williams, '95, is teaching in Rural Hall Academy, taught

last year by Joseph Blair, who has entered school here. He has associated with him as co-principal Mr. E. A. Thomas.

W. H. Mendenhall, '95, has a position with Moffitt Brothers, grocers, Lexington, N. C.

Paul Linley goes to Cornell.

Dick Kennedy, an old student, is mail agent on the Wilmington, Weldon and Norfolk Railroad.

A. W. Blair, '90, takes a post-graduate course at Haverford. Chemistry is his specialty.

C. M. Hauser, '95, played this last season's ball with High Point.

Geo. V. Fulp finds other than school duties this fall.

Miss Edna Farlow teaches mathematics and German in the high school at Hickory, N. C.

S. Addison Hodgen, '91, superintendent of public instruction of Guilford County, is principal of Tabernacle Academy, this county.

Chas. L. Van Noppin has control of seven and one-half States for the sale of Ready Reference and Topical Reading. His headquarters are at Norfolk, Va.

Ed. Wilson, '92, is a professor in Haverford Grammar School, Haverford, Pa.

Miss Mary Petty has a leave of absence from her school duties to accept a fellowship in Byrn Mawr College. She will make chemistry the major study.

Prof. Caswell Grave, who held the chair of science here in '93 and '94, will enter Johns Hopkins University this fall.

Bob Wilson goes this fall to Haverford.

Miss Emma Hammond, '94, teaches at Burlington.

Cornelia Robertson, '95, is taking a post graduate course.

Mr. C. D. Cowles, captain in U. S. A., stopped here on his way to Fort Clark, Texas. Mr.

Cowles was a classmate of President Hobbs during the days of New Garden Boarding School. He donated to the college one hundred and fifty volumes of war records, together with several war maps, which he himself compiled. His two sons are here in college.

Mrs. Della Newlan Blair, a student here twenty years ago, came to the college last week. We hope to have an article from her on life here at that time.

J. O. Ragsdale, '95, contemplates returning to pursue a post graduate course. The college needs athletic leaders.

DIRECTORY.

HENRY CLAY LITERARY SOCIETY.

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Secretary—L. L. Barbee.

PHILAGOREAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

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IN PURITY IS STRENGTH.

Ruskin in his *Ethics of the Dust* says, "In the formation of crystals their goodness consists chiefly in the purity of substance and perfectness of form," but these are rather the effects of their goodness than the goodness itself. It is the inherent virtues that result in these outer conditions. Whatever dead substance unacceptable, of this energy, comes in the way is either rejected by the crystals or forced to take some subordinate form. Their purity remains unsullied and every atom bright with coherent energy. The crystal points are as sharp as javelins, their edges will cut glass with a touch.

Anything more resolute, consummate, determinate in form cannot be conceived. It is just as true for us as for the crystal, that the nobleness of life depends on the consistency, purity and cleanliness of purpose.

It is the inherent goodness that gives the outer form, that makes

the strong character and gives "manhood and womanhood in the full round measure of God's design."

Purity is typical of the nature of God and is defined by Ruskin to be spiritually the type of Divine Energy; by Webster as materially the condition of being free from foreign matter.

We hold that this law of purity is universal, and may easily be traced in *science, history* and the *Sacred Writings*.

From *science* we learn thro' the geologist that no matter how symmetrical or how nearly perfect any form of life may have been, as soon as it ceases the development of its own nature and partakes of the character of its surroundings, it loses its identity. Only the fossil remains of its ancestors are left to show us that such a plant or animal existed. At most it can only become a connecting link between two other forms of life, when had it willed

to develop its own nature, science can only conjecture how high a form it might have reached.

We see an almost absolute type of impurity in charcoal. From the same elements which it contains, after passing tho' certain processes of purifying that leave out all the dross and soft materials, we obtain a substance called the diamond which has the power of reflecting all the solar rays at once in the most vivid beams of light.

Our ordinary black lead, which is of comparatively little value, is composed of the same elements as the diamond, but it failed to keep itself pure, and by admitting foreign matter prevented crystallization.

In human life we often see the same thing. A man lifted from the depths of degradation sometimes becomes the strongest reflector of the light of God. Like the diamond the purity and consistency of his character will shine amid the depths of sin and come forth unharmed after conflicts with the opposing elements; while another whose purpose may be as noble, and opportunities as good, admits some little sin into his life, and, like the lead, his character fails to crystalize; and we see only a blackened mass, and the world looks on and wonders why out of the same elements we should have a diamond

in the one case and in the other lead.

Some one has said the crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest possession of man, constituting a rank within itself, dignifying every station and exalting every position in society. It carries with it an influence, for it is the result of proved honor, rectitude and consistency, qualities which command the general confidence and respect of mankind. Every person was created to be something good and useful, yet was left *free* to become or to refuse to become the object of his creation.

It must not for one moment be supposed that only in conduct is there need to guard against impurity. Thought is the source of action. If the fountain be impure the stream that flows from it will be impure. As humanity thinks humanity will act. Lord Lytton paid Tennyson a high tribute when he said:

"His chaste muse employed her heaven-taught lyre,
None but the noblest passions to inspire.
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which dying he would wish to blot."

The results of a pure life are not to be seen in one generation, the coming age will share the joy.

Society is renewed and redeemed by the courage and sacrifice of a few martyrs.

It is a recognized fact that whenever humanity has made any

great progress the movement has been preceded by an unveiling of truth, not only to men of elevated mind and piercing intellect, but to those of generous spirit and purity of heart.

Savonarola was the first in his age to urge humanity toward a standard of purity, that is as yet unattained, but for which the world is striving. By the purity of his heart and life he helped to change the condition of Italy from a state of licentiousness to one of morality. To his faith in virtue—virtue sanctified by religion—he dedicated his life.

John Milton, having determined to produce a work which "the world would not willingly let die," said he who would write a truly heroic poem must make his life heroic. This Milton did, and in days of darkness and pain composed *Paradise Lost*.

Another historical example of the value and strength of purity is Father Damien, a Belgian priest, who gave his life to aid the lepers on the Island Molakai in mid Pacific. By the purity of his life the island, once reeking in filth and immorality, became a peaceful and law-abiding community. For eleven years he was the only pure man on the island, then the disease smote him, and after four long years of intense suffering he died; not however until he had consoled the dying

hours of 2,000 lepers and dotted the land with schools and churches. It was not death in its truest sense, only a cessation of mortal breath while his spirit lives now and forever.

Perhaps no where is the law of purity more forcibly enjoined than in the Bible. The character of Christ was formed on a basis of absolute purity, and we have no other example that will compare with His in manliness, strength and nobility.

Divine wisdom saw the end from the beginning and made laws of general application; then, as if this were not sufficient, gave the lowly Nazarene to open more perfectly the way of purity, and familiarize the earth with the spectacle of a Divine life. It is in His revealed character that the true ideal is found, offering a stainless and archetypal manhood which forbids our accepting any humbler standard. Humanity could not determine the length, breadth nor depth of God's written laws of purity, so woven and interwoven are they in the cycles of time and the beings of myriad spirits.

We have seen from science and history how the strength of any life is dependent upon its purity. The same is true of organizations. As the church and nation are made up of individuals so their strength and purity depends or

the strength and purity of their individual members. The prosperity of the church does not rest upon quantity but quality. It is better for the church to enfold a few pure lives than a great number whose conduct is questionable.

The money changers must be kept from the temple. A look at the heathen religions confirms the fact that the *church* must not clasp hands with the *world*. The religion of Buddha, while stimulating its disciples to a degree of self control, ignored the body as but to be crucified as a possible means of improving the soul. Mohammedanism pictures a heaven teeming with corruptible pleasures. For want of purity these are gradually giving place to the pure and lovely precepts of the Gentle Teacher of Galilee in whose code only is there to be found a religion broad enough to embrace a whole humanity.

Consider the history of a nation, how upon the purity of its constituents rests its strength. It is as impossible to obtain good laws from vile men as sweet water from a bitter fountain. Pure men hallow the nation to which they belong. Their great deeds and thoughts become the most glorious of legacies to mankind.

The history of national decline

and downfall is but a detail of the effects of impurity. After two thousand two hundred and eighty years of divine interpositions, miraculous vicissitude, heroic behaviour and appalling depravity the Israelitish kingdom is dead. Egypt, Assyria, Babylon and Phoenicia, *all* dead because of their own depravity and fraud and drunkenness.

In the ideal nation political bribery is a crime, sectionalism is unknown. It is a nation which has a purified ballot box and religious sentiment is its guiding star.

This ideal nation will be a reality, when each individual leaves as a legacy to posterity "no line that dying he would wish to blot," when the waters of speech flow from the fountain of sweet thoughts—when the members of the human body move from none but a pure motive. In short when mankind has learned, not only to think, but to *act* in accordance with the admonition of the great apostle, "Whatsoever things are true—honest—just—pure—lovely—of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise think on these things."

ISABELLA P. WOODLEY, A. B., '94.

Charlotte, N. C.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN CALIFORNIA.

In view of the prevalent opinion in the East that every resident of the Golden State succumbs, sooner or later, to that peculiar affection known as the California fever. I wish in the beginning of this article to relate an incident and then offer a word of caution to the reader.

A short time after the appearance of my last article in the COLLEGIAN—"Glimpses of Leland Stanford, jr., University"—a friend who had hitherto manifested the utmost confidence in my veracity wrote me as follows: "I was much interested in your article on Stanford University, yet I could not help but wonder if you had caught the California fever."

Now let me say, in self-protection, that it is an easy matter for residents of California to give convincing proof of the truth of their statements, as the following incident will show: An Illinois youth had sent home some glowing accounts of the productions and the resources of California.

His father, grieved at the supposed waywardness of his absent boy, answered in this strain: "My son I am very sorry that you have so far forgotten your early training as to write such stories as you have been sending us from Cali-

fornia. Remember, my son, the example of George Washington." The youth rose to the occasion and gathering a huge golden pumpkin, such as is found only in California, sent it to his father by express, collect on delivery. By return post the father sent this message: "My son, I am prepared to believe *anything* you may say hereafter concerning California."

Well, knowing what inference the reader must necessarily draw from this incident, a sense of perfect security comes over me and I proceed at once to describe some of the attractions of seacoast and mountains that the California pedagogue may enjoy during his summer vacation.

As the end of the school year approaches the teacher begins to lay his plans for a summer outing upon which general custom and an inner consciousness set their approval. If his thirst for knowledge is still unquenched, the teacher will, probably, plan to attend some of the summer schools which are always conveniently near mountains, bay, or ocean. The State University, Berkeley, Cal., and Stanford University, at Palo Alto, offered six to eight weeks courses in mathematics,

languages, chemistry, physics, English literature, etc. The Hopkins Seaside Laboratory at Pacific Grove, near Monterey, is a branch of the biological department of Stanford University. The summer months are here spent in the study of marine fauna and flora.

The school at Long Beach, a popular coast resort not far from Los Angeles, offered courses in literature, mathematics, science and art. Religious conferences were also held there by the Friends and the Methodists. At Coronado Beach, just across the bay from San Diego, at the extreme southern end of the State, another summer school offered courses in English literature, Latin, Spanish, chemistry, zoology, mathematics, psychology and normal methods, music and art. Nearly all of the departments had university men for instructors. The places just mentioned, and in addition thereto, the coast resorts of Santa Cruz, Monterey, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Redondo, Oceanside, and La Jolla (la hor-peh), offer special attractions in the way of scenery, bathing, sailing and fishing to the teacher solely on pleasure bent. The charming Santa Catalina Island, thirty miles seaward from the coast south of Los Angeles, should not be omitted from the foregoing list. Catalina is one of

the most popular resorts on the southern coast.

If mountain scenery and camp life are the teacher's delight, there are abundant opportunities for gratifying his tastes. Between San Francisco and Mt. Shasta to the north numerous springs and camping grounds attract the traveler. A few springs are found south of the Golden Gate; but from Mt. Shasta on the north to San Diego on the south, a distance of seven hundred miles, mountain canyons truly abound. Nearly all of them contain streams of more or less magnitude that plunge over miniature Niagaras and dash over innumerable rapids and occasionally pause beneath the shade of a huge boulder in a circling pool, from whose cool depths a shining trout may perchance be hooked. Then there are dizzy heights to tempt the adventurous; shady nooks for the weary camper; interesting stratifications and rock formations for the geologist; while the botanist delights in the floral beauties and delicate ferns.

If the pleasure seeker delights in the great and high things of the world, he will naturally turn his course toward the "big trees" of Calaveras county, nearly due east from Sacramento; or better still, turn to the second county south of Calaveras—Mariposa—and explore the wonderful Yo-

semite valley. In the "Cathedral Rock," "South Dome," "El Capitan," "Bridal Veil Falls" and "Clouds Rest" (10,000 feet high) of the Yosemite, the traveler beholds some of "God's masterpieces."

There are two mountain valleys in southern California that have especial charm for those seeking a cool retreat in which to while away the warm summer season. The first is Bear Valley, in the San Bernardino Mountains; the other is Strawberry Valley, in the San Jacinto Mountains, in Riverside county. In these charming resorts one can enjoy the cool shade of fine old forests; lie on grassy plots near babbling brooks; hunt mountain quail and other game, or try his patience in attempting to catch a mountain trout.

The relative merits of quite a number of the summer resorts mentioned were considered by the writer before he finally chose Coronado Beach for the first part of his summer outing and San Antonio canyon, near Ontario, Cal., for the second part—each "part" being of three weeks duration.

The writer was one of the fifty-seven citizens of Ontario who joined on July 6th the first of a series of popular excursions to the "Silver Gate"—San Diego. Leaving North Ontario at 6:30, a. m.,

we arrived in San Diego at 2 p. m. Nearly two thousand pleasure seekers entered the city of "bay'an climate" on that day. Enough school teachers were in the company to add dignity and weight—mental chiefly—to the occasion.

One feature of that trip of one hundred and forty miles is the fact that the mountains are always in view. That, however, is a feature peculiar to nearly all railroads in California.

In going from Ontario to Los Angeles one passes through many attractive towns and sees numerous well-kept groves of orange and lemon trees. Such deciduous fruits as the apple, peach, pear, plum, prune and apricot abound. Small plats of the small fruits are often seen. Occasionally a few rods or a few acres of alfalfa brighten the landscape and form a delightful contrast to the bare and dusty surfaces of the tilled land, or the dingy brown of the untilled soil which still produces weeds and grease-wood. (The reader should remember that rain rarely falls in this latitude between April 1st and November 1st, and that land irrigated once a month becomes, nevertheless, very dusty.)

To the south of the thriving city of Los Angeles one soon enters the great English walnut section of the state. Los Nietos, two miles from Whittier, is the

centre of the walnut region. There are some very fine walnut orchards in that vicinity. Forty acres in one orchard is not a rare sight. Around Orange and Santa Ana and on southward one sees large areas of grain—some of the ranches running up into the thousands of acres.

The quick eye of the school teacher is sure to notice the large and attractive school-houses found in every community. In fact no other kind is found in California. Still another architectural attraction is seen in the depot at Capistrano. It is a beautiful reproduction of the mission building of the same place. Farther southward are the remains of the mission building of the once famous San Luis Rey; and just before entering San Diego, at Old Town, one sees the old adobe house in which Ramona once lived.

Near Oceanside the railroad runs for several miles almost at the water's edge. On the opposite side of the track the bluffs rise to the height of one hundred to two hundred and fifty feet and in some places they form a fair imitation, in miniature, of the Grand Canyon of Colorado. The whole forms a delightful bit of scenery.

San Diego is a pleasant little city of twenty odd thousand inhabitants, situated on one of the finest land-locked harbors on the continent. The main part of the

city extends along the bay from north to south, while some of the wealthiest citizens have built elegant residences on Florence and University heights, on the main avenue extending back (east) from the bay. U. S. Grant, jr., owns the most palatial looking residence in the city. Jesse Grant also owns a fine mansion on the heights. Fine lawns and choice flowers form an attractive feature of the residences in that part of the city, but fine shade trees are not plentiful. Perhaps in that mild and equable climate shade trees are not so essential to comfort as in other parts of the State, especially inland sections. However that may be, one cannot help but notice the air of easy elegance that characterizes the well to do San Diegans. If San Diego had large manufactories and shipping interests it would be an ideal city in which to live. But lacking forests, coal and iron mines and large herds of stock; her extensive lemon industry, yet in its infancy; her deciduous fruit interests, only partially developed; her shipping is not heavy, and her magnificent harbor seldom claims more than four or five vessels. But despite these drawbacks there is a peculiar charm about San Diego. Just as one feels on a sultry day as he sips the delicious cream, or shares with his friends a rich red south-

ern watermelon (of the Cude variety) and realize that some of the "cream of life" is truly his, so does one feel as he enjoys the delightful climate and the charming scenery of San Diego and her twin attraction, Coronado Beach. The horizon from the southwest to the north is adorned with mountain peaks and ranges. To the northwest is Point Loma, a bluff five hundred feet high, on the north side of the entrance to the harbor. From Point Loma is seen, according to Charles Dudley Warner, one of the five views of the world. (See Harper's magazine, Dec. 1890, also "Our Italy.") Immediately at the foot of the city lies the beautiful crescent-shaped bay, a quarter of a mile wide at the Coronado ferry, and beyond is the long, narrow neck of land called Coronado Beach, on whose western shore lies the tranquil Pacific Ocean, so tranquil in fact that one can hear the ocean's roar but a few hundred yards away.

An electric car line, quite a mile long, connects the ferry and the beach. There are two elegant driveways, one on either side of the electric line, for carriages and bicycles. The writer had his new "Waverly" with him and therefore enjoyed that feature of landscape highly.

Coronado Beach has a population of six hundred, a fine gram-

mar and high school, four churches, two hotels, a public park, a botanical garden and an ostrich farm. At the western extremity of the car line are the beautiful grounds and the magnificent hotel Del Coronado, one of the noted hotels of the world. The hotel stands almost at the water's edge and has long verandas, both open and glass covered, on the west side next the ocean. The inner court abounds in luxuriant semitropical plants and flowers with a fine green Sward as a background for the brighter colors.

Hot and cold plunge baths, a public library and a large museum of natural history are additional attractions near the hotel.

It would be difficult to picture in one's imagination a more charming spot than Coronado. I do not wonder but I know now why Prof. Louis Agassiz said "the climate has no equal." World-wide travelers are extravagant in their praises of it. It is never hot and it is never cold, nor does the climate appear to have an enervating effect upon one. There is a delicious mellowness about the atmosphere that is indescribable. One almost opens his mouth to taste it before he remembers he cannot masticate air. The skies are as blue as an Italian could wish; the scenery is charming, the hotel is elegant, luxurious; the ocean grand and

inspiring. And what more could we ask? However, a young lady from Los Angeles did wish for more. She found "too much balcony and too little Romeo." There are some grumblers still living, even in California.

It was in this charming spot that the first session of the Coronado Summer School was held. The ninety-eight students enrolled were given the "freedom" of the hotel Coronado and enjoyed at their pleasure the inner court, the verandas and balconies, and the cosy parlors. These were no small favors, from the Romeo point of view, when one remembers that about eighty of the members of the school were ladies, and many of them still "young and interesting." Although started as an experiment, the school was so successful it has been organized on a permanent and a broader basis.

A pleasant feature of life at Coronado during the summer is the ease with which one can enjoy short excursions to places of interest. In a few hours you can take a trip to Mission Valley and see the first mission building erected in California; or you can either sail or drive out to Point Loma. In one day, or even less time, you can visit by railroad La Jolla, Sweetwater dam, or Tia Juana (te-ah wah-nah) in Mexico. A party of seventy-five or eighty

people, including university professors, summer school managers, teachers and students, started from Hotel Coronado on one of these excursions at 9 a. m. on Saturday, July 20th. Our destination was Point of Rocks in old Mexico, seventeen miles distant. That the excursion did not prove to be an "easy" one was the fault of the liveryman chiefly. Tally-hos and large omnibusses drawn by four horses each were the chief conveyances used. The writer was placed in charge of an omnibus containing twenty ladies. The horses were not so good as recommended. One was a thoroughbred balker. The driver was not an expert. We started in gay spirits and with well-filled lunch baskets. We returned as gay as could be expected under the circumstances. There was a long sandy river bed to cross. There were hills to ascend. There were rough roads to pass over, and roads in Mexico almost impassable. The horses were not enthusiastic travelers, but the ladies were enthusiastic sympathizers, and the "end man" was kept busy. It was unloading here, reloading there and starting the balky horse everywhere, for the driver could not start him. Finally the hypnotic influences of the "end man" proved insufficient to move that horse. However, a kindly-disposed Mexican rancher supplied

us with a good horse and we continued our journey with lighter spirits. But "delays are dangerous." We arrived two hours late. The tide was in and the sea life we sought was beyond our reach. There remained for us the eating of our lunch and the satisfaction of saying we had been to Mexico.

But that was a journey long to be remembered. Had we not served our day and twenty women?

Had we not been called "real nice," "dear good man" and "a jewel" times without number? Had it not been gravely proposed *to us* to add twenty-one new names, all beginning with R, to the population of the saintly city by the salty sea? And we returned to the hotel at 9 p. m. and slept the sleep of the just—— (tired out).

R. C. R.

Whittier, Cal.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SPELLING REFORM.

Some substantial progress may be noticed in the cause of Spelling Reform. During the recent summer vacation notice has been received of two movements which show that the cause has taken firm hold on active men in influential circles. In the first years of the agitation it was not an uncommon slur thrust at those who were enthusiastic on the subject that they were leveling down the language to the lower classes, an idea based at the same time on a right and a wrong conception of the nature of the reform—wrong so far as it concerns any leveling down of the language, and right so far as it apprehends that it is a cause substantially intended for the good of the masses. But perhaps all great moral and social reforms have worked from above downward.

At least in the case of the present movement nothing has been more noticeable than that those who might be considered least in need of it have been the leaders in it, and those most in need of it have shown the greatest apathy towards it.

I have been induced to make this observation from the fact that one of the movements above referred to had its origin with the dictionary makers. During the month of June the Funk & Wagnalls Company, of New York, publishers of the Standard Dictionary, had printed a list of some three hundred words selected from the test recommended by the American Philological Association and the Spelling Reform Association. In a letter accompanying the list they say:

"We are willing to introduce

at once these forms in our four periodicals, (1) *Literary Digest*; (2) *The Homilectic Review*; (3) *The Missionary Review of the World*; (4) *The Voice*; also in all new books hereafter published by us, and also in our correspondence, provided a reasonable number of other periodicals, writers and business men will adopt the same, so as to help break the force of the criticism that may oppose. We have introduced already a number of these simpler forms in our publications, as *tho*, *catalog*, *program*. The *New York Independent* has been using for a long while a number of these simpler forms. It is believed that this entire list of words can be used by printers and writers without shocking the public over much. And after the public gets used to these forms another step in advance can be taken. This is a reform in which we believe greater speed will be secured by making haste slowly; yet we should be sure that the progress be not slower than is really necessary."

As samples of the words of the list the following are a few:

Abrest, accomplisht, adz, altho, amfibious, analog, autograf, bailif, beutiful, bedsted, brekfast, by and by, catalog, center, chlorid, composit, diagram, dialog, doctrin, domicil, envelop, favorit, forgiveness, gelatin, gardian, hypocrit, illness, jelously, lithography, maiz,

monolog, opposit, orthografy, pedagog, pedler, pontif, relm, receit, Savior, servil, smooth, tho, thru, thril, traveler, whisky, yern.

As general rules they propose to omit dieresis in all words as zo-o-logy, co-operation, etc.

Omit diphthong in all recognized English words as egifetus, etc., change *d* and *ed* to *t* when so pronounced, as lookt, slipt, etc., unless the *e* affects the preceding sound. These rules are nothing more than a recognition of the principles they have employed in the Standard Dictionary, and furthermore all these simplified spellings may be found in their vocabulary place. In their introduction the editors say: "In its effort to help simplify the spelling of words this Dictionary is conservative, and yet aggressively positive along the lines of reform agreed upon almost unanimously by the leading philologists of the United States and England. Whenever it has been found practicable an advanced step has been taken toward the only scientific spelling, the phonetic. When two ways of spelling the same word are used by recognized authorities, preference has been given, usually, to the simpler form. Weight has been accorded to the phonetic canon, *write as you speak*. That there is a drift, conservative yet real, toward the simpler forms of spelling, has been recognized

throughout the work. In all words fully Anglicised, *c* is preferred in the Standard to the diphthongs *æ* and *æ*. * * * The use of the dieresis is discarded, as there seemed to be no sufficient reason for indicating, in ordinary writing and printing, the pronunciation of words used."

Some of the words of the list, as *chlorid*, *glycerin*, *oxid* and *sulfur* are in accordance with a resolution passed by the Chemical Section of the American Association for the advancement of Science. There has been practically unanimous agreement among chemists everywhere in favor of the new spelling of chemical terms, so that such spellings as *bromin*, *chlorin*, *morphin*, *chlorid*, *sulfid*, *oxid*, etc., may now be considered the regular standard spelling.

Another movement inaugurated during the summer was the founding of the new Orthographic Union. Article II. of the Constitution says: "The object of this Union shall be to secure the simplification of English Orthography." The Secretary of the Union in a letter written shortly after the formation of the Union says: "We have found the country, even by means of the very few individual letters we have written, aided by no printed matter, wide awake to the need of that reform, and have enrolled many of the most prominent

leaders in education and literature as well as in other fields in the United States."

No very definite line of operations has been laid out for general adoption, but the members are left at liberty to work in any way by which they can practically bring about the desired result, but especially, by putting the reform into practical operation. That this new Union may be expected to accomplish something practical may be inferred from some of the names among the organization.

President, Benjamin E. Smith, A. M., managing editor of the Century Dictionary.

Vice-President, Francis A. March, LL. D., one of the leading editors of the Standard Dictionary and for a number of years president of the Spelling Reform Association.

Andrew D. White, LL. D., formerly president of Cornell University.

Francis J. Child, LL. D., professor of English in Harvard University.

William T. Harris, LL. D., United States Commissioner of Education.

William Hayes Ward, LL., D., editor of the *Independent*.

Brander Mathews, A. M., professor of Literature in Columbia College.

Edward Eggleston, author of "Hoosier Schoolmaster," etc.

William R. Harper, LL. D., president of the University of Chicago.

William Dean Howells, editor and author.

Charles P. G. Scott, etymological editor of the Century Dictionary.

Thomas R. Lounsbury, LL. D., author of the "History of the

English Language," in our course and the greatest Chancery scholar of America.

It is too early to specifically of anything accomplished by this new organization, but its very existence headed by such men, scholars and business men, gives promise of great things in the near future.

J. FRANKLIN DAVIS.

GYMNASTICS, WITH SPECIAL MENTION OF THE SWEDISH SYSTEM.

"He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, tho' it be with gold and silver and precious stones will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage."—*Locke*.

"The weaker the body the more it commands; the stronger the more it obeys."—*Rousseau*.

"The object of Educational Gymnastics is to train the pupil to make his body subservient to his will"—*Swedish System*.

In the classic poems of Homer, where Achilles is made to hold solemnities upon the death of his friend Patroclus, the history of Athletics begins.

How these delightful sports gradually grew into a national system and then reached further development in Rome and in more modern times will not be dwelt upon.

But that we may form some conception of the proper end of physical training in our own time, we might notice the end or object sought in such training by the

American, the Roman and the Greek.

The ruling motive which prompted the Greeks to devote so much time and energy to Athletics was the development of the body into one harmonious whole. Rome in her desire for power declared that physical training should guarantee bodily strength, dexterity and withal a fearless disposition. That physical training shall produce and increase bodily health is readily recognized as the hasty demand of practical America. These three ideas represent the thought of three distinct nations, the beauty loving Greek, the powerful Roman and the busy American. It is evident that a proper blending of these three notions would produce a system of train-

ing satisfactory to all. The accomplishment of this problem interests students to-day and has given rise to the different systems now presenting their claims.

Many systems of Gymnastics exist, but there are only four which have attained anything like national recognition, and are sufficiently grounded and developed to be termed systems.

It will be impossible in this short article to give a comprehensive view of all four systems, but mention will be made of them, dwelling especially upon the Swedish, as it has been perhaps the most universally adopted, and because it is in use at Guilford.

The Delsarte, founded by a Frenchman very naturally partakes of the characteristics of the French people. It is esthetic and rhythmical and is easily accompanied by music. The German, founded by Jhan nearly a hundred years ago, was originally contrived to prepare the youths of Germany for more efficient service in the army. Jhan was a public agitator and succeeded in arousing such enthusiasm that his system soon assumed national importance. This system is characterized by exercises conducive to sound development, and is rather military in its nature. It has been partially adopted in America and is found chiefly in our Western States.

The American is more or less a conglomerate of all systems, and its outlines are as yet so indistinct that it is barely a system at all.

P. H. Ling, a Swedish poet was the founder of the Swedish system of Gymnastics. His work was done at the beginning of this century, consequently it is nearly a hundred years old. With the recent revival of interest in Gymnastics by the world at large this system came at once into prominence and has been received with favor wherever it has been introduced. All the schools of Scandinavia and England have adopted it, and in our own country it is making rapid progress. The principles underlying it are common to all Gymnastics. A full appreciation of its merits demands a thorough knowledge of anatomy, physiology and psychology.

The Gymnasium for the teaching of this system need contain very little apparatus. Plenty of standing room is the chief requisite, but considerable furnishing is preferred as by it many of the movements can be duplicated and rendered much more complex.

In admitting a student for training a test of his strength is made, and this is accomplished by comparing the relative development of the different parts of his own body, not how much he can lift or by how much he can expand his chest, &c., but if he possesses a

sound body under reasonable control he is regarded as a good subject for development, although he may be weak compared to someone else. The needs of the student are not more closely noted than his abilities. No exercise is given him which will have the least tendency to increase any defect. The *value* of a movement is measured by its power to overcome any deformity. This system has for its prime object the development of the respiratory organs, and following this idea, especially in the first stages of training, all movements, such as swinging Indian clubs, which have a tendency to compress the chest, are avoided. The common notion that Gymnastics shall produce MUSCLE receives the least attention, as that will care for itself, and the more attention is given to the effects of the movements on the nervous system. Gradual development is strictly adhered to. In the days order simple exercises are first taken up, then the more difficult, and finally the simpler ones again. By reference to our directors lecture book I am able to give the following "Days Order" or "Gymnastic Lesson":

(1) *Order Movements*. Under this head are given simple exercises which give general control over the body.

(2) *Arch Flections*. These are backward flections of the trunk.

They have a tendency to increase the chest capacity and strengthen the dorsal region of the spine.

(3) *Heaving Movements* consist in various hanging positions, which expand the upper part of the chest. They stand next to the vaulting in effect on the nervous system.

(4) *Balance Movements*. These are simple and require little muscular effort, and are a kind of rest after the two rather tiresome ones preceding.

(5) *Back Movements* which develop the muscles of the back and have a marked influence on straightening the spine.

(6) *Abdominal Exercises*, bringing into play the abdominal walls. They promote digestion and shorten the stay of the food in the intestinal canal.

(7) *Lateral Trunk Movements* are rotations and sideways flections of the trunk, which have a far reaching effect on the vital organs. They also strengthen the muscles of the waist.

(8) *Jumping and Vaulting* have a tendency, aside from their great effect on the nerves, to cultivate the general elasticity of the body.

(9) *Slow Leg Movements* are mild and decrease the number of heart beats, which are quickened by the preceding movements.

(10) *Respiratory Exercises* consist in deep inhalations and

exhalations and are not only given at the end of the lesson but at any time when an increased amount of oxygen is needed.

This order is not always adhered to, and many exercises, such as marching, &c., common to all physical training, are resorted to. The Swedish system differs from all others in that all movements are effected by words of command and in its disregard of music.

The success of this system

scarcely touched upon above is demonstrated by the superb carriage of the men and women of Sweden where it has been in use long enough to become a *real* part of their education. At Guilford the system is taught with great care and satisfactory results are already in sight. It is the purpose of the department to so train the students that they will be recognized by all as possessing physical culture.

JOSEPH BLAIR, '97.

ALONE.

Alone, O soul, how canst thou be,
'Tis only that thou wilt not see
The outstretched hand to guide aright,
And lead thee onward unto light.

For whilst thou dost in darkness grope,
Thou still may cherish this sweet hope,—
That God who heeds the sparrow's fall
Will know thy needs and guide through all.

Departed friends thou still dost mourn
Have safely reached their heavenly bourne;
They found that death was but a dream,
And passed from darkness into gleam.

Then cease to mourn o'er death's sad knell,
But know He doeth all things well;
And on thy way as thou doth plod,
Behold His hand and kiss the rod.

Alone thou canst not ever be
Since God has said I am with thee;
And round thee, breathing words of love,
Are angel spirits from above.

Look up from out thy gloom and blight,
And but behold those Beings bright;
Nor longer think thyself alone,
For God doth ever keep his own.

In His pavilion safely hide,
Look up to Him now glorified,
His bounteous grace will gently fall
And thou will see His hand in all.

Then to His will but faithful keep
Who guides thee up the pathway steep;
No cross shall be too great for thee,
For as thy days thy strength shall be.

L. H., '99.

The Guilford Collegian.

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OCTOBER, 1895.

THE COLLEGIAN wishes to thank the student body at large for their manifest interest in the journal. Never before has so large a number of the students in college subscribed to it. This is the proper thing to do. It makes the editors feel more than ever that no effort must be spared to increase the usefulness and attractiveness of the paper.

WE are very glad to print in this number the article by Prof. Robert C. Root, not only for its worth but because he was

the first editor of THE COLLEGIAN and a highly esteemed and respected ex-professor in this institution. We regret to learn that poor health has forced him temporarily to resign the presidency of Whittier College. Another article will appear from his pen in the November number.

THE Biography (with steel engraving) of Prof. W. A. Blair, which was prepared by President Hobbs for this issue, we are sorry to have to hold until the November number, since the portrait from the engraving will have to be made in the North, in order to secure the best results. This we did not know until we were about going to press.

NO doubt the thought, "What shall I read in the library?" has come to every student. We think that every student here has some leisure time which can be spent profitably in the library. It does not seem best for students to spend too much time in "reading daily papers," but it certainly is a part of an education to know something of the events that take place about us. *The Independent*, *The Outlook*, *The Nation*, and *The Critic* are among our best weekly papers, and in them can be found brief articles on various issues of the day, written by able and unpreju-

diced men. The habit of going to the library with no definite purpose, to read whatever you may happen to see should be abandoned. No permanent benefit will be derived from it. We should have as definite purpose about what we read as about the course of study we take. In this way we know just what end we are working for, and consequently can accomplish a great deal more in a given time.

TRULY did our President presage the real status of Guilford when he said, "We are taking on new life!" This statement, generally true of all the Societies, is particularly true of the Philagorean. In numbers it has far over-leapt its boundaries of several years past. The girls of Guilford realize that to meet the demands of society of the present day, a *ready woman* is almost as necessary for her success as a "ready man" for his success.

The interest manifest shows that the girls desire to become acquainted with the passing events of the day, and the beaming countenances convince us that for the time being, at least, "black care" is left behind.

"ON to Cuba!" is often heard as our Cuban sympathisers march and counter-

march seeking to incite their fellow students to arms. Aside from this demonstration and the zeal manifested by a few in securing names to the "Patent Medicine Cuban Petitions" our student body leave Cuban affairs at rest. Whether our government should take steps looking toward recognizing the island as belligerent is discussed in the leading reviews. Those opposing any action on the part of the United States are so conservative that they are hardly American. That the Cubans are illtreated is admitted, but the question is raised: are they competent to rule themselves? They have organized a government and are in all probability as capable of governing themselves as those countries of South America that threw off the yoke of Spain almost a hundred years ago and are now so well satisfied with their own government that they don't ask Spain to help them. The point is raised that we would break a treaty with Spain should we recognize Cuba as belligerent, but from what international law we can get hold of it seems that we would only receive Cuba into the family of nations and accord to her the same privileges of other nations and remain strictly neutral to the two contending countries. Of course the different phases of the question are not developed, but it seems, from present indica-

tions, that the most American and manly course is to recognize Cubans as belligerent.

ONE thing that we admire very much in students is punctuality. We think it is the duty of each student to cultivate this habit more and more till it becomes perfectly natural to him.

The faculty, recognizing the importance of this, give certain demerits for tardiness, and try to impress us in every possible way of the evils of being "behind time."

How worrying it is for those who are willing to be on time to be disturbed in the morning service by half dozen students coming in late! Recently a committee was to meet at a certain hour, and four or five of them had to wait about half an hour for the others. These latter, upon arriving, said, 'O. we came as soon as we could, we had to wait till we ate a watermelon.' From this it can be seen that about two hours were wasted.

It is hoped that this incident will illustrate the importance of punctuality. We should consider the inconvenience, a delay on our part causes others. If punctual habits are not formed while in school, they probably never will be.

Punctuality commands the confidence of others. If one is some-

what lacking in ability, this virtue will go far to atone for that deficiency. Well can his employer afford to overlook this "shortcoming" in order to avail himself of one who is punctual.

It is said that Daniel Webster was never absent from a single recitation or lecture during his entire course of education; and that he was never a minute tardy in reaching them. Members of Congress "used to set their watches by the appearance of John Quincy Adams in his seat." Does not the regularity of nature in performing her laws also furnish us a noble example of punctuality?

EVERY man has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one more important which he gives himself.

Whether the first be a blessing or bane to our lives the responsibility is not ours; but into our own charge is committed the more important education which it is possible for us to make just as broad or just as narrow as we choose.

It has been said that "the mind is like a trunk; if well packed it holds almost anything; if ill-packed next to nothing." Since this packing is all the while going on it is necessary for us to heed not only the quality but the ar-

rangement of the contents of our minds.

"Educational renovation is always in order; but it must be from within outwards, whitewashing is not the first process."

JOINT ENTERTAINMENTS.

The idea of the above named was first advanced by Prof. Davis, who, seeing the students excited and nervous over their society entertainments and consequently neglecting their studies, called a halt about three years ago. But society feeling and a few "kickers" kept up the old plan until last week when the three societies met in joint session and adopted a constitution governing entertainments, briefly outlined below.

The Websterian, Philagorean and Henry Clay Societies shall unite in one entertainment during each school term. The one in the fall term shall be on the first Saturday night in November, and the other the second Saturday night in April. A joint committee from the several Societies will have general charge of the entertainments. The presiding officer

will be elected in succession, first from the Phis., second the Clays, then the Webs. Equal representation will be given and equal responsibility shared.

Some objection has been raised to the new departure upon the ground that a small percentage of the society membership will appear in public during the year. This point is brought up chiefly by those who magnify "appearing in public" and minimize their work in the society halls. They are not willing to work to prepare but are over anxious to come before the public. This idea is wrong. No true Guilford student thinks this way; it is contrary to the spirit of the institution. That the entertainments have been too numerous and have taken too much time from our studies is admitted by all. That the present system will have a tendency to stimulate better work in the societies is very probable, for the different representatives will be brought to a hand to hand contest, so to speak, before the same audience and under the same circumstances.

LOCALS.

- Foot-ball!
- Little Cowles—"No indeed!"
- Big Cowles—"Well I guess."
- Two new tennis courts.
- A water cooler in Archdale.
- The pumpkins are gathered home.
- The Archdaleslogan, "Sometimes! Sometimes!"
- Naseem has entered school again. He is a Senior.
- Three rustic settees under the trees over by Founder's.
- The dining-room and kitchen have been considerably enlarged.
- Three dozen new chairs have found their way into King Hall.
- The large number of bicycles in school this term is noticeable.
- James, the son of Joseph, sells magnum bonums at fifteen cents a peck.
- Mrs. Bright Roberts, of Car-bonton has been up visiting Miss Mollie.
- An algebraic equation: Webster: Irish potatoes: Founder's girls: salad.
- Jos. Glaister and wife of Darlington, England, were at the College recently.
- Capt. Worth will soon have his company of volunteers ready to sail for Cuba.
- A crippled boy wants to know what girl threw a pitcher at him the night of the last serenade.
- A query: "Who is the tall young man that calls for a lady at Founder's every Sunday afternoon?"
- That aged bachelor, "Foscue," is advertising a receipt for that mixture which the Germans call "küssen."
- The small boys who attended Buffalo Bill's show in Greensboro say it was the "biggest thing in the world."
- The ice-house over by the stable has been moved down the hill to the cattle-barn. It will be used as a silo.
- There are now five different classes in regular gymnasium work. These include nearly every pupil in Collège.
- A pleasant little shower of bouquets and Freshman birthday notes greeted Miss Callie Stanley the other evening at supper.
- An elegant gravel walk of colossal dimensions has been completed at the palatial residence of Prof. George W. White.

—Just before the departure of Miss Henryanna Hackney for Bryn Mawr a surprise party was given her in the parlor of Founders Hall.

—What is to become of that pretty little Sophomore who was so wicked as to talk her diagonal out of eating any supper the other night?

—One of the most helpful lectures heard here this term was the one given by Pres. Hobbs on the subject, "The Latin Language."

—A little matter of interest: Why James Wray has become so much interested in cat culture. Is it because he can call his kitten "Kittie?"

—The brick are now being hauled for the new gymnasium. It is to be south east of Founders a few feet north of the Farmer's Cottage.

—Annie Ragan spent a few days in town a short time ago, and with other Guilford students attended Dr. Wendling's lecture at the Normal on Saturday night.

—We are glad to see that fifteen of the Sophomores have begun Greek this year. It seems that they realize the importance of classical culture, and are eager to drink in the rich truths that are in store for them. Guilford offers rare opportunities in this language.

—For the first time in the history of Guilford a class of six or eight students is taught music on stringed instruments. Prof. C. J. Brockmann, of Greensboro, is teacher.

—Miss Ruth Worth, of Raleigh, spent a few days at the College recently. She was on her way to Cleveland, Ohio, where she will spend a year in the Bible Training School located there.

—The well at Archdale which has long supplied the water tank has been cleaned out anew, lined with tyle, a new pump placed therein and now supplies convenient drinking water.

—Greenfield (rushing breathless into a cottage during study hour), "Osborne, old man, give me a little Na Cl." (Then spying a College official by the table exclaimed), "Govenor, I *bought* 'um."

—The class meetings this term have been very enjoyable occasions. Preps., Fresh. and Sophs. have had class prophecies, poems, readings and other such new and interesting exercises. A learned soothsayer of the class of '99 astonished his class the other evening by declaring that there sat one among them who should some day be President. The women rights' girls think maybe it is one of them.

—The Y. W. C. T. U. gave an interesting entertainment in King Hall one night this term. Refreshments were served and a neat sum of money was taken in which goes towards the expenses of the Union.

—A certain Junior who does not like to attend his class meetings told a Prof. the other day that in the deserts of Northern Arabia the children of Israel were grievously attacked by *brass* serpents.

—The Christian Endeavor has come to be quite an important feature at Guilford. Its meetings are more largely attended than any other prayer-meeting, not including the one held in King Hall on Sunday night.

—The classes have organized with the following officers:

Senior Class—President, Addie Wilson; Secretary, Loy Morris.

Junior Class—Pres., T. Gilbert Pearson; Sec., W. W. Allen, Jr.

Sophomore Class—Pres., Walter E. Blair; Sec., Mary Kennette.

Freshmen Class—Pres., R. C. Wray; Sec., Callie Stanley.

Senior Prep. Class—Pres., Jas. Wray; Sec., Bertha Snow.

—Interest in foot-ball is daily gaining ground. A number of enthusiastic games have been played and apparently much enjoyed. At a recent meeting of the foot-ball punchers O. P. Moffitt

was elected captain of the forces who are this year to make Guilford famous upon the gridiron. Several challenges have been received but as yet no games have been arranged with other teams.

—A short time ago there gathered with earnest faces in an upper chamber of Founder's Hall a company of the inmates of that building. Their purpose was to decide who was the best-looking boys in College. The whole list was called, but some were too short and some too tall, some were too gushing and others too stingy. Many were called but few were chosen. Among the seven fortunate ones we find inscribed the names of Teague, Carroll, Moffitt and Stanley.

—The experiment of combining the Literary Society entertainments which has been much talked of in past years will be tried this year. The various reasons for this need not here be stated, suffice to say that it is not because of any weakness on the part of the Societies, nor a fear that they would be unable to prepare separate programs with their accustomed success, for there are eighty members in the various societies who are doubtless as well prepared to engage in such work as those members of past years.

PERSONALS.

Steve and Chas. Cude are teaching at Randleman.

J. H. Peele, '90, is at Lynn, Mass. Pastor of Friend's church.

Will Pickard is in the Commercial National Bank at High Point.

Miss Dora Bradshaw, '95, is teaching near her home at Franklin, Va.

Will Hammond is working in the Home Furniture Factory at High Point.

Jas. P. Parker, '92, began teaching the public school near his home on the 7th.

Oscar Redding is prevented from returning to school on account of his eyes.

W. T. Woodley, '94, is at the University of North Carolina. He is working for A. B.

Cornelia Kersey was married on Oct. 10th to Mr. Lee Andrews, both of Archdale, N. C.

Mrs. J. W. Woody preaches occasionally in Greensboro during the absence of James Jones.

E. E. Gillespie, '92, spent his summer vacation preaching in the Western part of the State. He is now in Hampden Sidney and will complete the course this collegiate year.

W. J. Armfield, '94, holds a position in the establishment of Campbell, clothier, High Point.

T. C. Russell, a New Garden student, is in Arizona. He is a contractor of stone and brick work.

Herbert Reynolds, who justly won the appellation, "Sweet singer of Israel," while here in '91, is now teaching near Linton, Ind.

S. H. Hodgin, '95, is kept from the duties of his school at Summerfield on account of a case of fever. We are glad to know he is improving.

Miss Eva Scott is a student of the State Normal of Virginia. Her brother, G. G. Scott, who is also a G. C. student is in business at Winston, N. C.

The class of '95 has two members pursuing a further course. Miss Henryanna Hackney at Bryn Mawr, and G. Raymond Allen at Haverford College.

James Jones and wife, David Sampson, Arka Wilson, Prof. David White and Miss Emma White were a few of the excursionists to Indiana, Kansas and Western Yearly Meeting. The excursion was under the supervision of James Jones.

Annie Moore, who was here while her father, Prof. Moore, was Principal, holds a position in Whittier College, Cal.

H. Sinclair Williams, '92, has resigned his position in Rural Hall Academy and is now co-editor of the *Wave*, an East Bend weekly. Prof. E. A. Thomas has the school in charge.

Prof. Robt. C. Root has been compelled to resign his position in Whittier College, Cal., on account of ill health. We hope rest will better him and advise that it be taken in North Carolina.

A. B. Paul, Secretary of Winston Y. M. C. A., has resigned his position. Mr. Paul's worth is well known to many of us and it is with much regret we learn his intention of leaving the State.

W. W. Mendenhall's plan to a confident: "I am going to see Miss Dora soon and when I come back I intend to go on to Atlanta with the Greensboro Fire Company." His proceedure to carry out the plan releases the confident.

EXCHANGES.

So many of our Exchanges have as yet failed to reach us that the Exchange Editor finds it very difficult to secure material with which to fill the columns. We hope they may hurry up. The *University Magazine*, *Wake Forest Student* and *Davidson Monthly* are all missing.

Penn Chronicle arrived among the first of our exchanges. It shows much interest in Y. M. C. A. work.

The *Normal Monitor* comes to us with Thos. C. Young, a former student of Guilford, as editor in chief. "The Age of Reform" and "Pessimism" show many

reasons for encouragement to us as a nation. The interest of young people in the church, the W. C. T. U., municipal reform, and the Civil Service are no uncertain signs of our times.

The principal feature of the *College Message* is the address to the alumnae of G. F. C. by Mrs. John W. Hays.

In the *Earlhamite* is an article on the Evolution of Suffrage by W. D. Foulke.

The exchange editor of the *Mnemosyncean* is quite right in the statement that inexperience craves sympathy just as truly as "misery loves company."

DIRECTORY.

HENRY CLAY LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—Joseph Blair.*Secretary*—D. Gilbert Thompson.

PHILAGOREAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—Callie T. Stanley.*Secretary*—Bertha White.

WEBSTERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—Walter E. Blair.*Secretary*—Charles Osborne.

Y. W. C. T. U.

President—Addie Wilson.*Secretary*—Ada Fields

Y. M. C. A.

President—E. E. Farlow.*Secretary*—Charles F. Osborne.

Y. P. S. C. E

President—Wilson J. Carroll.*Secretary*—Cornelia Roberson.



L. F. J.

W. A. Blair

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN

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No. 3.

PROF. W. A. BLAIR.

The portrait which appears in this issue of THE COLLEGIAN will be looked upon with pleasure by the many friends of Prof. W. A. Blair, and its insertion is fitting. His parents, S. I. Blair and Abigail Hunt Blair, are both of Scotch descent; and his mother is a grand-daughter of Nathan Hunt, than whom a greater preacher has not appeared among Friends in America. He traveled extensively in this country and also made a visit to Friends in England, where his service was highly valued. James Hack Tuke, a distinguished Friend now living in England, told the writer that one of the most impressive prayers he ever heard was uttered by Nathan Hunt at New Garden in the Yearly Meeting held there, when he (Tuke) and another young Friend had just taken their seats in the Meeting. Nathan Hunt seemed in spirit to take in the whole world, and then also prayed that the Lord in His love and

mercy would graciously take care of the two young Englishmen who had just come in.

Nathan Hunt was one of the founders of the School at New Garden and did much for its support by his influence at home and abroad.

Prof. Blair had the most careful home training, and speaks of the home life of the family as the sweetest he ever knew.

His early education was thoroughly guarded by his parents. His mother taught him poetry and botany at an early age, and his father—a man of remarkably quick perception and penetration—did no less by fostering a taste for reading and reflection.

Prof. Blair's course of study is a very remarkable one, and in every institution he attended he won a very high rank for scholarship and intellectual power. During his two years' course at the School at New Garden his devotion to work, coupled with superior ability,

made him the first pupil in his classes.

This was a preparation for his entrance of Haverford College where he made the same impression for great ability and high scholastic attainments

Graduating in 1881 he spent the following year at Harvard, receiving the A. B. degree in 1882, and traveled through New England and Canada visiting the schools.

For a number of years following Prof. Blair was engaged in teaching and normal school work in North Carolina.

In 1885 he was elected to a position in the Winston Schools and resigned in December to enter a post graduate course in Johns Hopkins University. While there he was elected Lecturer on Pedagogics in Swarthmore College, Pa., which position he filled with great satisfaction and continued his studies.

In 1887 he was made Principal of the Winston Schools, N. C., and elected editor of *The School Teacher*, the largest educational magazine in the South.

In the same year he was elected Professor of English and Latin in the Florence, Alabama, State Normal, which position he declined. In the same year he was also elected Superintendent of the State Normal School held at Winston.

The following year he was

elected President of the Alabama Normal School, but declined to accept the place, continuing his work in North Carolina, and edited and published Dr. Battle's History of the Counties of North Carolina, was made President of the State Association of City Superintendents, and declined a Professorship in Greenville Normal Institute, S. C.

In 1889 Prof. Blair was chosen President of the State Y. M. C. A. Convention, elected a delegate to the World's Sunday School Convention in London, commissioned by Gov. Fowle State Representative to the Paris Exposition, elected Professor of Pedagogy in the Correspondence Department of Chicago University, spent some months traveling in Europe, and received the degree of Master of Arts from Trinity College, and lectured on Pedagogics in the Salem Female Academy.

In 1890 he was elected President of the State Sunday School Association, and also President of the People's National Bank. In this year he presented the Wiley Gray Medal at Trinity College Commencement.

In 1892 Gov. Holt appointed him a member of the State Board of Public Charities and the following year he delivered the Memorial Address before the Ladies' State Association on Memorial Day.

In all this extended course of study, and educational and literary work, Prof. Blair has occupied a central place; and by his wide knowledge, his extraordinary power of work and rare elo-

quence has exerted a power in the field of education seldom if ever equaled in our State at so early a period in life.

L. L. HOBBS.

DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION.

The two great principles of life, which, throughout history, have generated the political ideas of the world--find expression in terms familiar to the humblest mind—Democracy and Aristocracy.

Democracy is an ideal. Slowly and steadily it is drifting toward its goal of perfect freedom, but as yet that goal has never been reached. Democracy is still embryonic — unformed — glittering, then flickering ; flaming, then almost disappearing in the mists ; but its basis is an idea that will never be blotted from the human mind—the idea that Society can rule itself. Aristocracy is no longer an ideal. Its goal was reached centuries ago, when the maxim that “freedom is only for the favored few” first became a living reality. Since that early day it has dominated Society, and has yielded its fruits in every land.

Aristocracy predominates in the world to-day. The “dominant few” still rule, and will continue to rule until their strong arm of

despotism is broken and shattered by the stronger arm of an educated majority. If Democracy is to triumph, Education must fight its battles. Education alone can make the people free, for “privilege dies as knowledge spreads.” Universal education means universal freedom, and universal freedom means the “enthronement of the people—the uncrowning of the king.”

The first great step toward this result was made in America when the Pilgrim Fathers—in whom was kindled the first spark of American freedom—established public schools, even before the rude hut was completed, or the glimmering firelight told that comfort was within. Around Massachusetts as a centre, with education as the watchword, New England crystallized into a Democratic Commonwealth. The public schools were not only free, but universal, and out of their influences grew that crude and rigid spirit of Democracy which natur-

ally follows a reaction from despotic and aristocratic rule.

Far to the South another civilization is shaping itself for history, contemporaneous with the Puritanic Society. What was the contribution of this section to the growing spirit of Democracy? An entirely different product from that of the Pilgrim Fathers, but just as necessary in the attainment of the great ideal.

This was that spirit of conservatism which checked the narrow spirit of the New England Democracy and prevented it from destroying its own existence by drifting into a wild and visionary enthusiasm. What a happy union of the products of two sections and of two distinct civilizations—the spirit of New England strengthening Democracy in the South and the spirit of the South softening and blending the crude Democracy of New England into the grand product of to-day—a common brotherhood, striving toward a common end, with one flag as its standard, one State as its guide and one God as its ruler.

But America has not reached her ideal Democracy. The attainment of this end is conditioned upon universal education, for this means universal suffrage and universal freedom, and these are the strongest ties that bind a Democratic people together. The educational system upon which the

ideal Democracy is conditioned has its genesis in the common school—one of the highest outcomes of all the ages of human progress. The common school is the embryonic Democracy—the truest leveller of mankind.

Here the weak and the strong begin the struggle of life together. The rich and the poorest side by side; the hopes, the aspirations, are the right and privilege of all. The interaction of mind upon mind and the reflection of character upon character result in the formation of a typical manhood, and the operation of the great law of love shields the youthful heart from those deadly shafts of malice and hatred and selfishness and mistrust. There is such a mingling, fusing and blending of ideas and interests—such a feeling of interdependence and mutual responsibility—that it is only left for us to say that the common school, as the strongest ally of the Christian home, is yet to be the means of the regeneration of the world, and the only school in which the typical American citizen is to receive his elementary training. The period of life which the child passes in the common school is life in all its reality—simple and unpretentious, yet noble and true. It is such a life as the Man of Galilee lived, when He in His early years, pointed to the weak, the strong, the rich and the

poor about Him and said to the multitude, "These are My brothers."

The mission of the common school in America is to make us a homogeneous people. No dream of the past, no vision of the future, could ever propose such a tremendous problem as this—this blending and fusing of the people of the whole continent in one crucible of common interests and brotherly love. All hail to the common schools of America?

But to reach the highest and most perfect type of citizenship, shall Democracy cease to be the guardian of the child as he leaves the threshold of the common school? Shall Democracy, whose glorious future is dependent upon her youth, withdraw her guiding hand just as the child is ready to blossom into cherished manhood? These are the burning questions of the hour. Let us answer them in the light of reason and in the fear of truth.

Democracy knows no earthly power higher than itself. It is supreme over all its institutions. It has wisely recognized as its first and chiefest duty—the education of the people. The right of Democracy to provide for common school education has never been questioned. Why should it not have the same right to provide for higher education in the university? Its welfare depends

as truly upon the one institution as upon the other.

Where is the individual, the sect or party that will stand before a supreme power—before a whole people—and say to them, "Thus far shall you educate, but not farther?"

If there be such let them remember that the wellbeing of the whole people is greater than that of only a part. But it is urged that this doctrine destroys individual rights and makes man a slave. The fact is that this doctrine is the very foundation of human liberty. Take away sovereignty from Democracy and liberty perishes. True liberty is freedom under law, and perilous is that liberty which makes every individual a law unto himself. Democracy, then, is recreant to its most sacred trust, unless it gives all its members the opportunities of higher education and perfect development. The most sublime vision we can contemplate is that of pointing the child, as he leaves the common school, to that broader field of knowledge and truth, of development and freedom—the university. Here he enters into a new life. He sees scholastic beliefs give way to free and unfettered thought. He learns that most impressive lesson, that creeds no longer mean selfishness and isolation. He feels the ties of tradition loosening their hold

and his soul is free. A new inspiration touches his heartstrings. A loftier ideal of manhood looms up before him and the moral impulses which he received in the Christian home are blended with the power of intellect, and the result of *character* and *manhood*.

The aim of the university is to make the child a man; to make the man a citizen of the world, with a civic pride and a lofty patriotism. In the realization of this aim lies the hope of the republic.

The time has come, the hour is here, when lower and higher education should go hand in hand; when common school and university should alike be open to every child. When this dream becomes a reality we will be approaching our great educational ideal and the nations of the earth will be pointed to the example of that beautiful and sacred precept, "that we are our brother's keeper."

To-day as we stand upon the threshold of the twentieth century our most devoted patriots are asking this question, "How shall America reach her ideal Democracy?" There is but one answer —by educating the people.

"Educate the people" was the first admonition of Penn to the colony which he founded. Educate the people was the legacy of Washington to the nation he had saved. Educate the people was the unceasing exhortation of Jefferson throughout his whole career.

Educate the people is to be the watchword of the centuries until man shall rise from his guilty fall, and ignorance becomes a crime.

Democracy is the one hope of the world, and when its ideal is realized through the ideal education, the blood shed by the martyrs for freedom, will not have been shed in vain.

CHAS. F. TOMLINSON, '93.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN CALIFORNIA.

Mountain canyons are so plentiful in California and summer camping so popular that it is an easy matter to gain access to a canyon, find a suitable camp ground and then give the most conscientious reasons for going. Livery teams and private convey-

ances pass to and from the nearest towns almost every day, and on some days every few hours. If supplied with a good team one can leave Ontario, Cal., with all the necessary fixtures for camping out for a party of four to six and in three or four hours time reach

excellent camping grounds in San Antonio Canyon in the mountains north of the town.

Very soon after entering the canyon the towns in the valley below are lost to view. And then one feels as he sees the towering mountains all around him as though he is separated from the busy cares of life and is really "near to nature's heart." One instinctively feels, too, that sighs and frowns and wails are out of place in such surroundings and that it is his bounden duty to enjoy himself. And, for once, at least the camper takes delight in doing his "duty." To sleep is joy, to eat laborious, yet ending with great satisfaction and no little destruction—of food.

In ascending the canyon the pleasure-seeker notes the frequent winding and twisting, the crossing and re-crossing of the road and creek that seem to have such an affinity that they are inseparable for any great distance. He notes, also, the marked irregularity of the canyon. No two spots look just alike. Rocks, boulders, trees, scrubby bushes, tiny side canyons, rocky walls, mountain ridges and towering peaks are mingled in wonderful variety. A roaring, dashing mountain stream winds around and under and over and between the above mentioned objects in a surprising yet pleasing way and presents some charming

scenes whose beauty would baffle a skilled artist to reproduce.

Lying directly across San Antonio canyon perhaps seven miles from its mouth, is a high ridge known as "Hogs-back"—the upper limit for vehicles. San Antonio creek finds its way around this ridge through a narrow gorge at the eastern extremity. All supplies, and all who are not able to climb the mountain trail, are carried over "Hogs-back" on pack animals to "Dell's Camp"—a charming camping place three miles beyond, and the usual starting point of those who hire pack animals to make the ascent of San Antonio Mountain, familiarly called "Old Baldy."

A majority of the canyon campers pitch their tents below "Hogs-back," being careful to see that the three essentials for satisfactory camping—shade, wood and water—are near at hand. In the easily accessible canyons of Southern California there is very little timber of any kind, though the streams are usually bordered with alders, some of which attain a diameter of ten to fifteen inches and afford fine shade. Sometimes, though rarely, we can find a few live-oaks. Little clumps of alders or small clusters of live-oaks are favorite spots for setting up camps.

Fortunately, one's enjoyment does not depend on elaborate camping outfits.

The temperature is about 10° lower than that of the valley below and nearly always cool enough to be pleasant. There is no rain and very seldom any fog during the camping season, hence the most simple provision for sleeping and for toilet purposes is all that is necessary in the way of tents. Even a stove may be dispensed with, for one or two old gasoline cans, with a joint of stove-pipe, in combination with the ever-present stones and rocks, can be transformed into a very convenient cooking "range" that would be the envy of a Yuma "brave," or of a Mexican "greaser." And, fortunately for the ladies in camp, cooking and dish-washing are reduced to a minimum. A summer store at a distance of a stone's throw to half a mile from the best camping places, supplies campers with fresh bread, butter, eggs, canned goods, fresh fruits, honey and milk. Visiting friends and passing vehicles afford frequent opportunity for sending downtown for any articles that may be needed. The nimrods in camp occasionally bring in a few "cotton-tails," quail and mountain trout. The camper with epicurean tastes may add to his menu such delicacies (?) as the flesh of the jack rabbit and the rattlesnake.

A "canyon appetite" is a definite article of large proportions, and small wonder. If you simply

sit in your tent door and watch the energetic movements of the mountain stream as it dashes by your door you experience a sympathetic whetting of the appetite and an intense longing for the dinner hour to come. A tramp to some neighboring peak that *seems* to be not far away; an exploring trip into the cool shades of some side canyon with delicate ferns and floral treasures in view; a tantalizing search for a "nibble" from the wary speckled beauties that dart into the depths of a gurgling pool, or hide in the dark waters beneath a huge boulder; a hasty scramble—more hasty than graceful—up the steep sides of a canyon in a vain attempt to overtake and "protect" your feminine companions, who have fled because you aroused the ire of a huge "rattler" that is following close in the rear. These are some of the interesting experiences in connection with camp life that one may enjoy and that serve to bring on that inward longing for the sound of the dinner bell that characterizes a "canyon appetite."

It is but fair to state that we who beat such a hasty retreat from the canyon before the fighting rattlesnake returned in a short time with reinforcements, and after careful reconnoitering, captured the dangerous reptile and bore him in triumph to our camp. While relating to friends in camp the

exciting incidents connected with the slaying of our enemy, a shrill cry from one of the company caused us to turn around in time to see a large rattlesnake over four feet in length attempting to crawl under a tent, and yet evidently ready for a fight as the constant whizzing of his rattle indicated. Remembering the incidents of the previous hour, it gave me no little pleasure to seize a club and rain vigorous blows upon the head of the venomous reptile until no semblance of a snake's head remained. Then with a stroke of the knife I severed the twelve rattles and a "button" from the other extremity and preserved them as a trophy of the encounter. The skins of the two "rattlers" were taken by two of the ladies to be made into belts.

Encounters with reptiles like the above are comparatively rare. In a two days' trip to the summit of "Old Baldy" and return not a single snake was seen.

Not everyone who camps in the canyon can endure the fatigue incident to the ascent of the highest peaks, or of "Old Baldy" especially, but everyone can explore "Fern Canyon." Whoever fails to do the latter misses a rare treat. You follow a small brook up a deep gorge and over and around large boulders, under the shade of tall alders, passing many limpid pools and tiny falls until you are

confronted with a falls perhaps twenty feet high. You have already noticed a few clusters of graceful maidenhair ferns hanging upon the walls of the canyon; but, as you stand facing the "first falls" you are in the midst of a bower of beauty. At your left stands a perpendicular wall, probably sixty feet long and fifty feet high. This entire wall is covered with beautiful maidenhair ferns, with a background of delicate moss. Over those lovely ferns drops of pure water are constantly trickling from the rocks and glistening like crystal gems in the sunlight. As you stand above the falls at certain hours of the day and look down upon the ferns and glistening water you discover all the rainbow colors mingling with ferns and moss and crystal drops, forming a picture of exquisite beauty. The "second" and the "third falls"—the latter seventy-two feet high—have their own attractions, but the "first falls," with its romantic setting of "fern wall," has the greatest charm for the lover of nature.

A stroll through "Fern Canyon" is an excellent way to whet one's literary appetite for he returns to camp, just tired enough to seek the inviting hammock or rustic couch adorned with blankets and pillows and enjoy a communion with his favorite author. What more delightful than to re-

cline in the shade on couch or hammock, the cool, invigorating breezes fanning cheek and brow, the music of the rushing waters in the ear, the warble of feathery songsters o'er the majestic mountains on every hand and towering peaks bathed in sunset tints and ever-changing hues that seem to teach "the hand that made us is divine," there to open and leisurely read that charming poem, "The Lady of the Lake?" With such surroundings as here described, with so much to suggest a likeness to the scenes described by the author, the poem seemed more charming than ever to me.

The summer camper who has seen the smaller sights near his tent ever and anon turns wistfully toward the majestic heights of "Old Baldy," towering 10,160 feet above the sea, and longs to stand upon its summit. This feeling induced four of us— all men— to undertake the trip. We packed a well-filled lunch box, our blankets, water canteens, a gun and a kodak on a sure-footed pony. Each man was "armed" with a stout stick, used as a support in climbing or in self-defence if needed, but they were not needed in that capacity. Our "train" left camp at 8 A. M. on the 12th of August and wended its way over the mountain trail to "Del's Camp," 4,200 feet above sea level. At this point the writer deemed

it wise to provide himself with a sure-footed donkey, upon which he could ride within three miles of the summit. One can ride to the very summit over the "new trail." We had chosen the "old trail" by way of the Hocamuc mining camps, because it is the most picturesque route.

We stopped occasionally to rest our animals as well as ourselves after an exhausting climb over such steep and tortuous trails as "slippery elm hill," or to admire the beautiful, pale yellow lichens found on the dead branches of the few pines and spruces along the trail. There was a rugged sublimity about the lofty peaks that now surrounded us that constantly claimed our admiration. Some of those peaks, nearly if not quite inaccessible, were sparsely covered with stunted pines. On their sides were great "slides," down which tons of disintegrated rock has poured and will continue to pour for ages to come.

As we neared the mining camps the trail was very difficult to follow, for it ran along a "dry wash"—the dry bed of a winter torrent—for some distance. Still nearer the mines the canyon becomes very narrow and the sides exceedingly steep. The trail made numerous "tacks" in order to enable either man or beast to ascend to heights above. At 4 P. M. we arrived at the Hocamuc mines.

The cabins of the miners were empty, and after refreshing ourselves and our animals with food and water, we retired early, for we were very tired.

We breakfasted at 2:30 the next morning and a half hour later we were on our way to view a sunrise from the summit of "Old Baldy." Our pack-animals carried us several miles beyond the mines to the eastern extremity of "Backbone Ridge," which is only a few feet in width and has precipitous sides, down which loosened rocks dash with terrific speed and force for thousands of feet. This ridge was crossed in the moonlight, while a chilly wind whistled with considerable velocity across the "Backbone." But, onward and upward we climbed, stopping occasionally to take a "snapshot" of the company on some picturesque peak and determined to reach the summit by sunrise. Finally, we saw banks of snow on the north side of the mountain and we knew our objective point was near at hand. A little farther on we saw a crude stone "monument" that marks the highest elevation—10,160 feet. Near this monument we found a few spears of coarse grass, some small tufts of rushes, a very small flowering shrub and a snow flower, quite unlike the Alpine species. The dead trunks of two or three scrubby trees were also found there. However, the vegetation

is so scanty that acres upon acres of the summit appear like beds of loose granite or shale.

As the dawn appeared we scanned the horizon in order to view the towns and cities, the valleys and the ocean that a clear atmosphere permits one to see.

Unfortunately for us, a light fog hid Los Angeles, the ocean and Catalina Island from our view on the west. Turning toward the south we had a fine view of Pomona, Ontario, Redlands and the surrounding valley, including San Antonio Canyon. To the north we saw immense stretches of the Mojave desert and the deep gorge of San Gabriel Canyon. But in the east was the grandest sight of all—the rising of the sun. We stood on a bank of snow 10,000 feet above the sea on that August morning (the 13th) and saw the gray of dawn change to a crimson hue and envelop mountain, valley and desert. Then a silver thread marked the jagged outline of a lower range behind which the sun was rising. The silver thread widened in the meantime and then changed to burnished gold. Finally the whole lower range was bathed in a flood of crimson light that again changed to a silver hue as the full-orbed sun came in view and flashed his beams over the highest peaks. Ah, but that was a grand sight! It was sublime, for it was the handiwork of God.

R. C. ROOT.

A PEEP IN THE AUTUMN WOODS.

Lately there have arrived in our midst a number of visitors from the north.

Some came from New England and others from the Middle States, while still others have journeyed from the lake regions far in northern Canada.

One of the first to arrive was a Spotted Sandpiper that dropped in some weeks ago and for a week or more fed along the margin of the College pond. Several times he was observed with a company of killees², doubtless giving them, as they strolled along, some account of what had transpired the past summer on the shores of his northern stream. Later he was joined by three or four companions, and one evening all took up their line of flight probably for the sandy shores of the St. Johns or the Spanish Keys. Lonely little messengers, they are, the first heralds that come to tell us summer is over.

Their arrival seemed to have caused much comment among the other birds. That beautiful little patch of flaming red, the Rose Tanager went scampering about the thickets, perhaps whispering to all he met that the Sandpipers had come and Autumn was here. At any rate in a short time the

Tanagers had all departed for the winter. Their example was soon followed by the martins, swallows, thrushes and other tenants of the woodland.

Following close on the heels of the Sandpiper came a little fellow that makes his home every winter among the trees on the College Campus. It is a ^{Red} Breasted Woodpecker, which for the last four years has come to spend the cold months among our oak and hickory trees. Early one morning he announced his arrival by a cheery cry of delight at each discovery of some choice worm or nest of larva tucked away in cracks and cavities doubtless known to him before.

Over by Founder's Hall are two small spruce pines, the bodies of which are much scarred and swollen. Looking closely one will notice what seems to be old shot holes perforating the bark of the entire surface of their trunks up to a height of ten feet or more. These are the borings made in former years by our sturdy little woodpecker. When the weather gets colder and he will need some stimulant to keep himself comfortable through the long winter nights, the old borings in the spruce pines will be reopened and

every day he will come to sup on the sap that flows in and fills them. He drinks deep and tarries long at his favorite cup but never becomes intoxicated.

Not so with the robin, many of which leave us to winter in the Gulf States. In the far south they are not the merry songsters that we know. In rollicking, boisterous crowds they rove about the country, ill mannered and always getting into trouble. They are Dixie's truest type of the cow-boy, and cow-boy like, often die with their boots on, for the negroes and Creoles consider the robin choice food and kill them in large numbers.

In noisy gangs they flock to town and feed on the berries of the Pride of India tree which grows in the yards and lines many of the streets. The juice in these half-dried berries has the effect to make their consumers tipsy, and tourists from the north are often shocked to find their robin friends actually floundering helpless in the gutter with red eyes and muddy trousers.

The shrike is not a very common bird here. He is a little villain that wears a gray coat and possesses a large head and strong crooked beak. One very bad quality inherited from his ancestors is his habit of cruelly impaling on thorns or splinters insects and occasionally small birds

which are afterwards devoured at leisure. Thus he has acquired the popular name of butcher bird.

One afternoon a short time ago I was watching a company of sparrows that were having an enjoyable time chattering and chasing each other in the meadow back of the barn. A shrike which chanced to be roving about the country, perched for a few minutes in a tree near by. At the first sound of his harsh, grating cry the sparrows became quiet. Two or three of the number, perhaps young ones, fled to the friendly cover of a cedar tree, but the rest, for the most part, remained on the ground moving about cautiously and speaking only in subdued tones. This continued until the shrike resumed his journey and was lost to view—a mere speck over the eastern woods. The sparrows did not regard him with the terror which they would have shown had it been a hawk, nor the contempt with which they would have manifested their regard for a crow, but the feeling seemed to prevail that they did not care to be observed by him, just the same. They doubtless felt much as children do playing in a yard when a large and much dreaded dog goes along the street.

Sometimes while passing across the Campus at late twilight one will notice something fly across

the path and vanish among the trees. It seems scarcely more than a shadow, yet it is our little gray Screech Owl. All summer he has been here, but we have scarcely heard his voice. When the great limbs of the trees have shaken off the most of their foliage and leaves him but little protection from the sharp autumn wind he will begin his song. In the winter nights he will fly up close to the buildings and ruffle his feathers and look in at the window and wish for an overcoat and shiver and moan for hours at a time. Yet he will not leave us and run off south like the Tanager and swallows, but stay around and groan and complain all the winter at the cold, until some of his lady friends in Founder's wish him in the Museum.

But where is our Whip-poorwill that last spring sang so merrily in the glen over beyond the grave-

yard? When the warm nights of summer came his calls sounded less frequent, the two little ones on the leaves under the gum sappling claimed his attention too often. Later on, the youngsters had to be taught to fly, and when the nights began to be chilly the summer home must be broken up, for our nocturnal songster is pluming his feathers for the long flight towards the south. []

In the early autumn when one sits up all night by the tobacco barn the whip-poor-will's song is no longer heard and the drowsy watcher during the long hours of darkness hears only the chirp of the katydid, the shivering note of the screech owl or the long drawn challenge of the cock from the neighboring farm house — the whip-poor-will has sought a more southern clime.

T. G. PEARSON, '97.

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NOVEMBER, 1895.

THE article by Mr. Tomlinson we are glad to publish, because it is a close-knit, earnest appeal for education, and because it gives an opposite view to an argument which appeared in our last volume on "State Aid to Higher Education." We mean by the last statement that we are glad to give our readers opinions on both sides of the question.

THE Biography (with engraving) of Prof. W. A. Blair which appears in this issue should be an inspiration to every

student. Although Mr. Blair did not finish the course here, he doubtless traces much of his success in life to the thorough training received in this institution. From time to time we hope to give sketches of the lives of other prominent living men interested in Guilford.

AN old Latin adage, "*Qui credit posse potest*," expresses the determination that we think every one, and especially students, should possess. This does not imply that one must be egotistic, but that he *must* have self-confidence and determined energy to accomplish his purpose. This is what enabled the elder Pitt to say "I trample upon impossibilities." This determination "to *do* something always *does* something."

THE writer was sitting in the library some time since, gazing with wistful eyes upon the many volumes packed snugly away, thinking of the earnestness with which those books were wrought when suddenly through the door which opened into the collection room there came the familiar "Tramp!" "Tramp!" "Tramp!" On looking up he saw a sea of mischievous faces and a lone freshman wending his way to the library. Closer observation revealed the fact that nearly all the

students on the west side of the hall were "walking" the unfortunate student as he passed down the aisle and across the room. Now, boys, don't stop reading this for we want, lovingly, to make a few suggestions and ask a question. Our first impulse upon noticing the occurrence mentioned above was to laugh outright, for we saw such an exhibition of human nature. But our next thought was what a difference in the minds that put in motion the stamping feet and those that made the library books! The chasm is indeed wide and deep, almost dazzling—but it should not be. Every young man should earnestly and hopefully take hold of the means about him and begin to bridge the chasm between him and success, with not so much thought whether or not he will ultimately succeed as to that each plank he is using is sound and on a sound foundation. The capacity to succeed is to be gained by an almost opposite course to that which many of us have chosen. Such a disturbance as noticed above plainly tends to defeat true development. Slightly, you say; but remember, please, that one hour and a half was wasted assuming that the disturbance continued one minute and that there were ninety persons in the room. This is only one instance of a breach of good order.

But it is sufficient to show that many of us could very profitably give the subject of order more careful attention. Would it not be more thoughtful, more manly, to *stop* "walking," "whistling," and "hacking" people?

THE way in which English is used by a majority of people is painful to one who has any respect for his mother tongue. And what is even more painful is that this is not limited to the ignorant alone, but many who are reasonably well educated are guilty of the same fault. The visiting committee on Composition and Rhetoric of Harvard College has recently confirmed this by publishing some extracts from the entrance examination papers, which show a decided lack of the proper use of English.

The questions that confront us are, what causes this and how is it to be remedied?

It is evident (1) that the improper use of language by parents and the early associations of the child are a direct cause of this; and (2) the primary and especially the public schools do not give the subject of language and composition proper attention. In a majority of public schools, students are permitted to even answer the teacher's questions in inelegant, if not improper English. So the pupil solves a prob-

lem or parses a word correctly, seems to be all that is required; scarcely no attention at all is given to the language in which he expresses himself.

Is it possible that a lack of literary culture on the part of the primary teachers is the cause that more care is not exercised? If this is the case, does it not behoove us to see to it that more competent teachers are employed? This is the first step and probably the only one that can be taken to bring about the desired change. In this way better language will, in time, be used in the early training and associations of the child, and it will have a corresponding good effect upon the child.

It seems that our language has been shamefully neglected for generations, until it is difficult to eradicate the evil. While its parents and teachers use inelegant language, it is not reasonable that the child will use good language. If he does not learn to speak correctly at home and in the primary schools; he probably never will.

We think that those upon whom this charge is put are entirely too indifferent toward good language.

Improvements of this nature will necessarily be slow, yet we think that it will not be long till marked improvement is seen.

AN ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE EDITORS.

Whether such an organization as above-mentioned has been thought of by any of the College editors in this State, or, in fact, whether such a movement is practicable or not, is unknown to the writer. But a few thoughts on such an institution would perhaps not be out of place in a College journal.

The idea is by no means new, for such organizations now exist, the reports of which are interesting and instructive. "In unity there is strength" is, of course, universally true. Why not apply it to College journalism?

There is a sufficient number of College journals published in the State to render a strong and vigorous organization quite possible. How such an Association could be formed, its officers chosen and place of meeting selected, could easily be decided should the several College editors in the State wish to take any action in the matter. The question now is, Could there be anything gained from such an association?

Greater unity between the different Colleges of the State might be brought about. This would not be the primary object by any means, for no great lack of unity is now felt so far as we know.

But an opportunity would be

given for clinching the sentiment expressed by Mr. Edwin A. Anderson in his patriotic and eloquent address before the National Educational Congress in Atlanta, when he spoke of rivalries and bickerings between Colleges is disheartening.

The primary object, of course, would be the advancement of the interests of journalism in the Colleges of this State. The progress and phases of journalism in general might receive attention. Papers could be read on the ideal College journal and its object. The different departments usually found in the College journal, with suggestions new or the dropping of old ones, could profitably be discussed. The finances of the College paper—that most embarrassing and discouraging feature to the average College editor, that “blights his fondest hopes” and forces from him the ejaculation, “Would that the paper

were endowed!”—might be taken up. Many other questions would doubtless come up should such an association be formed. The life and spirit of the different Colleges would be brought out. Ideas would be exchanged which could be but helpful. More rivalry would be stirred up.

No effort has been made at a clear and connected statement of the advantages to be derived from an association of College editors. But these few suggestions are made in view of the great interest taken in journalism and the revival of higher education throughout the South. A careful examination of the exchanges from the Colleges of this State shows the existence of no such organization, nor discussions on the same.

If such be the case, the above remarks are unnecessary and the writer excuses himself upon the ground of “sheer ignorance,” as honest Dr. Johnson used to say.

LOCALS.

—Halloween.
 —A marriage.
 —Freshman badges.
 —Persimmon Pudding.
 —O, my! wasn't it good?
 —Flavius has the toothache.
 —The Clays have a new chan-
 delier.
 —Another piano fresh from the
 factory.
 —John says he "didn't go any
 coon hunting."
 —The girls go ghost hunting
 —and find a ghost.
 —W. W. Willis is building a
 new house on King Street.
 —Prof. D. still tells the Juniors
 about "the cow in the box."
 —Uncle Joseph's old turkey
 will not gobble much longer.
 —Preston, writing home, "Dear
 Papa: N. P. means *nearly perfect*."
 —Some of the girls think Sapp's
 collar would make a good bulletin
 board.
 —Mary Anderson, of High
 Point, was a guest at the College
 recently.
 —An able lecture was recently
 given by Prof. Davis on "The
 Preterit Tense."

—Soph.: "Think I have studied
 Botany; treats of man and ani-
 mals does it not?"

—The foundation is now being
 laid and the framing prepared for
 the new College hall.

—A number of books have late-
 ly been received for the Menden-
 hall Memorial Library.

—Arka Wilson called at the
 College a few days since on her
 way home from Indiana.

—For clothing, young men,
 patronize the houses that adver-
 tise in THE COLLEGIAN.

—Wanted—A calendar that
 will give correct dates. Address,
 Room No. 26, Founder's.

—Prof. Reynolds is looking
 very happy since his run up to
 Winston. Whom did he see?

—Bushels of hickory nuts and
 walnuts have been stored away
 by the rodent bipeds of Archdale.

—Some things observed about
 the campus:

New foot-ball suits.

Tom's new red swetter.

Miss Nellie J. on a bicycle.

Black eyes and foot-ball noses
 in slings.

Thompson on the tennis court
 "learning the game."

—Two Sophs go a snipe hunting. One falleth into a great mudhole, and now he weareth his Sunday trousers every day. Moral —Be careful of the company you keep.

—Prof. White lectured recently on physics. During the discourse, with the apparatus present, he illustrated many practical uses to which the knowledge of physics is put.

—The other day a ground squirrel ran across the path and vanished. A Freshman saw it and straightway procuring a spade, delved. Now he daily feeds four little rodents in his room.

—The Juniors were released from school duties two days last week in order that they may have more time in which to write their orations. Look out for some heavy productions the last of December.

—Some of the young ladies were invited to tea at Dr. Roberson's on the evening of Oct. 25th, which was Miss Cornelia's birthday. They brought back tempt-accounts of the rich viands that had greeted the hardy appetites of the school girls.

—Our popular little banjo picker of Archdale was invited to make music for the Sophs. at their class meeting the other day. It is whispered that he is fast "picking" his way to the hearts of a number of the girls of '98.

—The orchestra has its regular meetings twice a week. Prof. Brockman leads the class and it is expected that a great public display in the rendering of classical productions upon their artistic instruments will soon take place.

—The Y. M. C. A. gave an entertainment a short time ago. The main features of the evening were the farce "Shall Our Mothers Vote," the speech on "Cuban Claims" by Joseph Blair, and the refreshments which were served at the close of the program. The proceeds go towards the expenses of the Association.

—For the first time in its history the Websterian Society was honored by the presence of the members of the Philagorean Society the other Friday night. The boys wore their newest neckties and made great speeches. The young ladies say they enjoyed the occasion greatly and the boys talk likewise.

PERSONALS.

Mahlon Perkins, here in 1876-'7, lives in Kansas.

V. L. Brown is engaged in depot services at Archer, Fla.

S. H. Hodgins is able to re-enter upon his school duties.

R. E. Hollingsworth is in the University of North Carolina.

W. H. Mendenhall, '95, is an assistant bookkeeper in the Bank of Lexington.

Archie Sampson is in Lynn, Mass. His work is connected with electricity.

William Marshburn, an old student from Snow Camp, N. C., is making Texas his home.

Elizabeth M. Meader, '93, is teaching her third year in the Concord Graded School.

Emma E. Stanley opened school at Rock Knoll, near Greensboro, on the 4th of this month.

We are glad to know that John T. Benbow, '90, is making a success in his chosen profession, the law.

C. M. Hauser, '95, has returned from a trip to the Atlanta Exposition and has entered the Kentucky University. He is taking a business course.

J. O. Ragsdale, '95, has had a light attack of the fever. We are glad to learn he is almost entirely well.

Dr. W. H. Wakefield, of Charlotte, was a student here from 1876-'78. His home was then at Friendship.

O. C. Benbow has given up farming for the present and has taken a position in a furniture factory at High Point.

Sallie K. Stevens, professor of shorthand and typewriting here from 1891 to 1893, is teaching in the Goldsboro Graded School.

Mrs. Elwood Cox, of High Point, was a student here from 1876-'77 as Bertha Snow, and she now has a niece in school by the same name.

Mrs. T. M. Butner, *nec* Emma L. Worth, of Elkin, N. C., is visiting at her father's, Daniel Worth. Mrs. Butner was a New Garden student.

E. S. Browning, a G. C. student during 1888-'89, has been studying medicine in North Carolina and also in New York. He intends to complete his course next year at Baltimore. His father is a successful farmer at Pleasant Grove, Alamance county, N. C.

Will Overman has a prosperous school at Moorestown, N. J.

W. H. Rees, formerly chief clerk in the Greensboro postoffice is now selling clothing for Moore & McKenzie.

Arthur H. Coffin, of Denison, Texas, attended the eightieth anniversary of the birth of his mother, Mrs. Coffin, of High Point. Mr. Coffin was a student here for

several years just after the close of the war. He is a warm friend of the College and will probably have a daughter here next year.

Charlie Petty has recently gone to Washington, D. C., to study electricity. He has taken quarters with the G. C. delegation, who are as follows: Bob and Frank Anderson, E. C. Blair and Charles Kirkman.

EXCHANGES.

The *Earlhamite*, that progressive journal from Earlham College, is now issued semi-monthly, and a bright, instructive sheet it is, too. The number of October 15th contains a sketch of James Whitcomb Riley, the Plebian Poet.

A mastodon, one of the three largest in America, has just been mounted and placed in the Earlham museum.

The *Davidson Monthly* contains a portrait and sketch of Hon. J. G. Ramsey, who graduated from that institution in 1841. We admire very much the getup of the paper.

"Contributions to North Carolina History from Unfamiliar Sources" in the *Wake Forest Student* promises to be an interesting department.

The first issue of the *Red and White* is out—a four-page paper from the A. and M. College, Raleigh, N. C.

The *Reveille* contains articles on the "Mission of the Republic" and the "Campaign of Austerlitz." Its editors propose making some changes in its reading matter. More attention will be turned to short stories and less to orations, etc. A rather doubtful move for under-graduate students, but very popular at present.

The *Emory Phoenix* records the best opening in the history of that College. "No male college in Georgia has ever had so full an attendance at its fall opening."

The first issue of the *Kelly Messenger* from the deaf mutes at Morganton, N. C., is on our table.

"One-third of the University students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired in school; one-third die from lack of exercise and one-third govern Europe,"—*The Crescent*.

"Study and Its Attainments" in the *Western Maryland College Monthly* contains the thought often brought before students at Guilford. "It is not so much in the capabilities and capacities of the man as it is in the opportunities which he has improved and the amount of labor he has expended." The temple of wisdom is open to all.

"The shining throne is waiting,
And he alone can take it
Who says with Roman firmness
I'll find a way—or make it."

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine

comes to our table fresh and new. The paper is a decided success. It is, perhaps, not customary, but we are glad to admit that its criticism on the September number of *THE COLLEGIAN* was in the main just. But the editor was getting into rather deep water when he spoke of such an article as "the Poetry of the Psalms" as "ultra-rhetorical."

AUTUMN.

The Autumn fell on all the manifold
Fair things of Summer, and with icy hand
On every side made desolate the land,
And flung his random torch on wood and wold
Till everywhere the trees in red and gold
Burnt skyward; and the far-off hills did stand
Vague in the purple smoke, while still he fanned
The flame, and still the misty reek uprolled.
Then all the leaves dropped down like coals of fire,
And all the wild flowers save the late goldenrod
And asters died; and birds forgot to sing.
But in my heart there stirred a new desire,
Like faint first life that reaches out to God,
It was the hope and promise of the Spring.

—*University Cynic*.

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN

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DECEMBER, 1895.

No. 4.

OF AND FROM BURNS.

The following compilation, which makes small pretense to originality of thought, is the fruit of some recent study of the life and poetry of Burns, and has been written with a single aim—that of perhaps inciting another to make a study of this wonderful man and his writings. It were difficult to find a character more intensely interesting. Robert Burns holds a unique place in the field of literature. It is no mean criterion that his work should gain in admiration as the years pass away. In fact, the rate at which great men and great events grow in the estimation of men is in some sort a measure of their greatness. If we try him by this standard, Burns must be great indeed. During the almost one hundred years that have passed since his death interest in the man himself and admiration of his genius have been steadily increasing.

To those who know him best he appears best. His was the true Poet-soul. "It needs but to be

struck and the sound it yields will be music."

A man of strong and overpowering passions, yet what trustful, boundless love. His heart flows out over universal nature. The "Daisy" cannot fall under his ploughshare, but he must address the "wee, modest crimson-tipped flower." Nor does he pass unheeded the ruined nest of that "cowering, timorous beastie;" cast forth after all its provident care to "thole the sleety dribble and cran-reuch cauld." A wounded hare cannot limp past him but his poetic soul bursts forth into curses on the "barbarous art" and "murder-aiming eye" that could take the life of a lower fellow-creature, while to the "poor wanderer of wood and field" he says:

Oft as by winding Nith, I musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee, sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim and mourn thy hapless fate.

The same feeling finds expression in the "Winter Night," when, as he sits by his fireside

and hears the storm without, he writes :

I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha' bide this brattle
O' wintry war.
Ilk happing blrd, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing.
What comes o' thee?

There is no better way to learn the soul and heart of a poet than to study him from what he himself has written. To one who thus studies Burns he presents a life of varying and transient moods. He seems to have had no feeling which he did not throw into verse ; and he had every feeling. He pours the glory of his own soul over the lowest provinces of man's existence. Nothing was mean to him. He had a power to make men's lives better, tho' small power to guide his own. His faults proved too hard for him. Yet we do not love him the less that we must pity him.

However far he may have wandered from the path of virtue, we cannot judge him the guiltiest of the guilty. We know the best and the worst of him, and he has frankly told us that best and worst.

His youth was singularly pure and happy, even amid his poverty.

He walked "in glory and in joy
Behind his plow upon the mountain side."

In his parentage Burns was fortunate. He came of a long line of lovers of knowledge, and he had family traditions which he held sacred. It is told that one

day a neighbor entered the home of William Burns (Robert's father) and found the entire family seated at table, each member with a spoon in one hand and a book in the other. When but a boy Robert was forced to do the work of a man, hence had small opportunity for study ; but his mind was unusually active and drew profit from all things he saw.

"When we consider the time at which Burns came to the literary world—the most prosaic which Britain had yet seen—and under circumstances the most disadvantageous ; when his mind, if it accomplished aught, must accomplish it under the pressure of continual bodily toil " we marvel that he did not sink under these impediments. But "he looked thro' the fogs and darkness of that obscure region to discern the true relations of the world and human life." He has given us nothing second hand. His words came out of his own heart, throbbing with his own very life blood. He was perhaps of all poets the most directly inspired. None of his poems grew—like stalactites—by the slow process of accretion. They simply came forth complete. A song was the mere occupation of a morning. As he walked behind his plow or rode forth to the duties of an Exciseman he threw his thought into verse. We almost mourn to think what he

might have accomplished if he had had leisure.

He had a few favorite walks into the woods, beside winding Nith or gurgling Ayr, where the muse often "graciously visited" him. 'Twas on one such walk down the river-bank that Burns conceived and struck off in one day the matchless "Tale of Tam o' Shanter."

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," was composed on horse-back, in the midst of tempests, as the poet rode over the wildest Galloway moor. "So long as there is warm blood in Scotchman or *man*, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode, the best, we believe, that was ever written by any pen." Another wild, stormful song that dwells upon the mind and ear is "MacPherson's Farewell." None but Burns could have given words to such a soul. It produces a strange, "half-barbarous, half-pathetic fellow-feeling." It is as a writer of song that Burns stands preëminent. The last eight years of his life were devoted almost exclusively to song-writing. All that Scottish song has which is best and rarest came from his pen. He found the songs of his country tame and even indelicate—he left them stirring and pure.

His "Cotter's Saturday Night" may have won admiration and "Tam o' Shanter" have pleased,

but his songs live in the hearts of the people.

When Burns had taken Jean Armour to be his wife he sang,

To make a happy fireside clime,
For weans and wife,
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

He is now in his native element, the element of love; and we do not find a more tender husband and father. His "bonnie Jean," with whom the world is acquainted, was the subject of some of his finest sentiment.

There is not a bonnie bield that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

To her "charming wood-note wild" Burns committed all his songs before they went to the publisher.

From his many allusions to his love for her which his verses contain we will quote but one—

Tho' could fate should bid us part,
As far's the pole and line;
Her dear idea 'round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.
Tho' mountains frown and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between,
Yet dearer than my deathless soul
I still would love my Jean.

In the songs of Burns love finds an exquisite companionship. In fact whatever his mood one may find a corresponding sentiment in these songs. If he is glad he may find a song as merry as himself—if sad he may find one to sigh with his woe.

Every heart is moved by the sad, sweet story of Highland Mary. Robert Burns and Mary Camp-

bell had pledged their love standing one on either side of a purling brook, holding a Bible between them. This was the last meeting, Mary having died shortly after.

The poet has immortalized her by his songs and addresses.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging ayt to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder.
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
And green's the clod, and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.

We find in Burns the finest pictures of real life. His men and women are all real. Where may one find a song in which the calm depth of long-wedded and happy love utters itself so blithely, yet pathetically, as in "John Anderson, my Jo, John?" How much there is in that little poem! All the way from youth to old age it is one glowing picture. Yet all said in sixteen short lines!

When we were first acquent
Your locks were like the raven,
* * * * *
But now your locks are like the snow
* * * * *
We maun totter down John,
' But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo.

For that contented spirit, which while feeling life's troubles, yet keep "aye a heart aloon them a'" we have his song, "Contented Wi' Little, and Cautie Wi'

Mair." For friendship rooted in the past there is "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," and for comic humor of courtship, "Duncan Gray Cam' Here to Woo."

But we might write a volume on the songs of Robert Burns, for it is here his soul comes out fullest, freest, and brightest. The first words which he composed was a song in praise of his partner on the harvest rig: the last utterance he breathed in verse was also a song—a faint remembrance of some former affection. We have noted only a few of the excellencies of Burn's poetry, which far outnumber its blemishes.

For us to sum up the *character* of the man were folly. If he wrote "Holy Willie's Prayer" he also wrote "Address to the Unco Guid" and was there ever finer sermon from "He that is without sin let him cast the first stone?"

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each cord, its various tone,
Each spring its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly can compute,
But know not what's *resisted*

So we leave Burns as we found him, and

"The man's a man for a' that"

RENA WORTH.

THE BIBLE IN THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM.

· E. E. GILLESPIE, '93.

The systematic study of the Bible in our educational centres is one of the living questions of this investigating and progressive age. It has justly demanded and still claims the close attention of many of our most competent and influential educators. Two indisputable facts amply justify all previous discussion of this subject and prompt us on this occasion to its further consideration; first, the prevailing ignorance of the Scriptures, not only among the masses, but even among those who are otherwise well informed; and second, the inadequacy of the means employed to dispel this impenetrable cloud of Biblical ignorance.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the deplorable destitution of Biblical knowledge among mankind in general. This is only too apparent to every observer. But we would emphasize the absolute ignorance with respect to this well-known, yet unknown book, manifested by many of the students, yea, in graduates from the great majority of our institutions of learning. Dr. Harper has said: "The professor in the divinity school is amazed at the lack of knowledge displayed by those who perhaps for years have planned

to give their lives to the preaching of the Word. This ignorance is an ignorance of the very facts which lie upon the surface. The enactments of the Mosaic legislation, the greater and lesser events which gave rise to prophecy and psalmody, the contents of the books of prophecy, the books of Wisdom, the important events in the early Church, the connection of the Epistles with these events and situations, the facts in the life of our Lord and His teachings—all of these, which might easily be known, are strange subjects to the man who graduates from college."

This is a bold statement, but it comes from one whose wide experience and close observation enable him to speak with authority. This brings us to a brief consideration of the second fact, viz.: the inadequate method of Bible study employed. It is a shameful admission, yet investigation enforces it, that in many of our institutions Bible study of any kind is wholly ignored. Surely an institution claiming to be a *Christian* college and neglecting to promulgate the truth as it is found in Christ Jesus is failing to fulfill the mission for which it was established and is unworthy of its divine

appellation. But those centres of learning which have conscientiously attempted to do something in the line of Bible study have, in the majority of cases, utterly failed to meet the pressing necessity because of their inadequate methods. The Bible course is regarded as supplementary or merely nominal. It is confined to Bible classes conducted by the students themselves, a weekly devotional exercise, or a weekly recitation, optional with the students.

The relegation of Bible study to such *subordinancy* naturally debars it from the respect which it is worthy to command. Endeavor to teach any other branch of knowledge in a manner similar to that in which the Bible is too often taught and you will meet with inevitable failure.

We are firmly of the conviction that the only way in which the Bible can be successfully taught is by making it a constituent and essential part of the college curriculum. A well-arranged Bible course has valid claims for a place co-ordinate with mathematics, literature and philosophy, which we shall endeavor to vindicate by the following considerations:

First, the conduciveness of such a Bible course to a high order of mental development. One of the chief objects of a collegiate course is to arouse the innate powers of the mind to their normal activity

by the use of such mental gymnastics as will be most conducive to the development, training and strengthening of the intellectual faculties. To this end Latin, Greek and mathematics deservedly hold prominent places in the college curriculum. By such branches of study the mind is enabled to investigate and consider grave and profound subjects. But to secure the best results exercise should accompany drill. If the mind, while it is being trained and fitted for practical work, be brought face to face with great subjects, opportunity will be afforded for utilizing all the training derived from other studies, and a higher, broader and more systematical development will unquestionably ensue.

Now, no book furnishes more appropriate subjects for stimulating, strengthening and developing the intellectual faculties than the Bible. In the Word of God alone are to be found such elevating and ennobling themes as God, His spotless character, immensity, infinitude, majesty and glory; creation; the fall; redemption by grace; providence; resurrection; immortality. Truly has it been said: "We cannot too much remember that the questions on which the Bible compels the employment of the mind are the large questions; and, therefore, they are enlarging to the mind." Since the

Bible contains discussions of the profoundest subjects ever presented to the human mind, not in words of worldly wisdom, but in the utterances of men who "spoke from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost," it is pre-eminently valuable for mental discipline and infinitely worthy of the most earnest consideration of the student body.

Second, the study of the Bible is most valuable from a historical standpoint. A familiarity with the great facts of history and biographies of men who have figured conspicuously in the moulding of human thought and in shaping the events of the past, is essential to a liberal education and indispensable to a broad and comprehensive view of individual and national life. Many historical facts can be found in no other book than the Bible. Much important information on intricate and vital questions can be derived from no other source. It gives us the only trustworthy and common sense solution of creation, the beginning of individual and national life, what man is, whence he came, and whither he is going. The history of the chosen people is so closely intertwined with that of other nations, that to properly understand the latter a comprehensive knowledge of the former is absolutely necessary. Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece

and Rome materially influenced and were themselves vitally affected by contact with Israel.

From the hand of inspiration we may learn from the downfall of ancient nations, the causes of their decay and the fundamental principles upon which enduring institutions must be founded. From Jehovah came the divine and eternal principles of the Mosaic code which work as effectively to-day to the exaltation of national and individual life as when first instituted. The sins of our own time find their prototype in the nations rebuked by the prophets of old and the judgments pronounced against the violators of a holy law are applicable for all time. In their biographies of Moses, Samuel, and David; Peter, John, and Paul, we have the frailty of humanity delineated for our admonition, and the virtues of a Christ-like life portrayed for our encouragement and emulation.

Not only is the historical knowledge of the Bible intrinsically valuable, but it is fundamentally related to further research and historical study as is forcibly set forth by Dr. Price: "We have here the oldest history of mankind. It contains an epitome of the world's history from the beginning down to the call of Abraham, and a condensed history of Abraham's descendants down to the close of the fourth

century before Christ. It is brief, but exceedingly comprehensive. It sweeps through centuries of important and epitomized events. It is the most complete history of the oriental world in our possession. It is not confined to one people, but is full of references to many and great peoples. In fact it is the only trustworthy source of information regarding several of those almost pre-historic nations. It is the beaten track through oriental times, to which and from which numerous pathways lead. Taking it as a starting point, and making it our own, we shall have little difficulty in increasing our knowledge of the contemporaneous history of the surrounding peoples."

Dr. E. P. Humphrey says of the tenth chapter of Genesis: "It is received by Archaeologists as the most valuable ethnological chart in the possession of mankind. It is entitled to that preëminence by its antiquity, being more than three thousand years old. Then, again, it is the only trustworthy account in existence of the settlement of the earth after the deluge. Sir Henry Rawlinson says this is 'undoubtedly the most authentic record we possess in the department of ethnology.' Bunsen says: 'It is the most learned among all the ancient documents and the most ancient among the learned.' Moreover, this document of less

than fifty lines exhausts the science of the origin of nations, as no other races have ever existed. All the springs of history are here, and the real beginnings of the Old World empires, Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Judea, Syria, Greece, and Rome."

In view, then, of the historical value of the Bible can we reasonably deny it a place in the college curriculum?

Third, the preëminence of the literary value of the Bible entitles it to a prominent place in the prescribed course of study. Every observant reader capable of appreciating the purest English, the simplicity, exactness, and perspicuity of style is forced to acknowledge the unrivalled superiority, of many portions of the Bible. There is a grandeur, beauty, and sublimity in the poetry of Job and the Psalms unsurpassed by any other literary production. Who can peruse the parables of our Lord without being impressed with their unrivalled figurative beauty and apt illustrative power? Goethe confesses that there never was an idyl written like the book of Ruth, and that the narratives of Genesis possess a charm exquisite and unique. Dr. Stalker says of St. Paul: "He gave to mankind a new world of thought. If his epistles could perish the loss to literature would be the greatest possible, with only

one exception, that of the Gospels." Bishop Warren says: "Are we proud of our varied and exact English speech? The Bible largely made it, and no student seeking forceful speech can neglect the legal exactness, the ornate imagery, the peerless rhetoric, the sublime words of the Bible. Many are the testimonies of men to this truth. When we are surprised at the compact, simple, vigorous style of any writer, we are sure to find that he owes it largely to the Bible. Many have gladly confessed it. Ruskin is, without question, the great master of pure, eloquent English prose. Whence came that pure idiomatic, vigorous speech? He himself has told us that he owes it to the Bible." Consider the writings of Paul. Independently of their divine origin they contain more sublimity, more exquisite beauty, and more lofty strains of genuine eloquence than the choicest productions of the most celebrated rhetoricians of antiquity. Many such selections as his oration on Mars' hill, and Apology before Festus and Agrippa are unrivalled masterpieces of intellectual genius.

In sublimity of sentiment, beauty of diction, and profoundness of logic the eighth chapter of Romans ranks foremost in the galaxy of intellectual gems. The culminating climax we cannot refrain

from quoting: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Even as it is written,

For thy sake we are killed all the day long;
We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

If, then, the Bible is of intrinsic literary merit, is promotive of the purest and most vigorous English, and is interwoven in the choicest ancient and modern literature, should it not be given a preëminent place among our studies for literary culture?

Fourth, infidelity and skepticism would be considerably lessened by the thorough and systematic study of the Scriptures. One of the chief sources of skeptical darkness is the prevalent superficial knowledge of the Bible. Why do so many young men in our colleges and universities scorn and reject the Bible of their mothers? The answer is plain. They come to these institutions with childish conceptions of the Word

of God and throughout their collegiate course remain "babes in Christ" while they are developed into physical and intellectual manhood. With a man's idea of other books and a child's conception of the Word of God, the natural result is a loss of interest, if not of faith, in the divine oracles. It is impossible, with shallow and superficial ideas along Biblical lines, to adequately appreciate the breadth and depth of the knowledge and wisdom within the sacred volume. Hence, in casting aside their childish notions about other things, they dismiss their youthful conceptions of the Bible, and as their instructors have given them no substitute for the latter, only too often, the Word of God is altogether discarded and they are launched on the fatal sea of skepticism and heretical speculation. If our young men are to be saved from such a disastrous end and are to retain a due and grateful appreciation of the Bible they must be brought into intimate contact with its wholesome influence during the most critical period of their mental development.

Within this sacred volume lies
The mysteries of mysteries;
Happiest they of human race
To whom our Lord hath given grace
To read, to mark, to think, to pray,
To know the right, to learn the way.
But better they had ne'er been born.
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Where rests the responsibility of this skepticism? Manifestly, to a

large degree, upon these *Christian* institutions which have failed to inculcate in the minds of their students that Word, the entrance of which giveth light. The power of the Bible is not only preventing skepticism and infidelity, but in developing a high type of moral character should place it in the curriculum of our institutions, especially when we remember that within the college walls to-day are the men who in less than a quarter of a century will be filling all the chief and responsible offices of Church and State.

Finally, the success attending the introduction of a well-arranged Bible course attests its *practicableness*. While it is to be regretted that the great majority of our institutions have not recognized the claims of the Bible for a place in the curriculum co-ordinate with mathematics, literature and philosophy, yet it is encouraging to note that systematic courses of Bible study have been introduced in many of our leading institutions—e. g., Yale, Chicago University, Southwestern Presbyterian University, at Clarksville, Tenn.; Smith College, Massachusetts; Wellesley, Agnes Scott Institute and within the borders of our own State, the Colleges of Davidson and Guilford. Where special professorships of Biblical instruction are found the results are, of course, more satisfactory,

but if this be impracticable, Biblical instruction should by no means be abandoned, for the experiences of the last two colleges mentioned—Davidson and Guilford—prove that with or without a Biblical professorship a prescribed course of Bible study can be successfully maintained.

In view of the points we have endeavored to emphasize, how

can any *Christian* institution deny the Bible a prominent place in its curriculum? May the day be hastened when our institutions of learning shall become centres of religious thought, perennial fountains of Divine Truth, the streams whereof make glad the City of God.

Hampden-Sidney, Va.

READING.

"Ten thousand men may read, not one reads well." This quotation refers to oral or elocutionary reading, which is a very small percentage of the sum total of reading. It is of the hundreds of thousands of readers other than oral—the silent readers—that I wish to treat. Do they read well? Do the rank and file of the vast army of readers have any adequate conception of what their attitude towards books should be? Of all the readers, so-called, who turn the leaves of books and dawdle time away, how many read at all? What is reading, anyhow? It would be an easy matter to ask other questions along this line, but difficult to answer them satisfactorily; however, a few wandering ruminations rounded up with a broncho of graphite and corralled in THE COLLEGIAN may lead, it is

hoped, to more productive methods in this great business of reading.

In "English as She is Taught" Mark Twain has called our attention to the ludicrous blunders and bad marksmanship of the young idea in the pedagogical shooting gallery. "English as She is Wrote" and "English as She is Spoke" are products of the same humorous quill; but, so far as I am aware, no one has written in a similar style about "English as She is Read. Here is a mine, I ween, in which a little judicious delving would uncap a vein of base metal well-nigh limitless in extent. The results of silent reading are more subtle and elusive to the grasp of the investigator than those of writing and speaking, but if Mark would only address himself to the task, he could doubtless secure sufficient

material from which to construct a mirror that would reflect the distorted face of "English as She is Read." I leave the task to his waggish pen, after thus giving him the cue.

One pitfall, and a serious one, besetting the path of the young reader is the vast amount of weak and worthless literature as well as the positively poisoned print. One of the attaches of a printing office is the printer's devil, and his handicraft is abundantly in evidence. Doubtless Anthony Comstock and other censors of the Press are ready to believe that the imps of the above mentioned employee have swarmed, (their vocation proper having become overcrowded) and these satanic scions are now engaged in manufacturing the ink and mining the plumbago with which much of the copy is prepared for the press. This worthless and pernicious literature is as plentiful as "Autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa," and it has the market. However, teachers are doing more now than formerly towards creating in the child's mind a taste for wholesome reading. The schools, hitherto, have addressed themselves to the task of teaching the mechanical part of reading, bestowing little or no thought on what the child may read. The reading power is a dangerous blade; it may gash the hand that wields it.

Under the new pedagogical regime, along with the reading power the child is introduced to the best literature suited to his capacities, with the view of begetting in his mind a lifelong love for good books. Even if his mind is already tainted with the miasmatic effluvia of mere "literary garbage," his salvation may yet be wrought, if his teachers are capable and vigilant, by what may be termed the "expulsive power of a new affection."

But bad books do not come within the scope of this article; the library shelves in King Hall are not cumbered with such. It is not likely that any who are irreclaimably in bondage to the spell of vicious literature will take the trouble to read these lines; it is not for them that my graphite is being triturated. Of this genus we will simply say: "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone."

To return, then, from this apparent digression, let us concern ourselves with the method rather than with the matter of our reading. Given good books, what should be our attitude of mind towards them? How are we to treat books so as to make them a vital force in our lives? While I do not aspire to pen a panacea for the ills complained of in our habits of reading, let us consider a few suggestions that may be

helpful. We will arrange them under a series of "don't's."

1. Don't go to the library aimlessly. You have already done that, doubtless, many times, and reaped the husks thereof. Make a calculation of the time already wasted in desultory and aimless reading and the aggregate will probably frighten you into a determination to turn over a new leaf in your use or misuse of the library. The librarian and the catalogue will be serviceable here; consult them. The habit of going to the library to read just anything, "no matter what," may involve you in both present and future loss. The book you chance upon may be ever so valuable, *per se*, yet not adapted to your present needs and mental grasp. Hence the dislike thus acquired may act as a bar to any subsequent acquaintance with an author or a volume, which, if not essayed till your sinews of mind had grown a little stancher, might have found a responsive chord therein and been read with edification and delight.

2. Don't imagine you are reading simply from the fact that you are looking at the printed page and pronouncing words. Let us seek a definition. Reading is thinking. To say that reading is getting the thought of an author is, perhaps, not correct psychologically. To quote Colonel Par-

ker: "Reading consists of a sequence of mental activities immediately caused or induced by the action of written or printed words arranged in sentences." He further says: "The ability to merely memorize words is common; the impotency of many to think by means of the printed word is amazing." You have, perhaps, seen bookholders move their lips, or whisper the words, as if that were reading. Doubtless, in many instances, this labial muscular movement is the only action that is taking place—a phenomenon, you must allow, that bears but scant relation to reading. Many a page has been lazily gazed at by readers (?) who have remained utterly oblivious to the thought which it was the function of the printed words to arouse—as completely dead to any mental effort as the "doncher-know" devotee of "sawciety" is dead to the "bloom of the heather, or to the waving of the daffodils in a glade."

It goes without saying that the golden rule in reading is attention. But to acquire this habit of attention—*hec opus, hic labor est*. Well, these hints and don'ts are intended to be some of the stepping stones thither. "If, when you are admitted to the society of a wise or amusing man who gives instruction or entertainment in a winning and graceful manner, you

think it important to be wakeful in his society and to catch and weigh every word, why should you not feel the same necessity when he speaks to you through the written page?"

3. Don't indulge in passive reading. Reading is not resting; it is wrestling, rather, from the printed page the thoughts of the best minds in their best moods (we have eliminated from this discussion the worthless and pernicious literature), appropriating these thoughts, assimilating them, weaving them into the reader's own mental tissue.

According to Longfellow, "Books are sepulchres of thought"—not a faulty figure, perhaps, yet unsatisfactory, since it suggests death. I fear that many readers, so-called, will have to wait till the resurrection for this thought to be available to them. Sepulchered thought must be exhumed. Let us, therefore, extend Longfellow's figure. If books are the sepulchres of thought, what should we be? Our attitude toward these sepulchres should be that of Moses toward the rock in Horeb; he smote the rock and it yielded up its wealth of water. Or, if you please, we must act the part of the angel that rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre. Reading means action—intense action often. Words are but the grave clothes of this buried

thought, and the reader must wrestle with the wrappings till the contents is disclosed.

4. Don't read without writing. The effort put forth in writing will act as a fixative—tend to crystallize the thought that otherwise may be hazy and evanescent. Even though the notes may never be referred to again, the effort employed will make one of those stepping stones to our goal of attention. The "*Coditio sine qua non*" of development is doing. At the end of a chapter or the volume close the book and write an abstract of what has been read. This method will at least reveal some of your shortcomings as a reader, and if persevered in will yield returns in the form of definiteness and accuracy instead of poverty and vagueness.

5. Don't attempt to read many books. This paragraph may be omitted by those who do not read at all. Some seem to think there is merit in much reading, apart from its efficacy. One book read with the mind tense, active and wakeful is infinitely better than many swallowed but undigested. Limitations as to time and your own powers of mind are factors of the problem that should be taken into account. Some writers speak of "imbibing" the contents of books. But we must discard this figure. One cannot swallow literature like liquor, Lord Bacon

to the contrary, notwithstanding. When he said "Some books are to be swallowed," he was doubtless writing for the Brobdingnagians, and did not mean that you, my dear reader, should peristaltically propel whole volumes adown your intellectual œsophagus without any mastication whatever.

Then, don't affect the "literary anaconda." If the pabulum is of a character that makes no demand on the teeth and saliva of thought, it will only conduce to mental dyspepsia and should be shunned.

In one library alone, that of the British Museum, there are over 700,000 volumes, resting on forty miles of book shelves; while new books are "flying from the press as thick as snowflakes on a wintry day." A wise discrimination, therefore, would seem to be the better part of valor if you would make any valuable conquests in this field. Read all the good books first, and I shall raise no objection to your devoting the remainder of your time to literature less worthy.

L. M. H. R.

[The following poem is not inserted for its literary merit; but because of its antiquity, having been written by Zinnie Stewart, a student here long years before the war.—EDS.]

NEW GARDEN.

A lovely seat, of humble style,
 My residence of late, a while,
 Awakes my long-neglected quill,
 Inmeasur'd lines to prove its skill;
 And calls forth in descriptive song,
 My dormant muse, at rest so long.
 Where the community of Friends,
 (Just ere each tranquil season ends,
 When Autumn's scenes their charm unfold,)
 Their solemn Annual Meeting hold,
 The dome to which they thus convene,
 Upon an eminence is seen;
 Surrounded by umbrageous trees,
 Left standing still where taste might please,
 And spread a cool, refreshing shade,

For those whom walk has weary made;
 A safe retreat from scorching rays,
 When Summer's heat emits its blaze.
 Here, too, array'd in sable green,
 The dwelling of the dead is seen;
 Where young and aged, rich and poor,
 In quiet sleep, to wake no more.

A Royal Oak, with tow'ring grace,
 O'ershades this solemn burial-place;
 Its giant arms, extended round,
 O'ershow many a crumbling mound;
 An equal canopy to those
 Who underneath its shade repose;
 Those to whom wealth and fortune high
 A sumptuous dwelling did supply;
 And those who sought an humble shed,
 And scarce had where to lay their head.

The tangled mass of spreading vine,
 Which o'er these mould'ring heaps doth twine,
 Adds solemn beauty to the scene,
 And clothes the whole in deepest green.
 From bank to bank its branches bend,
 From sod to sod its arms extend;
 In one embrace o'erspreading those
 Who liv'd as friends, or liv'd as foes.

* * * * *

New Garden, hail! thrice favour'd place,
 By nature bless'd, and bless'd by grace.
 Thy population, once so dense,
 Now thinn'd by emigrating hence;
 To seek for ideal scenes, more blest,
 In far-fam'd realms within the West
 Yet, had thy sons their stations kept,
 In patience, where their kindred slept,
 New Garden still had been the scene
 Where multitudes would still convene,
 From all th' adjoining country round,
 To hear the welcome gospel sound,
 And join with those assembled there,
 In holy silence, praise, and pray'r.

Yet, would I not insinuate
As tho' thy walls were desolate.
Thy worship-house is still the place
Where many meet to seek for grace;
And, at the annual period, still,
Great numbers, then, thy partments fill,
From East and West, a distance far,
In council meet, without a jar;
And mingle thus, in various cares,
And multifarious Church-affairs.

Yes! long my heart shall bless the day,
When Providence did speed my way,
To sojourn first, within thy bounds,
And in thy precincts take my rounds;
Conversant with the juv'nile throng,
Which to thy walks did then belong;
When thou wast in a diff'rent case,
And wore a more propitious face.

And tho' thou by thy sons art left,
And, of thy charms art much bereft;
Tho' distant far my footsteps be,
Fond Recollection turns to thee;
To trace thy fading scenery o'er,
And what thou hast been heretofore,
Thy future destination too—
Dear, lovely scenes, adieu! adieu!

The Guilford Collegian.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF GUILFORD COLLEGE,

N. C.

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DECEMBER, 1895.

THACKERY spoke of the writings of undergraduates as the "queerest aping of sense and poetry;" and perhaps this is true from a strictly literary point of view. But there are several things to be thought of before the student allows this quizzical remark of Mr. Thackery to discourage him. We know that our thoughts are worth but little unless expressed. Thinking without writing is a very lame procedure. We must fasten our thoughts, and the best way to do that is to write them down. This

writing should be clear and vigorous and attractive. It is made so by *practice*—say what you will about originality, etc., the great writers we are told wrote before originality was invented. Students should begin to write early. Do not neglect your essay work, nor scorn to write your speeches for Friday night debate.

Remember that THE COLLEGIAN is yours and that every article you may present for publication will be carefully criticised and inserted if worthy. We want to make THE COLLEGIAN more and more distinctively the students' magazine. We hope that the many students that will remain at the College during the Xmas recess and others who will not be especially engaged will look toward preparing articles for next term's COLLEGIAN. We are not at present in a position to offer a prize for the best production, but the competition should be just as sharp for the benefit derived from the effort put forth will amply repay you.

THE friends of foot-ball are to be congratulated upon the success of the past season's playing. Any doubts which may be in the minds of the "best haters" of the game as to the advisability of playing it should be dispelled upon noticing briefly the record made by the handlers of the

oval within the last few months, taking it for granted that they *know* the *good* points in the game. In the games between our leading colleges only one instance of disqualification for "slugging" is recorded.

It has come to be recognized among the players themselves as underhanded and mean to strike one of their opponents and if one does it he holds it as the fastest secret. Amended rules have modified the game immensely. The "kicking game" is largely played, thereby rendering the sport much more open. "Defensive tactics have been more systematized. Injuries of any moment have been wanting. The games have been fought out in the fullest, fairest and most sportmanslike spirit."

Progress toward a mild and scientific game has been noticeable. Like the awful "V" most of the rough features of the game have been discarded and it is safe to predict that the rules of the Cornell, University of Pennsylvania, etc., "combine," by which the men are allowed to mass themselves behind the line, will be considered illegal another year. When this is done we think the game will be perfectly free from any objectionable features. But many think this massing behind the line is fair. We hold that it is not, for by it the men get too much momentum, and this force

should be eliminated as much as possible, for it is outside the individual strength of the players. We blame those who have opposed the game, whether conscientiously or otherwise, for two reasons: First, because they had not investigated and found the real worth of the game, and second, for not having confidence enough in the American people to know that they were capable of wresting from the so-called relic of barbarism its objectionable features and of taking none but its good.

There is too much muscle, too much grit, too much self-control to be gained in this game which brings into play all parts of the body and forces that invaluable personal contact, as no other game does, for any man or class of men to wipe it from existence.

IN this issue we are glad to give to our readers the article "The Bible in the College Curriculum" by E. E. Gillespie. It is worthy of the careful perusal and investigation not only of the college professor or student and the minister, but of the common man with his common lot. "Of and From Burns," by Rena G. Worth is a feast for the literary mind. One cannot read this carefully compiled article and not feel deep sympathy with and love for Burns. "Reading," by Prof. Rey-

nolds, we hope may inspire some of its readers to become true readers.

IN our last issue some of the punctuation and several words fail to appear as sent to the printer. We will not give the mistakes as the meaning is fairly clear in most places. But in Mr. Tomlinson's article there are mistakes which are misleading; In one place the reading should have been "the result *is* character and manhood," instead of the result of character and manhood. We say this in justice to the contributors not seeking to excuse THE COLLEGIAN.

THAT Miss Worth has set up a high standard in physical training as partly evinced by the fact that only one person out of her several large classes was given first grade although all worked faithfully. The new Gymnasium will be ready for use after the holidays. The new room and the new apparatus together with the advancement which they have already made should inspire every student to greater enthusiasm in next term's work.

NOW that the first half of the school year is passed, it might be well for us, as students, to look back over the term's work to see how much we have

been benefited and whether we have made the most of our opportunities.

We have given our time and money for that which is expected to benefit us, and if it has not done so the fault is with us. If we have neglected our opportunities they can only be of service because they remind us of what has been lost, and thus guard us against a further loss of time.

We think that most students have employed well their time and that their work has been satisfactory.

OF a piece of timber you may make a machine, a piano, or a pulpit; but first of all it must be a piece of *timber*, sound, solid and well seasoned. The highest and truest education is not that which develops, trains or strengthens this or that faculty, but that which vitalizes and stimulates *all* the faculties; which does for the mind what the gymnasium does for the body—*energizes* it by robust and bracing exercises. Whatever does this most effectually—whatever makes the mind of the pupil conscious of its own energies, and gives it the power of rightly using them is the very thing he needs, however little use he may have for it after the drill is over. The thing he is taught, the lesson learned, is not the *end* but the *means* of education.

THE proposal to remove the museum to the Y. M. C. A. building is timely and we hope the day is not far distant when the change will be made.

The museum is something of which we should be proud. It is thus expressed by men of wide experience who have visited it lately and have seen the many improvements and additions which have been made by our present curator.

They speak of it as the best working cabinet in the State and as easily one of the best in the South. But that the present room is too small, the specimens too crowded is evident to all. The proposed removal is just what is needed.

The large upper room in the Y. M. C. A. would be most satisfactory.

The building is in easy access and the room large and airy. Here the specimens could be arranged in a more tasty order and altogether the collection would be much more attractive.

PERSEVERANCE is a word with which every child should become familiar.

The one who enters College without having realized something of the necessity of persistent effort is most likely to come far short of that degree of success to which he should attain.

If a student realizes that a study is very difficult and does not attempt to get first grade, but simply looks forward with the view of being able to pass the examination, he may expect nothing better than failure.

We often see a boy full of strength and vigor gifted with the power of a bright intellect, who might become a model student, influential, useful and honored by all; but he is neglected, useless and unhonored, simply because he has not learned that what is gained must be gained by persistent effort.

There are few things which are impossible for the student who possesses that perseverance and determination which was shown by Daniel Webster when he memorized seven hundred lines of Virgil as a penalty for pigeon-shooting; or, by Audubon, when set out to reproduce his drawings of birds, which had been unexpectedly destroyed.

The life of our present historian, John Fisk, should be a source of inspiration to every student who wishes to make a success in College.

May those who complain of difficult lessons, who are content with low grades, not learn a lesson of perseverance from the lives of such men?

LOCALS.

- Turkey.
- Cranberry sauce.
- Juniors on deck.
- Joint entertainment.
- Foot-ball is over for '95.
- Guilford, 58; Old Trinity, 0.
- Guilford, 0; A. & M., 26.
- Hobokers sat down upon.
- Moffitt makes a flying visit home.
- Have you seen the sophomore pictures?
- The new gymnasium building is enclosed.
- Fleta Brown's mother makes Guilford a visit.
- The hand organ and monkey comes our way.
- President's man Henry drives a new red wagon.
- Question: "What girl's snow ball struck Eugene?"
- The Board of Trustees met the first of the month.
- Prof. Davis lectures on "The Preservation of the Bible."
- Four boys and three girls. own interests in a certain rabbit gum.
- No one in the parlor, please, except on committee business.
- Prof. Woody's house has just received an extra coat of paint.
- President Hobbs addresses the students on Milton's Lycidas.
- Mary Cartland and David Sampson were among the guests here recently.
- Thornburg plunging about in his sleep: "Down! Can't you hear nothing?"
- Basket ball has come to be very popular with the girls as a gymnasium game.
- Two Guilford wheelmen made a journey of thirty-four miles in three hours the other day.
- The foot-ball men who played on Thanksgiving day gave thanks and ate their turkey that night.
- Governor, fresh from the Austerlitz of High Point to waiter: "No bread, thanks; carry it in fifteen yards."
- It may be of interest to some of the ladies of last year's class to know that Sinclair Williams has resigned his position as co-editor of the *East Bend Wave* and is now engaged in teaching public school in Western North Carolina.

—The way of the transgressor is hard. Some bad boys were called up before the mayor the other day.

—Ottis Mendenhall, '95, and Rena Worth, '89, drove over from Lexington to attend the joint entertainment.

—Brown: "What are you looking at me so straight for? I'm no side show." * Senior Lady: "Better let me judge that."

—The boys are clamoring for a redress of grievances. No couple may converse in the hall now for more than ten minutes.

—Some Indian hunting accoutrements, showing the red man's skill in bead work, have lately been placed in the museum.

—Farmer Knight killed six hogs the other day that weighed 1,764 pounds, the exact weight of the foot-ball team that played A. & M.

—Wanted: A grand stand on the athletic grounds on which to seat the ladies when they come out to witness the sports of the arena.

—The district temperance organization met in the meeting house at Guilford one Sunday afternoon the last of November. Interesting speeches were made by earnest temperance workers.

—John (suddenly rousing from deep study as the strains of Pepper's horn float out on the evening air): "Who blows that Kennette?"

—The Henry Clay Society had the honor of attending in a body a regular meeting of the Philagorean Society recently, much to the enjoyment of both societies.

—The Literary society is certainly one of the greatest blessings to a college. It is very gratifying to the older students to see the new members making progress from week to week in the literary work. The medals to be awarded next spring should be an inspiration whose stimulating influence ought to bestir the members to even greater efforts.

—Thanksgiving day at Guilford was duly observed. By 10 o'clock a large audience had assembled in King Hall, where after some other devotional exercises James R. Jones, of Greensboro, preached a very spiritual sermon from the text, "The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day." Isaiah 38:19. A reception was given at Founder's by the ladies. Much candy was pulled and the boys discussed the foot-ball game with the fair ones until Miss Osborne proclaimed the hour of departure.

FOOT BALL. — Foot-ball this year got a late start. When a team was finally organized the old difficulty of organizing a strong "scrub" team to practice it had to be contended with. About the first of November a game was arranged with the A. & M. College to be played in Greensboro Thanksgiving day. The prospect of a game ahead called forth new interest. Almost every evening the handlers of the pig-skin cracked heads and shins with each other in their contests for positions on the team. The Saturday before Thanksgiving the boys went over to High Point to play a game with Trinity High School. Guilford won by a large score, completely shutting out her opponents. Capt. Haviland lined up his men as follows:

Taylor, quarter-back.
Tnornburg, right half-back.
Cook, left half-back.
Siman, full back.
Lipsey, right end.
Haviland, right tackle.
Worth, A., right guard.
Wilson, center.
Pepper, left guard.
Kerner, left tackle.
Tomlinson, left end.

Much interest centered around the game Thanksgiving day, and when it was called at 3:30 o'clock a large crowd had gathered to witness it. The same team was used which played the Saturday before, except that Farlow played right guard. From the start the evidence of long and superior

training on the part of the Raleigh boys was manifest. Many of them were old players who had struck the line in years before. The team as it then was, had been in at least six other games this season. The Guilford boys congratulate themselves on being able to hold them down to the score of 26. Only one of our men was an old player. The majority of them had never seen a foot ball until this season. The playing of Siman is worthy of special mention. His tackling was more effective than that of any other man on the team. Haviland and Pepper in the line did good work. Cook made several gains around the ends. The pluck of the whole team in face of a superior force was greatly admired by the spectators.

THE JOINT ENTERTAINMENT.

It may have been a matter of surprise to many that after two futile attempts to combine the annual entertainments of our literary societies THE COLLEGIAN for last month announced that joint entertainments would hereafter be given.

Whatever distrust may have lingered in the minds of some concerning the advisability of the scheme would surely have been changed to sentiments of approval could those persons have attended

the first of these entertainments, which was given in King Hall on the evening of November 15th.

During the afternoon the stage was tastefully decorated in the colors of the three societies, whose designs were united by a drapery of white chrysanthemums, while over all was hung the handsome Guilford banner. At 7.30 P. M. the auditorium was well filled and a few minutes later the curtains were opened.

Miss Amy J. Stevens, the presiding officer, in a few happily chosen sentences greeted the audience and then announced the first exercise. It was a patriotic oration on our Southern hero, Stonewall Jackson, and as Miss Roberson delineated the noble characteristics of our great general, it was evident from the attentiveness of the audience that she had selected the right subject, as well as the right words through which to reach the hearts of her hearers. This was followed by an excellently rendered piano solo by Miss Helen Smith.

Next was a symposium on Dixie, in which Miss Mollie Roberts described the life of the Southern planters, or aristocracy, the middle classes, the negroes and the "poor white trash," as they existed *Before the War*, revealing also the reason of the proverbial hospitality of our Southern people.

Mr. J. M. Greenfield now gave

a vivid account of our South Land as it was *During the War*, showing with what determination our heroes adhered to principles which they believed to be right, how bravely our citizens fought to maintain these principles, and how our women sacrificed even the necessities of life for the support of the men, only to see at last their bravest sons the victims of battle and our fertile lands made desolate. In the last speech of the symposium, which was on the *South After the War*, we saw her people cast away the mantle thrown upon them by the spirit of aristocracy and raise their heads above the gloom of unsuccessful war, set their faces toward the goal of industrial success and national unity, and at last celebrate the achievements thus far made by a Southern Exposition. This excellent speech was delivered by Mr. Wade Reavis.

The curtains were now closed and the stage arranged for the first scene of the evening's drama. During the hour consumed in the execution of this, scenes were brought before the assembly, which led it through all degrees of mirth and pathos, and at times aroused feelings of detestation for the "whitewashed" criminals now so plentiful in the world. "Hunter's Call," a chorus, was now sung, then Mr. T. G. Pearson, with full exercise of his elocutionary talents,

in the recital of "Last Days of Pompeii," more than distinguished himself for his power to play upon the feelings of his audience.

Misses Brown and Moffitt then rendered one of their most delightful piano duets.

The last exercise on the programme was a tableau, "The Rangers of the Forest." It gave a glimpse at the characteristics

and habits of the wandering gypsy, together with a thrilling incident in their tent life.

Thus closed the first semi-annual entertainment of the societies of Guilford College and as the audience dispersed, many were the words of commendation that passed the lips of friends and visitors of the College.

PERSONALS.

Gurney Parker paid the Atlanta Exposition a visit recently.

Samuel Lindley, a New Garden student, is now living in El Paso, Texas.

Mary Lou Jones is teaching at Vontag, Va. Says she likes it very much.

Rena Worth, '89, intends spending the Christmas holidays in Philadelphia.

B. F. Morris, here '94-'95, is taking a course in dentistry in Louisville, Ky.

Edgar Darden has returned from Canada. He now holds a position in Greensboro.

Dr. Tom Stanley was recently married to Miss Bertha McDowell. THE COLLEGIAN wishes them a long and happy life.

Adrian Worth is fireman for the Southern Railway. His run is from Charlotte to Atlanta.

John L. West entered Trinity College this term.

Mrs. H. D. Harwood, nee Hattie Hoskins, a student here in '90 and '91, is living in Winston.

Miss Notre Johnson, of Sumnerfield, is teaching at Reynolds' School House, Sumner, N. C.

William and Nellie Futrell, old students here, are living in the neighborhood of Bryn Mawr, Pa.

David Kirkpatrick, a student here a few years and of U. of N. C., foot-ball fame, is manager of a brick yard at Greensboro. Greensboro is building rapidly and his business is good.

Miss Berta Tomlinson was re-elected an assistant in the Durham Graded School. She has held her present position for three years.

Sarah E. Parker, here in '94-'95, of Selma, N. C., was recently married to Edward Pate. THE COLLEGIAN wishes them much happiness.

A. C. Foscue, here last collegiate year, is Deputy Sheriff of Jones county. He proposes to pursue a course in dentistry at some future date.

Miss Sue J. Farlow is first assistant in the Asheboro High School. Miss Farlow graduated here with high honors in '92 and is an excellent teacher.

Emma L. White, '92, has returned from her visit to Indiana and Illinois and is engaged in teaching school at her home in Belvidere, N. C. She is assistant to Miss Mary White.

Prof. John W. Woody has collected the material and begun the writing of a North Carolina history. We are anxious to see the book, as we know it will be a credit to the State and to the writer.

It was the pleasure of our President to attend the Baltimore Yearly Meeting and pay a visit to his old students in Bryn Mawr and Haverford. He was absent about a week and reports a thoroughly enjoyable trip.

State Treasurer Worth was unable to attend the recent meeting of the trustees, as his report to the Auditor was at that time due. He will come to Greensboro next week to attend the celebration of his mother's 88th birthday.

The Greensboro *Patriot* records: "Mr. Julius E. Marsh, one of our rising and popular young merchants, was most happily married to Miss Etta Dougan." Mr. Marsh is a G. C. student and we extend the couple the wish for an abundance of happiness.

Addison Coffin expects to start the 20th of this month for Matamoros, Mexico, where he will be joined by Julia Ballinger for an extensive tour through Central and South America. He thinks this trip will possibly satisfy his ambition for travel. He is over 80 years old. We are sorry "Uncle Addison" has not come among us this term with his wonderful tales of much travel.

OBITUARY.

On the evening of Nov. 29th Mrs. Dr. Woodley died in Charlotte, N. C., where the family moved from this place one year ago last summer. She had been in poor health for several years, but for a few weeks past grew so much worse as to alarm her friends. Her son, William, was called home from the University a few days before her death, so the three children were all at home.

The family came to this neighborhood from Chowan county to educate the children and made many warm friends, whose sympathy goes out for them in this sore bereavement.

Mrs. Woodley was a quiet Christian woman and a member of the Episcopal Church. All who knew her will learn with sadness of her death.

HENRY CLAY HALL,

November 20, 1895.

WHEREAS, The All-wise Creator has in His divine wisdom has taken from our midst and from the active duties of this life our

late fellow-member, D. Gilbert Thompson; and,

WHEREAS, It is the duty and privilege of this Society to show its recognition of the worth and virtues of its members, be it resolved,

First. That while we are in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well, still we are deeply grieved in the loss of our worthy brother;

Second. That this Society has lost a loyal member, the College an honored student and the Church a consecrated Christian;

Third. That the Henry Clay Society does hereby extend its sympathy to the bereaved family and friends;

Fourth. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the afflicted family, to the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN, and that a copy be spread upon the records of this body.

Signed in behalf of Society,

JOSEPH E. BLAIR,
President.

CLYDE CAPEL,
Assistant Sec'y.

EXCHANGES.

The *Elon College Monthly* has been received and is an improvement on the June number. "The Highest Stage of Man" is perhaps its best article. We do not agree with the pessimistic view of the author of "Americanism; Our Only Hope." Activity in public affairs means life; and where there is life there is hope.

We learn from the *Tar Heel* the situation of the *University Magazine* and its possible discontinuance.

The *Hiram College Advance* reports a student volunteer band with a working membership of about eight and missionary studies for the year begun. The S. V. M. F. M. is truly one of the signs of our times.

"The Importance of the Literary Societies" in the *Emory Phoenix* is worthy of consideration. The fact that so many college students do not become members of a debating society is deplorable. The literary society is the place to apply knowledge received in the class room. The power to think rapidly and to express thought clearly and forcibly can be acquired in no place so well as the debating society.

The Senior Class at Trinity seems to be doing justice to the *Archive*. A prize of twenty-five dollars is offered for the best contribution by students. "A Few Points Relating to the Indian Territory" is doubly interesting, coming as it does from J. S. Maytubby, '96, an Indian from the Territory. "The Authors and Their Sisters" shows something of the influence that domestic love had on English literature by the examples of Charles and Mary Lamb, William and Dorothy Wordsworth and Lord Byron and his sister. "James Joseph Sylvester," the greatest living English mathematician, is admirably written.

In the *Davidson Monthly* the first article is "Is There Pantheism and Universalism in the Writings of Tennyson? We think probably Tennyson aims to show in every part of nature the law of the whole, to see exemplified in every fact the relation of the whole system, as in the stanza:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
* * * but If I could understand
What you are root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

"Father Ryan and His Poetry" in the *Central Collegian* is a ten-

der remembrance of the "Laureate of the Lost Cause." Father Ryan was truly a poet of human nature. Concerning Lee he wrote:

Oh! Muse, you dare not cfaim
A nobler man than he;
Nor nobler man hath less of blame,
Nor blameless man hath purer name,
Nor purer man hath grander fame,
Nor fame—another Lee.

The *College Message* comes out in new dress. Browsings, or books reviewed is a new department. "The Supernatural in Literature" deals with Beowulf,

Shakespeare's ghosts and fairies, Tam O'Shanter, Prince Arthur, etc.

Hon. Walter Clark has a valuable article in *Wake Forest Student* concerning slavery in North Carolina. He says that slaves both white and black were burned at the stake as late as 1793. A verbatim copy of a certificate made to the Legislature to procure pay for an executed slave is given.

DIRECTORY.

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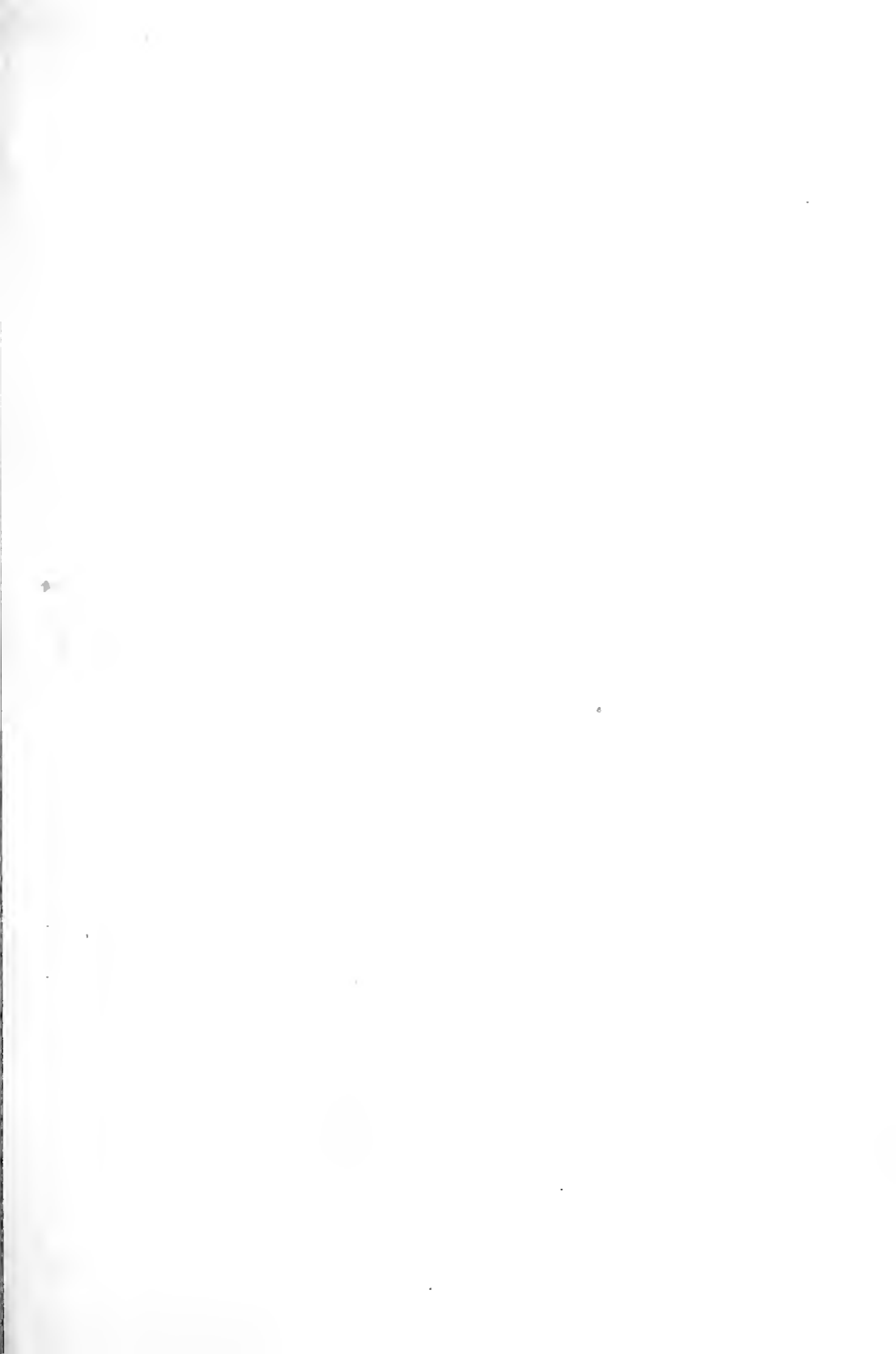
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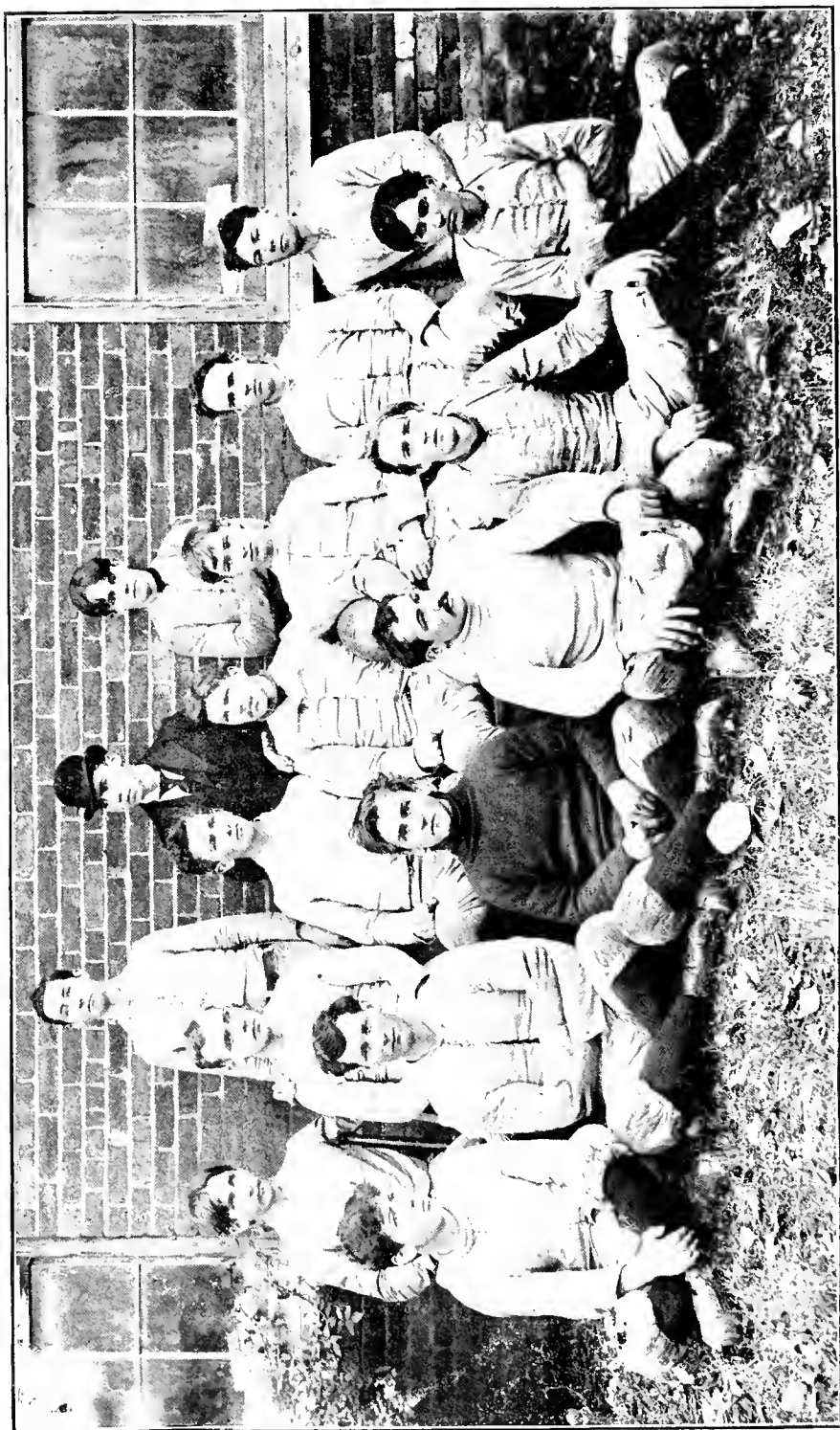
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FOOT BALL TEAM, '05.

HILL,
LIPSEY, L. E. HAVILAND, L. T.
LEWIS. THORNBURG, L. HALF.

PEARSON, M'G'R.
WORTH, L. G. WILSON, C.
TAYLOR, Q.

COWLES.
PEPPER, R. G.
SIMAN, FULL BACK.

KERNER, R. T.
COOK, R. HALF.

TOMLINSON, R. E.
WORTH.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY, 1896.

No. 5.

EVOLUTION IN ITS RELATION TO MAN.

OUTLINE:

- I. Advancement of Scientific Thought.
 1. Discoveries of the past.
- II. The Origin of Man.
 1. As told by the Hebrew poet.
 2. As revealed by the rocks and the law of evolution.
 - a. The origin of life.
 - b. Physical evolution.
 - c. Evolution of the mind.
 - d. What is the end?

The history of intellectual man is a story of mental strife. Stern have been the contests; for mighty were the issues at stake. The centuries are the battle-fields through whose years have fallen the blind, the prejudiced, and the narrow minded. The contest has been an unequal one; for the forces have been, Truth against Error, Knowledge against Ignorance, Science against Superstition. One has investigated the phenomena of the universe, the other has taken things as they appear. At times Science has erred; but in the end her efforts have largely made the modern world what it is.

In the sixteenth century a philosopher declared that the earth

moves on its axis; hot and long was the battle which followed. A half century later another philosopher comes to the front with a new claim, "Gravitation" was his battle-cry and the, "Law of Falling Bodies" was the inscription his banner bore. Tradition said the earth was only six thousand years old. Science gave battle and called to her aid the rocks and fossils of the ancient river beds. Thus as time has passed one after another of the mysteries of the earth have been unfolded to the patient seekers of knowledge. They in turn have after long opposition been able to teach these truths to those less observant.

The struggle of the present century has been a most fruitful one. Flushed with numerous victories and confident of success, Science arrays her forces and calling together every truth heretofore established, combining these hurls the united mass in one

mighty charge to establish her new position. For half a century the battle has raged and is still unabated. Among the leaders have been Darwin, Huxley and Spencer. They call to each other and above the din we learn that they are striving to secure the acceptance of a law. We listen, and this is the tale they tell:—

A great truth, the most startling Science has yet wrung from Nature has been discovered. It is the secret of the Story of Man. Ever since reason had its birth the minds of men have wrestled in vain with this problem. The Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Indian, the ancient in every land have beheld the trees, the sky, the mountains, man himself; and wondered, were they always as they now are. The ignorant answered "yes." The thoughtful hesitated, then set to work to learn the truth. The scroll of centuries turns, the laborers look up from their work. The botanist says, "the trees were not always as they are now;" the astronomer declares, "the heavens are not now as they once were;" the geologist replies, "there was once a time before the mountains were brought forth;" the biologist whispers, "*man* was not always thus." The same answer comes from all sides. In every field there has been universal change; higher forms and

states of being gradually coming from lower ones. What causes this similarity in all the branches of investigation; to what principle does it conform? The laborers have discovered it; it is the principle of evolution.

A seed falls to the earth, germinates, is nourished and becomes a tree. The earth's surface crumples, gradually rises and becomes a mountain range. The savage is crowded from his cave, he builds a cave of his own out of bark. The bark hut is improved upon, to-day we have the stone palace. The first is following Nature's law of growth; the second but the natural effect of the earth's surface shrinking, the third, you say, shows the intellectual development of the human race. True, but all these are following the same general course, call it what you may, growth, development, or evolution. Every department of Science, every department into which thought is divided and sub-divided conforms to this gradual development, — uniform evolution.

Inspired by a Divine direction an old Hebrew writer tells a marvelous tale of the origin of man. Tells how the Almighty one day created the trees and plants, another day the fish and birds, and how, on still another day the Lord looked on man, the last object of his creation and said that he was

good. This story was sealed in a book and for centuries has been read around the hearth stone and chanted by bards and sung by minstrels in the courts of kings.

But the world does not stand still, and just as God will not allow his people to remain in ignorance of a fact after they are capable of understanding it, so he willed that further light should be thrown on the real meaning of this narrative written in the morning of human history. Modern revealers of Gods' truths, called by the world, scientists and philosophers, driven to the task by the burning inspiration within them, plunged deep into the secrets of creation.

Wandering far on the surface of the earth and searching beneath it they have seen strange sights and learned new truths. To harmonize religion and science they tell us that the word "day" used in the Hebrew story was "period of time," and that the earth and its occupants were in reality millions of years in formation. The rocks revealed to them the secrets of creation hidden therein for ages. A fossil bone here, a stratified stone yonder, days and years spent in the field and laboratory, then dimly outlined, the panorama of life passes before us. Deep in the ooze of the primordial sea protozoa appear. It is life which is manifested and *the first*

great step of creation is taken. Whence life came no man can prove. Withheld from the wistful eyes of all time the origin of life lies hidden with its own secret. The chemist has experimented, the biologist has investigated, the philosopher has pondered, but their efforts have all alike been in vain. In the future this secret too may be learned, but until then we can only know that it is Divine.

A geological age passes. The protozoan has given place to the star-fish and urchin. Gradually these new creatures develop functions to meet the needs of their ever-changing environment. The water dominates the earth and the deep swarms with fish. They grow in size, feet appear, they become amphibians, they creep forth upon the land and the age of reptiles is begun. The next great animal-forms to develop are the Mammals. Thus through the cycles of centuries that have gone by slow growth creatures have evolved gradually into higher forms by the divine cause of natural selection. But a new creature has appeared upon the earth, it is recognized by the other animals as a formidable enemy. It is shrewd and skillful and swift. The lion cannot always subdue it. The saber-toothed bear is driven from its cave and its former den is occupied by this fierce creature that fights with sticks and stones.

Challenged by none it wanders here and there the lord of the primeval forest. And now comes a pause in the upward growth of creation. The Lord has raised his hand and said to physical evolution, "Hereunto shalt thou come but no further." Hereafter physical evolution has no place in the play of the universe. Its work is done. The creature God now looks upon is the object towards which all life has tended, it is the product and climax of the ages. It is physical man. It is the creature in which God wishes to plant a mind, a divine soul. And now the forces of nature are turned in a new direction, the evolution of the mind is to begin. Natural selection is the chief law still employed but mental and not physical attraction is to be the object of its choice.

The *second and greatest step of creation* is about to be taken. And now we gaze on the scene of life with even more eagerness, to watch this new birth. But the light fades and the characters grow indistinct. Not too much of His work will God yet reveal to us. Even as we look He draws His creatures behind a cloud and there face to face, in what manner we know not, the mind of man is received from the Divine hand. "The Origin of Mind," Drummond says, "is as inscrutable a mystery as the origin of life."

When next we catch sight of this creature, the pride and crown of creation, he has emerged into a far broader field. At first faintly grappling and unintelligently striving in his dark mind, thought is struggling for action,—for development. There is a stealing in of that inexplicable light, the first flicker of memory, the consciousness of existence and the faint stirring of sentiment. The panorama of life still passes before us but now on the canvas a great light is thrown and we distinctly see man coming up through the ages. Slowly but surely he is climbing the intellectual scale. He descends from the tree-tops and comes forth from the cave to dwell in houses built with hands. He clothes himself with furs and with cloth made from plants, he learns a spoken language. He feels that he is a creature above all others and wishes his name to be immortalized. On the plains of Babylonia a spiral tower winds its way towards heaven; from the sands of Egypt the massive pyramids are reared aloft; and high on the Behiston mountain are carved the names of ancient kings. From the first he recognizes an over-ruling, all pervading spirit, but this he cannot locate. He is a religious being and must worship a god. He beholds the attributes of the Creator and is awed by them. The forces

of nature appeal to him as being the powers which he should revere. "Behold this river," cries one, "it comes forth every year and fertilizes our land, it is our greatest blessing, surely this is god, come let us worship it." So for centuries the people of the Nile bow in reverence to its turbulent waters. "Fire is the greatest power and destroyer," says another, "we see it leap from the clouds and burst from the mountains, it cooks our food and destroys our enemies, and at night we see it in signal lights across the heavens,—this is god." And to-night we smile as we sit and read of the simple Fire Worshipers of the Persian hills. Still another points to the sun and says, "Lo, there is the god, he watches over us all the day, come let us build a temple and make offerings to him." So up goes the sacred teocallis and from the mountains' side is hewn the sacrificial stone fit for the living victims of the

Aztecs. "Still better must man know the way of truth and life," says God and among the hills of Judea sends to him a messenger—His only Son. Ever more rapidly does man develop. First the animals, then the elements and forces of nature become the servants of his will. The struggle for existence becomes less fierce, and philanthropic thoughts find lodgment in his breast and as a result the gradual elimination of war is apparent.

Upward, onward, God continues to develop the Human soul. What its destination is, He, and He alone, knows. But from the knowledge of the past and the dim glimpses caught through the vista of the future may we not think with reason that the evolution of the soul is but just begun, and that its future is far brighter, grander, more magnificent than has ever been pictured by the fondest dreams of humanity?

T. G. PEARSON, '97.

DIXIE BEFORE THE WAR.

All history is divided into distinct periods. Changes are essential for the development of nations as for growth in the realms of the natural world.

Slowly a people take their place on the stage of action. They

have their peculiar forms of government, manners and customs, reach their zenith, decline, decay, and pass off, only to give place to another to share the same fate.

Thus it has been with the South. So far it has been divided into

three periods, known as before the war, during the war and after the war. The South before the war is as a story that is told. Characterized by no civil strifes, no scientific struggles or religious controversies but peace and plenty, quiet and rest pervaded its domain. Its appearance was that of a great garden and this divided into lesser ones, or better known as plantations.

The atmosphere was undisturbed by the roar and hum of machinery. The scream of the locomotive was unheard and the glare of the electric light was beyond the wildest imagination of the Southerner.

The principal occupation was farming; raising cotton, that aristocratic plant which reaches such a state of perfection in the South. It was planted, cultivated and gathered by the negro, then the slave.

Politically, the South was a democracy. Now and then a little of the Whig element would be found, just enough to make the other more interesting, but never could the Whigs effect anything in government.

The social feature was the most distinguishing. It has given this people a prominence in history which is not recorded of any other nation.

There were four great classes: The aristocrats, the middle

class, the slaves and the "Po white trash."

These classes were so fossilized that one could scarcely rise from a lower to a higher; but to fall was quite another thing. A fallen aristocrat would sink to the level of the "Po' white trash," the lowest of the low.

The aristocracy was composed of the wealthy slave holders. They constituted what was known as the "bloods" of the land. They could without difficulty trace their ancestral chain to distinguished French and English families, back to men who had immortalized themselves by deeds of bravery and chivalry.

And to confirm the fact that better blood never coursed through any veins than did through the Southern gentleman, is only to glance at these made in the late war. Whom did we find in the lead? Hating the means, but ready to do duty, believing the cause to be just and sacred and prompted by their great warm hearts whose every throb was love for country.

The gentilities and courtesies of this time have never been surpassed and only equaled by days of chivalry.

Gallant as an old time Southern gentleman has long since passed into a proverb. There was no dignity attached to labor at this time, and of course the aristocracy

didn't work. Besides, there was no need of it. They were satisfied and sought to enjoy what they had.

The young man would proudly boast that he had never done a day's labor and never would. The young lady would confess ignorance as to any kind of work and coquettishly show her soft white hands and say they had never seen dough. For one to teach school was a very improper thing, and to have clerked in a store would have been a social ostracism beyond redemption.

Consequently women were very dependent creatures. If through misfortune they were deprived of property then they were at the mercy of relations until they had an opportunity of marrying.

The idea then, it seems, was that woman was the ornamental part of humanity. That the softer she kept her hands, and the fairer her brow, the more she was filling her mission in life. She must, in a certain sense, live a secluded life. To be sure she was not veiled as were the Roman women, but she was not supposed to come in contact with the stern realities of life. In order to be the most popular she must possess three qualities. First, she must be pretty—pretty like a doll. Second, she must be dependent. Third, simple, in the sense of intellectual attainments. She must not trouble

her little brain about the perplexing problems of the day.

It was perfectly proper for her to read light, sensational novels, and if she chose, she might study French, enough at least to be familiar with the French which she found in the novel. Much attention was given to artificial education. Every family was not without a tutor or governess until the children were old enough to be sent to boarding school.

The girls were usually sent where they could learn dancing, painting and embroidery. The boys were taught oratory and law, especially.

They were quite learned in those branches. For whom did we find in the legislative halls and who filled the judge's chair? It was generally an aristocrat. And we, to-day, feel proud of the true statesmanship and loyalty that knew no wavering these have left on record. And in connection with the political record of this people, we want to emphasize that an aristocrat could never be bought. He would not betray a trust and he always remembered his constituents at home. Duty towards fellow man was considered before any action taken or any decision made. And the honor of a Southern gentleman was never questioned. His home life was synonymous with ease, luxury and pleasure. The dwell-

ings were usually built in Spanish styles, possessing that air of romance that has so characterized the Spaniards. The spacious halls, extensive lawns and beautiful drives, all bespoke the welcome and liberality which the Southern home offered.

No dwelling was without its ball room. It was usually on the second floor, and so arranged by throwing four rooms into one. This was done and the floor kept waxed during dancing season.

Christmas was *the* event of the year. The festivities would begin days before and last many after. Dancing, fox chasing and hunting constituted the amusements. As the old darkey would say: Christmas was "Christmas sho 'nough in 'dem days." Their mode of travel was as ours, only the women and children rode in carriages driven by a slave, while the men rode horseback, this being symbolical of their independence and ready protection.

As these people were of leisure, consequently there was a great deal of visiting. Whole families would visit another at once and spend weeks and sometimes the entire season.

The second or middle class differed from the aristocrats, in that they worked and were not slave holders. The school teachers and mechanics were of this rank.

This class was very anxious for education, for they knew this was the only channel through which they could enter the high circle.

One of the main jokes was for a bright and intelligent young man of the middle class to run away with and marry an aristocratic daughter. Sometimes the results would be serious. The daughter would be disinherited and never again allowed to come to her father's house. But frequently the young man would be so successful in his business and perhaps distinguish himself in law or politics, the girl's father would be anxious to claim him as his son.

There is little to be said concerning the class known as the "Po' white trash." As the name suggests, they were a poor, ignorant people, owning no property, whatever, and apparently having no ambition. They seemed to feel and live their insignificance. They worked and associated with the slave, who considered himself much better than they. The only difference being color and right of suffrage.

Slavery and the influence of the institution made the old South.

The removal of the institution gives us the new.

The position the negro held in the South before the war is easily defined.

He was not recognized socially

or politically. By law he was compelled to be subservient to his master. He knew nothing save this.

As a rule, they were a kind, sympathetic people ; always ready to obey and work for the white man.

They seemed to be void of personality. Thinking more of clothing than the body. On one occasion a slave was caught in a shower of rain. He speedily sought shelter for his new hat, letting his head take the rain, saying that the hat belonged to him, but his head to his master.

The little slaves and white children grew up in the same yard, but usually a little white child owned a little darkey—all his own. They would become very much attached to each other, the attachment having begun on the morn of the white child's birth, when the father had placed the infant in the slave's arms and told him he was the child's body guard ; he must protect and take care of him and help to make a gentleman of him.

When the boy was sent to college the same slave attended him.

The white child grew up to regard "mammy" next to mother.

For who could cook so good a pie and cake as mammy ? And who could tell so interesting a story about Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit as Uncle Remus ?

And when the young "mistiss" would attend her first ball, perhaps on her eighteenth birthday, all the slaves from the quarters would come to see how she looked and mammy was sure to come to see her baby.

She might be heard saying something like this : " Yes, honey, you pintly is purty ; How long 'fo de ball gwine to commence ? Some time yet, and when you all dancing, can't your ole mammy come peep in ? "

That white silk sholy do suit you !
And dem violets wrap in your hyar
Mars Ramey loves dem sort o 'blossoms
I spec, baby, dat's why deys dar.

Lord, chile, you look just like your ma
When you turn your head sideways dat way !
Has you showed yourself to ole marster ?
You has, hey ! and what did he say ?

Yes, honey, you like her, dat's gospel ;
An' I know by de way dat he done
Dat you fotch her up to him adzactly
An' de ole time dat's done and gone.

She used to wear violets dat summer,
He loved dem like Mars Ramey do ;
Her first season at de White Sulfers,
When she was a young gal like you.

I went wid her dar dat season,
Dey called her de bell of de springs,
De young bucks run crazy about her
You never did see such fool things.

But Mars was dar de best lookin
And de smartest, I hearn dem all say,
And he owned a Jeems River plantation
An' he jest kerried der day."

MOLLIE B. ROBERTS.

THE ARTHURIAN EPIC.

In the beginning of the English nation there are some historic events which by many are thought to be untrue, such is the case in respect to the tales of King Arthur and his valorous knights of the Round Table. These are even deemed by some unworthy of serious study, except perhaps, as they appear in modern setting and adorned with the polished verse of England's late Poet Laureate. But it is an historic fact, although disputed by some, that in ancient times there lived in England the famous King Arthur and his far-famed knights of the Round Table. Several writers on this subject think that Arthur was only a myth and the name was applied to any great character of any age. Yet others, and those whose authority can best be relied upon, think that in the year 600 A. D., there was born to Uther Pendragon, King of the English, a beautiful son to whom was given the name of Arthur. This boy was then placed in charge of Merlin, the great enchanter by whom he was reared and by whom he was made King of the English at the death of his father Uther. Then Arthur having secured the Round Table and

having called together the most valiant knights of the age performed great deeds of valor and fought his twelve great battles between the Forth and Clyde.

Keeping in mind that historians have proved without a doubt that Arthur really lived and ruled in England, the next question is how these tales have been preserved and transmitted to us.

It is to the clergy of the Anglican church that we are indebted for most of these legends. Walter Map, who may be considered as the author of most that is imperishable in these tales, was a man of consummate genius and one of the leading churchmen of his day. His object in writing these tales of chivalry was to instruct his readers in the recognized theology of the day and in this he was entirely successful. The theme is a noble one, and one which would have suggested itself only to a priest of the church, moreover, the chord which Map struck immediately vibrated throughout all Europe. The French literature is full of these tales of chivalry and these creations of the English writer seized upon the imaginations of the

writers of France, Germany, Holland and other countries.

It is a significant fact that the most popular poets of every age have turned to this fountain-head of English romance. Shakespeare, Milton and Tennyson, some of England's most famous poets, have secured subjects from these legends and the tales are as popular to-day as they were centuries ago.

Until the time of the Reformation the Arthurian Epic retained its hold upon popular favor and it did not sink into total oblivion until the Mosaic era of the Commonwealth. From this condition, doubtless, it would not have arisen to become a familiar household article had not the writers of the nineteenth century reproduced Map's finest creations and clothed them with the subtle charm of their genius. Some think that the Arthurian Epic has undergone a lengthened course of development, and that Tennyson has supplied the finishing touches to this noble picture, by reducing all the pre-existing tales and legends into his most excellent poetry. It is indeed true that in many respects the Arthurian tales of the late Poet Laureate are the most highly finished of all the versions of this celebrated cyclus, but Tennyson has omitted many beautiful legends in his works.

It must be borne in mind that

English Romantic literature has come down to us in three totally distinct and separate channels. There is the Romance of Real Life, the Allegorical Romance, and the Romance of chivalry. This last consisted of four grand epic cycles, sung in every castle and hamlet before the other two had an existence. These four cycles of the Romance of chivalry are the Carlonigian, the Alexandrine, the Dane-Saxon, and the Arthurian—the grandest of all.

The Arthurian Epic has three different versions applied to it. The Arthur of the Bards is a lyric character, the subject of a song, and is eventually transplanted to the skies. The Arthur of the chronicles is professedly an historic character and the central figure of a brilliant epoch; and by them he becomes an earthly emperor whose power and courtly splendor eclipse even that of Charlemagne. The Arthur of the Romancers is an epic character and becomes the real figure head of a spiritualized era in which Galahad shines forth like another St. Michael on a field of celestial blue, studded with golden stars—an era when the Holy Grail sheds its pale light and the Round Table its lustre over the scene only to render more appalling the terrible darkness of a tragic ending. We may see through it all a ray of the pale, clear light of History, and

at times we see a mist with a classical coloring. But a part from these and many other single rays of light which give coloring and beauty to the brilliant assemblages gathered together within this epic, there hangs over all, as it were, a luminous atmosphere, the spirit of the twelfth century chivalry and knight-errantry; and to crown this the spirit of a healthy Christianity, which casts a mellow and irradiating glamor over the antique scenes and figures of the tale.

Parables lie hidden in every page of the Romance. As we read, the thought continually arises in the mind that there are grand and generalized ideas underlying the simple story. Arthur seems to be a representative of the human or physical force of the world; Merlin, a representative of its intellect; Galahad, of ideal purity; Lancelot, of man's spiritual warfare; the Round Table, an image of ideal perfection, to which only ideal purity can attain. Throughout the romance, moreover, there is visibly the working out of the goddess of revenge the embodiment of the axiom that, sooner or later, sin will find the sinner out; for, from the first terrible fall of Arthur down to the final battle in which this flower of knighthood and of kings is carried from the field mortally wounded, the mills of the gods grind slowly

but surely; the clouds darken and gather until at length the storm bursts over the court and in its fury sweeps away

The goodliest fellowship of knights
Of whom the world hath record.

And is there not something very significant in the tenacity with which the bard, chronicler, and romancer hold to the belief that "Arthur will come again, he can not die?" The Britons, even at a late date, used to say aloud at their feasts, "Arthur is not a victim unto death." In old Hellos, the great Achilles is not dead, but in "The Islands of the Blest." In Switzerland, the three Tells sleep quietly in a cave near Lake Lucerne until the time has need of them. Surely a cry so deep, so universal is more than a mere poetic utterance.

Yet so far as the Arthurian romances are concerned it was not in England alone that they seized upon the imagination. Even after the introduction of printing, the presses both of France and England teemed with these Romances. Poets seized with avidity upon the chaste creations of the Anglo-Norman trouvère. Painters transferred chivalric legends to their canvas. Sculptors busied themselves with Arthurian heroes or heroines. It was an age of strong ideality when knight-errantry was a reality, when real kings would be captured and

ransomed, when heroes lived and dared, and when the rights of women consisted in being protected, loved, and worshipped. Throughout the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries these romances retained their hold upon the affections of men. It was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the last black-letter edition of Malory was issued in England. But with the incoming of the eighteenth century they disappeared. The fact is instructive. Sidney's *Arcadia* was full of ideality. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* marked at once its culmination and eclipse. It was the absence of this ideality in the eighteenth century which sounded the death knell of Arthurian Romance. No wonder that the Arthurian Romance was left unread when Richardson's sickly morality kept noble ladies from church, and drew tears from their eyes which even the sight of a starving Magdalene could not excite. But the change came at last. A hero arose, and the world vibrated at the touch of Napoleon. He revived the truth that life is a journey of forced marches, that men are more than systems.

Dukes once more became leaders, and again was seen in the world a Round Table at which every guest ranked by his achievements. The Iron Duke stood

forth. England rubbed her eyes, shook off her lethargy and awoke to the fact that true chivalry was not antiquated. Great deeds followed, and with the national awakening returned the old ideality of England. The first demand after the battle of Waterloo was the long neglected 'Life of Arthur.' Napoleon seemed like a modern Arthur, Wellington, like another Lancelot, Waterloo like a modern Camlan, and the legends revived. Was it chance or was it the free action of the national mind which gave birth to Tennyson's poems of chivalry? We prefer to think that they are as popular now as they were in the twelfth century, and sung by poets now as by minstrels of the old time, because they teach us eternal lessons and imperishable truths. The ideal knight of the twelfth century was the image of the Christian warrior, and the romance but painted in living colors the soul's aspiration after ideal perfection. It taught the world's incapacity to fulfil its brightest longings, its noblest tendencies, unless they are halloed by faith and sanctified through the True Blood. They show under knightly guise the Christian paradox that the noblest victory is gained by humanity, the highest happiness by self-denial. Now, as in the dawn of the Plantagenet era, when the

race of life seems crowded with competitors, and the world stands ready to crown the victor of whatever rank, these grand old legends teach us that it is by obedience men are made more than kings, and that faith is the substance," the very present possession of things hoped for. No wonder then that at this time when Christian knights can be found ready to do and to die, who

would more willingly sacrifice life itself than be recreant to the vows of Christian chivalry, these noble legends of ideal bravery, ideal purity and ideal love, should have regained their hold upon the national heart and once again be read at the fireside of palace, hall and cottage.

WILLIAM W. ALLEN, Jr.

November 22nd, 1895.

WHEN THE SOPHS AND FRESHMEN MET.

By far the most exciting athletic contest witnessed at Guilford this year was a game of foot ball played just before the close of last term. Intense interest centered around this game, partly because it was to be the last one of the season, but more especially because of the personal interest that many of the spectators felt in the participants.

At 4:30 o'clock the linemen cleared the ground and the two teams were seen facing each other upon the field.

Made wise by much learning and long meditations, the Sophomores were listening to the carefully given directions of their captain. Trembling with excitement, the Freshman team awaited the rush of their opponents.

The referee shouted, "Play ball!" Away up the field shot the pig skin like an eight inch projectile. It was seized by a Freshman who was promptly placed in a reclining posture, and the shouts of the rooters announced to the people half a mile away that the fight had begun. If there is any one who has been guilty of thinking there is a lack of class spirit at Guilford, they should have been present on this evening in question.

If a player become disheartened he needs but look in the direction of his classmates outside the guard line and the wild flourish of bonnets and aprons from his fair constituents would at once spur him to renewed activity.

At the close of the first half

the score stood 18 to 0 in favor of the Freshmen. Capt. Tomlinson, with uncovered head, received the sympathy of the Soph. girls, and vowed that his men would yet score or fall as did the long-haired Persians at Cunaxa. Twenty-five minutes more of hard playing and the game was over. The Sophs. had scored ten points—only ten points—and the day

was lost. Like old Gothic men of arms the victorious Freshmen were elevated on the shoulders of their companions, and as they rode in triumph from the field, to their ears came the far away shout of the Freshmen girls :

Guilford ! Guilford !
Zip, zah, zine,
We love the boys
Of ninety-nine.

'97.

JUNIOR ENTERTAINMENT.

The class of '97, on December 15th, disproved all of the proverbial dryness and blunderings common to junior exhibitions, and in the rendering of the following program excited the pleasantest anticipations of what we may be privileged to hear, when another year's development shall have been realized and they again take the rostrum on commencement day of '97.

PROGRAM.

Music.

- I. Oration.....The Arthurian Epic
W. W. Allen, Jr.
- II. Oration..... An Age of Progress
Sallie W. Stockard.
- III. Oration..... The Poet Horace
O. P. Moffit.
- IV. Oration. . . The Poets With Nature
Bertha White.
Music.
- V. Oration.....A Typical Quaker
J. E. Blair.

VI. OrationThe National Parks
Lelia Kirkman

VII OrationEvolution in its Relation
to Man,
T. G. Pearson.
Music.

Every part of this program was executed in a pleasing manner and each production gave evidence of much original thought as well as skill in the selection of good English.

After all the orations had been delivered, we could not but feel a true sense of pride in our Juniors, as they were seated upon the rostrum, which had been tastefully decorated by the Sophomores, and as soon as the excellent solo by Miss Craven had been rendered every one hastened forward to extend their hearty congratulations.

J. P.

THE RECEPTION.

The reception by the Young Women's and Young Men's Christian Associations was given on the evening of the 11th. Besides the faculty and students, quite a number from the neighborhood and from a distance were present. The following program was given :

1. Chorus "Gaily O'er the Ocean."
2. Bible selection, followed by prayer.
3. Y. M. C. A. President's Address.
4. Inst. Selection Sunrise Mazurka
Maggie Slaughter.

5. Y. W. C. T. U. President's Address.
6. Remarks by President Hobbs.
7. Vocal Solo. Miss Craven

After the exercises all the old students put themselves busily to work to welcome in a less formal, but not less meaning manner each other and the many new students. The evening was very enjoyable to all. And we went away deeply impressed with Christian spirit and withal the general good feeling at Guilford.

COLLEGE SLOGANS AND CAMPUS WHISPERS.

Ge hee, Ge ha, Ga ha ! ha ! ha !!
Guilford!

ROOTER CROWD NO. 1.

Crimson and gray ! Crimson and gray !
Guilford hustlers watch 'em play !

ROOTER CROWD NO. 2.

They're the men ! They're the men !
Who make a touch-down now and then !

Polly go wax, go wax, go wax !
Polly go wax, go wax, go we !
Rah rah rah, quack, quack quack.
Who are we ? Who are we ?
Guilford!

The Guilford Collegian.

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JANUARY, 1896.

THE resignation of R. W. Hodgin as Websterian Editor of THE COLLEGIAN was a great loss to the journal. We regret to give him up. But his other duties were so pressing that he was almost forced to resign. We are glad, however, to welcome in his stead T. G. Pearson, who will enter upon his duties at once; W. W. Allen having been elected to the position of associate editor.

AS we begin another term's work for THE COLLEGIAN, we wish to remind its friends that it is fitting and right

that they should patronize the firms that put their advertisements in this journal. Too often the business managers bring to our ears the complaint of our advertisers who say that their connection with our paper brings them almost no return. Now if this state of affairs continues we shall be unable to retain the ads. of the best firms as we now do. So all read the last few pages with as much care as any other part of the journal. Seek our own advertisers and go to them for your wants.

THE much talked of and long expected athletic association is a reality. Three-fourths of the men now in college have organized themselves. They are enthusiastic. They are going to play ball. This will be the primary object. The end of the whole movement, however, is, the upbuilding of all athletic interests at Guilford. Tennis, track athletics and all the exercises will receive attention. We hope that a "field day" will be gotten up. Let the wise remarks of Prof. William L. Wilson before the students of Randolph-Macon College, that exercise and study should be at a ratio of one to ten, be acted upon.

NOW that you are down to work, students, don't be looking towards examinations and

grades. Such are not pleasant reflections, to say the least; and, besides, they are unnecessary and really misleading.

We mean by this do not work for grades in themselves, for there are higher motives to study.

This notion of grade getting tends to lead the student away from "doing the thing that lies nearest" from his daily work into wasteful speculation as to what grade he will make, and having decided on a certain grade he narrows down to that alone, often to the neglect of much, which for the lack of a better term is called "outside work," such as looking up references which are not necessary to making that grade, but which add much information and with all a love of study; religious and society works and the several other interests of college life. All of which are recognized as necessary to full and broad development.

Grades and examinations are really beyond the province of the student. The faculty attend to these. The student should give himself but little, if any concern about them. He is to study for the good of it. That is enough for him. And when we see students gloomy over their grades it is about as sure a sign that they have'n't the true idea of study as when they are constantly deploring the fact that they get poor grades,

And when we hear students grumbling about the time given for examination and review, telling their personal grievances, of how many recitations they have and how hard they are, we know something is wrong. We know that he is unprepared to meet the great day. And all this talk and discussion of students about examinations, as heard near the close of every term, and seen in college journals is useless. For all our talks will never do away with examinations in colleges so long as humanity is frail and weak as it is in its present stage of development. And we need not hope to dictate how hard and how easy our judgment shall be. The thought we want to leave, however, is, study purely for the good therein.

THE page of life for eighteen hundred and ninety-six is as yet almost a blank. How shall it be filled? What progress in studies shall it bear? What deeds of kindness to teachers, friends and fellow students may be found recorded when the year shall have turned the leaf from us? And most of all, what acts shall stand traced on *life's page* when we are only remembered by what we have done?

Let us *forget* the things that are behind and press forward that we may attain unto the

purest, the highest and the *best* manhood and womanhood possible for us.

A LONG with the society schemer the "Hoboker" and the President, the Y. M. C. A. a few days ago gave its greeting to all students, both old and new. And we are glad to note that no serious discord has been noticeable therein. The society devotee may have been wearisome and the hoboker strikingly omnipresent to the new student. But this was all. The best of spirit was maintained between the societies. The new students were treated kindly. Almost a month has passed; all are full fledged students; and we hope every one will feel his responsibility, both to himself and to the college. The Young Men's Christian Association is an organization to which every young man may and should belong. It is the reflection of Christian sentiment among the young men. It seeks to establish Christian character and to draw us all into closer sympathies.

You need its help; it needs your support. Let the young men unite themselves with it and help to build up a stronger and stronger Christian sentiment.

TO sit in silent waiting, in living stillness, with pencil gripped as an only friend, to long for a thought, to say some-

thing that will be read, is the sad lot of the editor. And he traces over and over the happenings of the month and of the year for something new on which to comment, oftentimes only to sink back in despair. But now we have an idea: "We wish to make a point," as the inimitable Prof. Perisho used to say. And it is that a change has taken place at Guilford; College pride or spirit here having hitherto been an imaginary thing felt only by some editor, desperate for a theme, and then only while he wrote, has risen unusually high. And it is organized and it is felt—it is a reality. It began to grow early in the term. The classes organized at once. It began to know who was who. Class badges and pins were secured. The yells of the several classes resounded from campus and hall. On every hand could have been heard, eager students stating their position. "I am a Freshman," said a thin and squeaky voice. "Take care for me!" said the Senior full of dignity. The Sophs and Juniors took care that they should be known. All this with many a taunt, perfected an organization for effectiveness and compactness impossible through any scheme of a Locke or John Marshall.

This was shown in the hard fought battle between the Sophomores and Freshmen, referred to in another column. Rivalry and distinction are necessary. This college spirit and pride we wish to be maintained. It is the natural condition of college students.

LOCALS.

—Hello!

—Leap Year social.

—What did Santa bring you?

—A number of new faces on the campus.

—A Freshman's superlative, "Biggest little."

—Sophomore colors, Brown and Green (field.)

—Lillian Hill spent the holidays with her parents in Indiana.

—Prof. Haviland took a flying trip to Atlanta at the close of the term.

—A large mounted wild-cat has lately found its way into the museum.

—A large audience greeted the juniors on the evening of December 14th.

—That Soph-Freshman foot-ball game! Did you see it? Fresh 18, Sophs 10.

—The Freshmen are glad to welcome Daisy Elder as one of their number again.

—Teague, (looking in the glass). "O you handsome rascal, think of the hearts you have broken!"

—Henryanna Hackney came home from Bryn Mawr and ate Christmas dinner with her mother

—In the evening after school the girls play basket-ball and the boys talk Society matters to new men.

—J. L. Vest dropped in for a hand shake the other day. He says he will enter the Senior class next fall.

—The cut of the foot-ball team in this issue was presented to THE COLLEGIAN by the Athletic Association.

—Francis E. Willards' stop in Greensboro carried many Guilford ladies to visit the city one day recently.

—Some nice evening take a walk with Hoover, become confidential and ask him why he wants two tickets to Indiana.

—Everybody talks base-ball now-a-days. Everybody who can should play base ball, and everybody can and should *support* base ball.

—Winslow, the giant foot-ball player of '93, came over from the station with a rush the other day. He is with us for a term's work in Business practice.

—Much good skating has been afforded by the freezing over of the college pond. "Jim" has some new skates from "Brother Jno." of Baltimore.

—Several requests have lately been received for personal mention in the local column, but for want of space most of these have been crowded out of this issue but will mention Miss Regan.

—The Y. M. C. A. prayer meetings have been very spiritual occasions of late. Every young man in College should attend these weekly gatherings and get the most out of them possible.

—Answers lately given in Junior physics:

Magnets are found in suitable places in woods.

Electricity is generated by grinding copper.

—Things you should see:

Foscue's new gym. suit.

Allen smile when he meets Glenn.

Joel's little overshoes.

Hinton's spring mustache.

—Beginning with Dec. 27th, and continuing for nearly two weeks was a series of revival meetings conducted by Franklin and Mary Moon Merideth, of Western Yearly Meeting.

Their efforts in our midst have been blessed of God in the conversion of many souls. We trust that much permanent good may result from their labours here.

At the close of these meetings several persons expressed a desire to unite themselves with the Society of Friends.

—On the last Friday night before the holidays the people of Guilford had a real and unexpected treat. The primary school in the neighborhood, which is taught by Miss Sallic White, gave an entertainment in King Hall. It was undoubtedly as great a success as anything of the kind which has ever been attempted here. The children recited and acted their various parts in a manner highly creditable to themselves, and reflected most complimentary on the efforts of their teacher. The primary school is very fortunate in having a teacher of such ability and one who takes so much interest in her students.

—Where is the orchestra that flourished last term? One guitar is in Greensboro, another beats a lonely requiem at night in an upper chamber at Lexington. The bass viol has wandered afar with its owner and its deep voice we shall hear no more. Miss Kitties' instrument was laid by for repairs and when Loy heard she'd play no more "he laid his banjo down and cried." Pepper's horn is on the wardrobe covered with dust. When Miss Debbie ceased to play Cartland hung his harp on the willow tree and strolled alone in the moon light. Cook's bones were pounded up and fed to the chickens and the Jews harp's voice is silent for its tongue is gone. Shall we have no more serenades? Will no one arouse the voices that slumber?

PERSONALS.

Eugene Burns lives in Burlington.

H. J. Lipsey, '99, takes a position in Lexington, N. C.

W. J. Armfield, '94, is again in the High Point National bank.

Will McAdoo is in the University of North Carolina.

President Hobbs is just back from a trip in the interest of the College.

Annie and Janie Wiley are each engaged in teaching at their home near Jamestown, N. C.

Harris Bristowe is a successful horse dealer. He has headquarters in Bennettsville, S. C.

Miss Amy J. Stevens pleasantly spent the recess visiting her father and sister in Goldsboro, N. C.

Clyde Caple accompanied his parents on a visit to the Exposition and to Florida. He is now in school.

Miss Estelle Farlow was recently married to a Mr. Wellborn. THE COLLEGIAN extends best wishes.

Mrs. R. H. Gleaves is at the College. She is a sister of our matron and an old student of the boarding school.

Campbell White, who has been in Mexico ever since his graduation here in '89, was lately married to a Mexican lady.

Allison Edgerton and Ella Grantham were united in marriage a few weeks since. THE COLLEGIAN extends congratulations.

Miss Mary E. Williams spent the holidays with her parents at Deep River, in this county. Misses Louisa Osborn and Anna Hill were her guests.

G. Raymond Allen, '92, has returned to Haverford. He was spoken of by one of his college mates as the hardest worker in the institution.

Augustus W. Blair, '89, graduate student in Haverford, spent Christmas vacation with his parents. He called at the College for a few hours on his way North.

Miss Julia S. White was seen by many of her Guilford friends at the Exposition. She was chaperon for a company of girls from her school in Louisville, Ky.

Roland H. Hayes passed by the College last week and he was looking well. His law practice in Moore, Chatham and Craven counties continues to grow.

Our Southern Pines delegation, Couch, Grover, Weaver and Leavitt failed to return this term. They will enter a new school lately established in their midst.

Robert Slaughter, familiarly known while here in school as "Tubbie," has grown into a tall, giant-like man, and is now teller

in the Commercial National Bank of High Point.

During the street car strike in Philadelphia there might have been seen walking the streets and talking of happy days spent at Guilford, Ed. Wilson, E. S. White, David White, Otis Mendenhall and Robert U. Wilson.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Dr. Stanley in answer to a request for some particulars of his life and labors.

"My father's place was three miles north-east of "New Garden Meeting House;" and was known 70 years ago as the Benajah Hiatt place. Benajah Hiatt was a minister in the Society of Friends, who came to this State in an early day, probably about 1824. After my father's death, which occurred in the spring of 1833—I still lived at home with my mother, and went to school to Horace Cannon in the little brick school-house that stood for so many years a little west of the "Old Meeting-house," with whom I, long years afterwards, read Medicine, in Annapolis, in this State. H. F. Cannon, M. D., was drowned in Sugar Creek, Park county, Ind., in the fall of 1836. I went to Centre,

in the Southern part of Guilford county, to live with my uncle, Joshua Stanley, with whom I lived till the fall of 1842, at which time I went back to New Garden to live with my mother, who in the mean time had moved with the rest of her little family from her own home, to the home of her brother, Lambert Moore, who at that time was postmaster at New Garden, and lived in the Thomas Moore property, situated on the top of the hill, on the Greensboro and Salem stage road, possibly a little more than a quarter of a mile west of New Garden Meeting House. My father was buried in the north-west corner of the "Old Grave Yard" at New Garden. He and mother were married after the manner of Friends at that day—in the Old Meeting House, erected in 1791. They were married in March, 1826.

I first became a student of New

Garden Boarding School in the fall of 1838 or 1839. Some two years later I was a student again for a three months term. Again in the fall and winter of 1843, I was there for six months. My teachers, during my first term in the school, were James Chase and Job Hadley. Later Dr. Nereus Mendenhall was my teacher. My remembrance of Dr. Mendenhall and Job Hadley is very pleasant. I am a practicing physician—a graduate of the Medical Department of the University of Louisville, Ky. I commenced reading medicine on the 4th of March,

1850. Attended my first course of lectures in the "Miami Medical College," Cincinnati, Ohio, and afterwards attended two courses in the University above named. I am in my 69th year—my family—wife and daughter—have both gone home, and I am left alone. My health is generally speaking quite good, and although I have experienced much sorrow in this life, yet I realize that I have great cause for profound thankfulness to "the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

Truly, &c.,

J. C. STANLEY.

OBITUARY.

It was with sorrow that we learned of the death of Mrs. Lee S. Smith, formerly Sallie Hoge. At the time of her death she was with her parents in Virginia, having gone to them on a visit. Her married life was happy but short, having been married for only a few years. A constant sufferer, yet she was always cheerful and hopeful. Being in the bloom of

womanhood at the time of her death the loss seems doubly felt. Mrs. Smith was a student here for many years and her bright disposition and Christian character were an inspiration to all.

She leaves one child, a bright little girl of three years, and a sorrowful husband. We extend our kindest sympathy to her bereaved family and friends.

EXCHANGES.

The December issue of the *College Message* shows a marked improvement. It contains a good essay on Eugene Field, as well as several other worthy contributions.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *University Record*, Vol. 1, No. 2; *Westonian*, the *Eton College Monthly*, *Georgetown Journal*, *Mt. St. Joseph Collegian*.

There is beauty every where, but it does not come unsought. It makes a day seem brigher and happier to watch for a few moments in the early morning a beautiful sunrise.

"Where man sees but withered leaves
God sees the sweet flowers growing."

---Hiram College Advance.

The *University Courant* has said some good words about our societies. The power to stand before an audience as master of self, the subject, and the auditors is a necessity and should be cultivated. An educated person without the ability to speak is like an engine without belting or shafting so transmit its power.

In the *Central Collegian* is a contribution on the Mission of Art. There is beauty everywhere—something to appeal to every shade of emotion—from the shy little flower to the awful thunder storm; yet how few see the grace, strength, harmony

of color, and beauty of form. Man having lost his beauty, it is the true mission of art to restore it to him, not by one form of art but by a mission of the fine arts. The great work of art is, that it creates in us a desire for something better still, to lead us up to God.

A cross is composed of two pieces of wood. The shorter piece represents your will, and the longer, God's will. Lay the two pieces side by side and there is no cross, but lay the short piece across the longer, and you have a cross.

Whenever our will falls across God's there is a cross in our life. We make a cross for ourselves every time we do not accept Christ's way, every time we murmur at anything He sends. But when we quietly accept what He gives, when we yield in sweet acquiescence to His will, though it shatters our fairest hopes, when we let our will lie alongside His, there are no crosses in our life, and we have found the peace of Christ. J. R. MILLER, D. D.

The *Normal Monitor* has articles on "The Old Dominion," "What Winds Do," and "The Life of George Inness," our famous landscape painter. The writer has done credit to the subject. Inness was a true artist because he disdained the individual

and acknowledged the universal—the inspiration that comes from truth. The editorials of the *Monitor* are good—especially the one on the “midnight oil.” But the Exchange Editor seems to take his leisure.

In the *Western Maryland College Monthly* is “The Mission of the Geometer,” by C. E. Folines. The writer says Newton was not a poet. His mission, if not more beautiful, was more sublime than that of the poet. For him it was to comprehend the great Geometer, who planned, built and beautified the boundless fabric of the universe.

“We spend all our youth in building a vessel for our voyage of life, and set forth with streamers flying;

but the moment we come nigh the great loadstone mountain of our proper destiny, out leap all our carefully driven bolts and nails, and we get many a mouthful of good salt brine before we secure the bare right to live.”—*The Eriskinian*.

The Haverfordian is devoted almost entirely to athletics. In the December number is a description of the Amish. They are a peculiar religious sect. The men wear their hair long and fasten their coats with hooks and eyes. The women have their dresses, bonnets and aprons of the same color. They are opposed to all instrumental music, they have no pictures about their homes, and ride in one-horse wagons covered with yellow oilcloth. They are Christians.

DIETORY.

HENRY CLAY LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—R. S. McCain.
Secretary—Wade Reavis

PHILAGOREAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—Lelia Kirkman.
Secretary—Jessie Stockard.

WEBSTERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—T. Gilbert Pearson.
Secretary—John M. Greenfield.

Y. M. C. A.

President—Joseph Blair.
Secretary—H. J. Lipsey.

Y. W. C. T. U.

President—Bertha White.
Secretary—Jessie Stockard.

Y. P. S. C. E.

President—Wilson J. Carroll.
Secretary—Cornelia Roberson.

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VEGETARIANISM.

"We who are born into the world's artificial system, can never adequately know how little in our present state and circumstances is natural, and how much is merely the interpolation of the perverted mind and heart of man."—*Hawthorne*.

So accastomed are we to take things as a matter of course and to believe "whatever is, is right," that we blindly follow our neighbors and often neglect to take a wider and broader view of humanity, or pause to consider whether we are living a natural or artificial life.

The first chapter of Genesis giving the account of man's creation, also shows what his food was intended to be. "Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed; and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." "And out of the ground the Lord God made to grow every

tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food."

The newly created man was placed in a garden amidst beautiful surroundings of fruits and flowers—an earthly paradise; those who reject this account, and believe that during countless ages, man was evolved from the lower creatures, must yet admit that according to this theory, his immediate ancestor the ape, was a fruit-eater also.

Seeing then what man's food originally was, may we not reasonably conclude that it is also the kind best adapted to his varying wants? Probably it was not until some great scarcity of his natural food occurred, that a change in his dietetic habits was made; such a catastrophe as the deluge would bring this about; however, at this time we have the first account of flesh eating, and rather remarkably the chapter, Genesis 9th, which give the nar-

rative also contains the first account of drunkenness. This is probably only a coincidence, yet throughout the Bible we see numerous instances where flesh eating and drunkenness are bracketed together, and if we look around we see the flesh eating nations are the most drunken. Not long ago Archdeacon Farrar, in reply to some one who asked why Christ never reproved the drunkard—said (in effect) possibly Christ never saw a case of drunkenness. His, (Farrar's) experience in Palestine taught him that the people who lived mainly on bread and fruit used little in the shape of alcohol, but the Englishmen whose meals consisted largely of rich stimulating diet as pork, &c., created a strong craving for alcoholic stimulants. Certain it is that by placing the victim of strong drink under a fruit and farinaceous diet, the worst cases are easily cured. Dr. Jackson—an American—has cured numbers in this way.

The word vegetarian was coined by the Manchester Vegetarian Society when determining its membership, and was meant to include the use of animal products such as milk, butter, eggs, (though some of the members use none of these things) the line was drawn at the destruction of life for the sustenance or the body.

Man's anatomy closely resem-

bles that of the Herbivora and many eminent naturalists agree upon this point, as well as upon his natural food.

Linnaeus says of fruit, "this species of food is that which is most suitable to man, which is evinced by the series of quadrupeds; analogy; wild men; apes, the structure of the mouth, stomach and hands." (*Linnaeus Anæmitates Academicus*, Vol. 10, page 8.)

Gassendi sums up in a letter to a friend, "wherefore I repeat that from the primeval and spotless institution of our nature, the teeth were intended for the mastication, not of flesh but of fruits."—(Gassendi's works Vol. 10 page 26.)

Similar testimony is given by Baron Curier and Dembenton, whilst Waterton is said to have carried these ideas into practice.

Ray, the botanist says, referring to the use of plants, "whatever food is necessary to sustain us, whatsoever contributes to delight and refresh us, is supplied and brought forth out of that plentiful and abundant store. And Oh! how much more innocent, sweet, and healthful is a table covered with these, than with all the reeking flesh of slaughtered and butchered animals."

Chemists, such as Liebig, affirm that vegetable and animal fibrine are similar and it is self-evident that there can be no nutriment in

animal food excepting that which was taken from the vegetable kingdom in the first instance. Why not then take it at first hand and in a pure form? It is easy to see when fruit is unfit for food, but almost impossible in the case of flesh food, except in the worst cases. The narrative of Daniel and his companions graphically places before us—and for all time—the result of two systems: those living on pulse and water were fairer, (more comely) and better conditioned than those fed upon meat and wine from a king's bountiful table. Let us however come down to more recent times and see whether such a diet will stand the test in climates similar to ours. For this purpose let us take a few instances of those who gain their bread by the sweat of their brows, and also of those who are—or were—brain workers. Benjamin Franklin when a young man, a printer, lived on Brown bread, fruit and water; when taunted by his companions, his argument was unanswerable, taking part of the printing apparatus under each arm, he carried it to an upper story and challenged his comrades to do the same but none of them could accomplish the feat. The peasantry of Scotland and Ireland eat little flesh and are strong and muscular. Recently there were four long distance walking matches from Berlin to Vienna;

the first three were won by Vegetarians, in one instance two of them arrived twenty-three hours ahead of the first flesh eater. In the Thames Iron Works, London, are a number of men doing the hardest and hottest work—pudblers, forgers, &c.; whilst in Manchester, England, and Philadelphia, U. S. A., there are religious communities—Bible Christians—whose faith prescribes the use of flesh; these comprise all classes and some families have been vegetarians for generations.

Howard, the philanthropist was constantly exposed to pestilence. "During sixteen or seventeen years, he travelled fifty or sixty thousand miles for the sole purpose of relieving the distress of the most wretched of the human race, enduring fatigue, danger and privation, such as few could undergo, travelling days in succession without a stop; visiting the foulest dungeons filled with malignant infection; spending forty days in a filthy infected lazaretto; plunging into military encampments where the plague was committing most horrid ravages; and visiting where none of his conductors dared accompany him. Through all he subsisted upon a most rigidly abstemious vegetable diet, carefully avoiding alcohol, and such was his experience and observation, that he earnestly advised all exposed to the plague to abstain

entirely from animal food. Near the close of his life occurs the following record in his diary, "I am fully persuaded as to the health of our bodies, that herbs and fruits will sustain nature in every respect far beyond the best flesh."

Russian and Turkish porters, subsisting on black bread and fruit, regularly carry enormous loads; a friend of the writer, himself a muscular Englishman, who has resided in Odessa and Constantinople, recently wrote "that unless he had seen for himself, he could not have credited the weights they carry and for long distances." The Greek athletes were fed upon simple vegetable diet, as were also the armies of Rome, Sparta, Greece and also those of Cyrus.

Amongst brain workers may be mentioned Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Isaac Pitman, Profs. Newman, Adam Smith, Thoreau, Tolstoi, Swedenborg, the Alcotts, father and daughter, the poet Shelley, who wrote much on this subject and persuaded his friend Byron to give a non-flesh diet a trial: Childe Harold is said to have been written at this time. Garfield also as a student tried it for economic reasons, as did also Wm. Chambers the Edinburgh publisher who managed to subsist on oatmeal alone at a cost of thirty-six cents per week. Amongst the ancients Plutarch may be instanced; he

says, "How could man bear to see an impotent and defenseless creature slaughtered, skinned and cut up for food? How could he endure the sight of the convulsed limbs and muscles? * * * We should therefore rather wonder at those who first indulged themselves in this horrible repast than at such as have humanely abstained from it."

The largest, strongest, fleetest and most gentle animals are Herbivorous, whilst those feeding on flesh are necessarily cruel, and however humane man may wish to be, the use of flesh food will always be accompanied by cruelty. Most persons would shrink from killing and preparing such food for themselves, so a special class is set apart for slaughtering. Have we any right to pay others to do that which we would not and could not do for ourselves?

Vegetable diet tends to longevity. Josephus says the Essenes, as we call a sect of ours, live the same kind of life as those whom the Greeks called Pythagoreans (who lived on simple vegetable food) they are long lived also, inasmuch that many of them live above one hundred years by means of this simplicity." Josephus further says that Christ belonged to this sect. After twenty years experience as a vegetarian the writer is of opinion that here we have a solution of the question so often put,

"Why is there so much pain and suffering in the world?" and believe it to be largely due to the violation of nature's laws in the matter of eating and drinking; hot food and drink, especially such as tea and coffee, which act so powerfully on the nervous system, produces most of the toothache and headache troubles and together with tobacco, alcohol and flesh are largely responsible for most of the ills that flesh is heir to. "The curse causeless shall not come." Gout and cancer are said to occur only in flesh eating nations.

Economic arguments should have great weight on this question. The estimated produce of an acre of land is, beef, 128 lbs; mutton, 228 lbs; wheat, 1,526 lbs; potatoes, 22,400 lbs. Humboldt calculates the yield of bananas at 100 times that of wheat. In addition to this the labour required for grazing purposes is very small, whilst fruit growing requires a considerable expenditure of labour, so that if we could alter our mode of diet the unemployed labour problem would largely solve itself. Those dwelling in the slums and haunts of vice would be transferred to the land and live amidst beautiful and more healthy surroundings. That fruit growing is to be largely adopted in the Holy Land we know from prophecy. The Jews are to sit under

their own vine and fig trees, none daring to make them afraid; the sword and the spear are to be turned into the ploughshare and the pruning hook; (in connection with this it is interesting to note that owing to the increased cultivation of the celebrated Jaffa oranges a large colony is now established in that district.)

Flesh meats consists largely of water—about 76%—and in purchasing we pay for this at a high figure; but wheat, oatmeal, pulse, &c., are bought cheaply in a dry state and water is added when they are cooked.

The shedding of blood must ever be accompanied by cruelty; the horrors of the sea transit of cattle are often terrible to contemplate and what is the end of it all? If they escaped the dangers of the sea it is in order that their lives may be taken on the arrival by "man, the mightiest of all beasts of prey." So life is sacrificed.

"Life which all can take but none can give,
Life which all creatures love and strive to keep.
Wonderful, dear and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest, yea a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the meek and noble to the strong."

Hawthorne, in "Mosses From an Old Manse," depicts a new Adam and Eve and places them, not in a garden, but in Boston; the Day of Doom has removed the former inhabitants, leaving the city as it was; they enter a large mansion

where the table is spread for a fashionable dinner party. "Will nature teach them the mystery of turtle soup, or embolden them to attack a joint of vension? Will she rather not bid them turn with disgust from fish, flesh and fowl, which to their pure nostrils steam with a loathsome odour of death and corruption; food! the bill of fare contains nothing which they recognize as such;" but no difficulty is found when the dessert is disclosed. Afterwards in a jeweller shop Adam decorates Eve

with a wreath of pearls, but finding a vase of roses she throws away the pearls and decorates herself with the natural and simple beauties of nature.

May we not then throw away the artificial in matters of diet and replace with the more natural and simple, and so help to make our earth again

"A picture of the Paradise of God,
A place of peace from war and bloodshed free."

JOSEPH GLAISTER.

Darlington, England, Jan., '96.

SPEECH ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE J. E. COX.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

An illustrious generation in the Society of Friends has well nigh passed beyond the range of human vision. Its representatives are becoming fewer and fewer as one by one our fathers and grandfathers are mingling with the dark river of death.

And as one stands sorrowful upon its banks, peering into the continually rising mists, he seems to see the forms of those who have lately emerged into the life beyond. There is a great throng; and in the midst of it there looms

up before my vision the sturdy, manly figure, the calm, peaceful face of Jonathan E. Cox, who only a few months ago joined that heavenly band. He is now in the presence of his Maker from whom he came as a blessing to all who knew him. His was a deeply religious nature. He never forgot that God was his Father; and in this belief held so dear to the human heart, he began to live a life which most beautifully combined and expressed the essential characteristics of one of the most

spiritually-minded Bodies of his generation.

His parentage was renowned. Within the region along the north-eastern border of the State, where lived and still lives a colony of that historic Society called Quakers, was his home. In quest of religious freedom his people had sought this land an hundred years ago and established for themselves a community noted for its thrift and piety. Around their fireside could have been heard the conversation of an intelligent people. They talked of the questions of the day, and of the mysteries of life. They loved to withdraw into the spiritual world to dwell upon the history and traditions, the mission and beliefs of the church in which they were born and reared.

Into such a life he came on the 21st of January, 1818. Outside the world was going merrily along. The revolution had come and gone. The war of 1812 had passed and the nation was in the midst of the famous era of good feeling.

But things were not thus with this worthy man. He was the youngest child, had been left fatherless at an early age, and with one brother and a widowed mother—the shattered remnant of a once large family—he stood alone in the world. But his very isolation seemed to draw him closer to the great heart of humanity and so

true was he to his fellow men that throughout all his long and active life he never made an enemy!

The characteristics of the man are known to many of you. We know how truth permeated his whole being; how it shone forth from his moral and spiritual nature with no uncertain clearness; how we recognize it in his practical life as honesty and sagacity and in his physical man as strength and endurance.

We are told that he was an industrious worker while a boy upon the farm and that he accumulated a considerable fortune largely by the work of his own hands. As a young man he took a just pride in his physical constitution and never in any way did he abuse his body—for he knew it was holy.

His mental structure and spiritual life together with his physical man, grew strong, active and in perfect harmony. He was an earnest and industrious student and skilled in the practical teachings of the world. An energetic and shrewd business man, still he remembered that he was living an eternal life and did not neglect the spiritual side of his nature.

It was this happy union of his mind and his soul that made him the remarkable man that he was.

He was neither visionary nor superstitious nor narrowly conscientious; for his mind was broad and liberal.

The complexity of our religious systems led him into no doubts and questionings for his spiritual vision saw beyond all clashing and apparent contradictions into that perfect light and truth as revealed by the man of Galilee. Thus we have some conception of the man.

It was such a character as this that he had builded while living in his eastern home, the life companion of one of the loveliest women of her age, and surrounded by a family of four intelligent children.

It is not surprising that he had won the love and esteem of his whole neighborhood, of the entire membership of his church and in fact of those with whom he had but a meagre acquaintance. He had now lived 41 years. The nation so peaceful when his life began was about to be drawn into the throes of civil war. Wise business men seeing that a conflict was inevitable began to check their enterprises. The sober, industrious people were stirred by the oncoming of civil strife. A dark and threatening cloud seemed to envelope the whole nation. Those who clearly discerned the future knew that the great storm centre would be in the South and hence began to turn their faces toward the far and free West. Jonathan E. Cox was one of that number. He accepted the posi-

tion as Superintendent of New Garden Boarding School, (now Guilford College,) with the purpose of educating his children, and then passing on into the Western States. He had been there two years, when the civil war with all its flash and terror broke upon the South and threatened the existence of every home and every enterprise and every educational institution in our land. It was a dark day for the Quakers of North Carolina. Scores of their influential members were fast becoming residents of other States and the once strong membership was becoming shattered and broken. With his family Jonathan E. Cox was about to emigrate when such men as Francis T. King came to him and said that in view of the \$18,000 debt then resting upon the institution and of the war which was now upon them, the whole property would have to be sold unless he or some one else would take the school upon his own responsibility. It was a hazardous undertaking. A hasty council was held. Such men as Nereus Mendenhall, and Isham Cox and Jonathan Harris were found willing to stand by the school, and Jonathan E. Cox cheerfully assumed the whole responsibility of maintaining the institution. Then was sealed the fate of Quakerism in North Carolina. For had these men not

chosen to stay by the stuff, to serve their State and their denomination in preference to a life of comparative ease in a Western State, Guilford College would have perished and with it would have passed from existence the Society of Friends in North Carolina! All honor to that little company of heroes! And may their motives ever dominate the lives and characters of the coming generation of Quakers which is to help make the South a cultured and refined civilization and Guilford College one of the first institutions in her borders. During the war, and especially within that period of transition which followed, the fortunes of the College continued to hang in the balance. It was a time of great personal sacrifice among Friends and second to none was his of whom I speak. He labored untiringly; his whole heart was in his work; slowly but surely he gave away his whole fortune for the support of the school. And just twenty years ago he came down from his position, having filled it nobly and well, almost continuously for 17 years, poor in this world's goods but rich in Heavenly things and in the esteem of his fellow men. We know that he did much to reorganize our ranks broken by emigration, and dissensions, and trials, and hardships, and war, and that no

man was more thoroughly in touch with the whole body of Friends throughout the State. He was thoroughly conversant with the principles of the Society and will ever stand forth as a pure type of Quakerism.

That primal characteristic of the sect—namely of continually bringing to bear all the good influences upon an evil and then patiently trusting God for the consequences, rather than striking directly into wrong and seeking to wipe it from existence—so deeply was rooted and grounded into his nature that although he opposed war and slavery with all his might, yet he did it in such a christian spirit that he was enabled to retain the good will of the rankest secessionist and cruellest slaveholder—and was thereby enabled to pilot the College—avowedly in favor of abolition—through the dashing breakers of hate, and jealousy and mistrust which broke so savagely upon all opposition in the dark days of the civil war with perfect safety and as no other man could have done. This Christ-like spirit, which trusted God to control events rather than attempt to control them, guided the actions of his whole life. And it was this very fact that made it hard for some to recognize his force and ability. But these certainly never felt the great undercurrent of his life. It moved like

the deep-rolling waters of some mighty river. Quietly but constantly the pure stream of his life flowed on; and it washed away great banks of doubt and unbelief and sin and ignorance as it poured through the hearts and lives of those who knew him well and passed triumphantly on out into the great ocean of eternity, leaving those of us behind encouraged to press forward and strengthened in the belief in immortality.

Again his life was like a great river in that he sometimes changed his course. This pliancy in his nature—this openness of his mind—was admired by all and while it withheld from him the title of Primitive Quaker, it led him out into a broader and freer Quakerism and gave to him the appellation—"Typical Quaker of his generation." Born and reared after the straightest sect—when silent meetings were held, when marriage with one of another faith was regarded as an offence, when the plain language, the high backed gallery, the broad brimmed hat, the Quaker coat and other testimonies of simplicity were regarded as essential—this man, while he recognized the importance of some of these observances in the early history of the church, came to believe that they had long ago served their purpose and he pulled steadily along with his de-

nomination as it became more liberal and progressive. He could be drawn to devotion within the magnificent and costly church where the bread of life was broken by some eloquent and learned divine, or within the humble partitioned meeting house of the Early Friends where God spoke in living stillness. His progressive ideas made him no less a Quaker for you have seen that his whole life evinced the essential principles of the church. And you have also doubtless seen one characteristic which stood out in greater prominence than any of the others—and that was sacrifice of self for the good of others. His was a life of service! This is the highest tribute that can be paid to any man! It was the burden of the full hearts that made their last expressions of sorrow and honor as his form lay cold and white in the meeting house just at our door, and it was the comfort of his sorrowing household as they laid him forever at rest beside the one who had been his dearest friend and constant advisor throughout life.

To those who loved him most, it doubtless seems in his recent departure as if a light has gone out and all is darkness. But nay! Let them think not so. But look rather on the west when yonder sun is set and when the rosy clouds form and linger about that

horizon, whence the sun itself is departed; then ask themselves whether in the departure of such a life all its loveliness is gone. Nay! But here the figure fails of truth. For the sunset fades, the rosy clouds with-drawn and who recalls the sunsets of the past? But in the warmth and beauty of such a life as this, there remains something that will tarry ever in the hearts that once have seen it, and more, for the light thus received is formative. It radiates anew and helps again to build up character. And as each centre of

individuality receives this influence and in its turn is helped thereby to clearer vision it leaves behind its own light for others. 'For generation touches generation and each is illumined by the light it has received.' So may we say truly, as we think, of the kindness and truthfulness—the sweetness and light—left to us as his great legacy that the life of such a man as this, is as it were, immortal here on earth and passes not forever.

JOSEPH BLAIR.

ADDISON COFFIN IN MEXICO.

VERA CRUZ, Mex., 1-18-'96.

* * * *

DEAR FRIEND: Well, at the end of a month, I am here in this horrible place, after travelling over two thousand miles in Mexico. I believe I last wrote from Galveston, Texas, while impatiently awaiting the arrival of a steamer. That steamer finally came, and started for Point Isabella, but about the time we were well under way a regular tornado began blowing; the wind was so violent the boat had to lay to and double anchor, and even then the engine had to be kept in motion a part of the time to keep from dragging

the anchors. The ropes and cordage hummed like harp strings in the wind and everything had to be made fast. It was a fierce, wild night and captain and crew had to be on the alert all night. When morning came the sun rose bright over the troubled sea and the wind toned down so the ship sailed in the forenoon but had to make slow time; off Point Isabella it was too rough to land, so the anchor was cast three miles from shore and we awaited daylight. About 8 a. m. a little schooner came out for the mail and I determined to land, tho' the little boat danced and bounded about

like a floating buoy, it was a grand ride full of excitement but little danger, for the boatman was at home on the surf and chop sea. This was New Year, 1896.

The early train had left for Brownville and there was no other till 4 p. m. At first this seemed a disappointment, but in the end it proved fortunate. for it so happened that all the officials of the railroad and shipping were of Nantucket, Carolina and William Penn stock and we were soon near of kin. There were Macies, Swains, Cannadas, Wheelers, Folligers, Masons, Taylors, Barkers, &c., and the day was full of interest. The town was a small straggling village, tho' celebrated as the point from which General Taylor started on his invasion of Mexico, the embankments of his old fort still show, a light-house stands on the highest point. On all the sandy knolls the palm-leaf cactus grows luxuriantly, and was full of ripening fruit, twenty different forms of this cactus was thenceforward in sight nearly all the time for two thousand miles.

When the train started from the Point I was surprised to see the country so flat and so much like a great prairie slough; water and grass were on every side, with whole acres of wild fowl, and great pelicans without number, darkening the air when they took wing; it was a grand sight for a sports-

man, but he would have to have been web-footed to have gotten his game.

When the train arrived in Brownsville Julia L. Ballinger stepped into the car with, "Well, Uncle, here I am," and we had a glad meeting. In the station I was introduced to many of her friends and citizens of the towns, was taken to a good place to rest over night and Julia L. returned to Matamoras. Next morning she returned and took me to the homes of many of her friends who bade me welcome; we dined with Judge Mason. Before time to cross the river the pastor of the Episcopalian church called with a request that I give a talk on Saturday night. This I did to a full house who seemed satisfied. Miss Dysart, matron of the Presbyterian Mission, had arranged with Julia L. that I should make my home at her mission while in the city of Matamoras, which proved to be very satisfactory and congenial. Julia and little Hulea had been stopping there for some time.

Through Miss Dysart and Julia I was introduced to our Consul and quite a number of officials and citizens, and during the four days of my stop I was invited, dined, visited and talked all the time. Julia had made all necessary arrangements for our journey; had arranged for two of her ad-

vanced pupils to take charge of her school while she was away, which was approved by the patrons. On the 6th of January, 1896, we started for Mexico City, 1,100 miles away. We took rail seventy-five miles up the Rio Grande valley over a rich, uncultivated valley, as fine corn land as there is anywhere. Then we took stage for Montara, two hundred miles away, which was about the most trying trip I ever made. The stages were primitive and uncomfortable, the roads very rough and the weather quite cool, almost *cold*. The stages were drawn by two, three and sometimes four mules as the road required; the trip was continuous, day and night. On level road they trotted at a lively gait and ran down the hills; the stage would sway and jump like a wheel-barrow over stones. Twice between the places where they changed mules they used the outriders, who were mounted on strong active mules and wore red blankets. When we reached the summit of a long slope away we would go at a wild run, the blankets flying and fluttering brilliantly in the sunlight. In spite of all the bumping and thumping it was a grand experience. There were a few small towns on the route, but not one place where we could warm our feet, as the Mexicans had their fires raised on adobe walls two-and-a-half feet from the

ground. Twice a shovel-full of live coals were thrown upon the dirt floor over which we warmed our feet while the grinning natives, dogs and pigs stood looking on. Julia L. had provided herself for such things. She had a lunch-basket full and a coffee stewer. She would take her stewer, go in among this same motley group of natives, hold her stewer over their fire and while her coffee was making tell stories to the astonished children and sometimes to hideous looking men; for it was a thing which happened very rarely indeed for a fine dressed white lady to come into their miserable homes and talk with them in their native language of their home life. It is this rare attainment that has given Julia L. such an influence and welcome among the natives wherever she is known.

At Montara we took the train and made good speed to the City of Mexico, where we found a Dr. Johnson who had formerly lived in Matamoras and whom Julia knew. At his house we had a nice home while in the city. Having been in the city before we both remembered many landmarks and at once started out to see the wonderful city which belongs to a past age; for its characteristics are all foreign to the spirit of the rest of the continent; it is Spanish and Moorish of five hundred years ago, but has changed greatly in

five years. There are more wheeled vehicles, three times as many street car lines, more stylish English coaches and fine horses, more express wagons and drays, double the number of people wear American hats and modern-made clothes, the number of railroads had increased which brought more resident English and Americans, but, notwithstanding all this, the porter goes pacing by with great loads upon his head and back, the little donkey goes ambling through the streets with its great load, often twice its own size in bulk, the Mexican red and striped blanket is still worn by tens of thousands of men, and twice as many women and girls go bare-headed in winter and have a thick shawl over their heads in summer. Yes, the City of Mexico will be Moorish and Syrian many years yet to come, regardless of all the civilization of the twentieth century, unless the Lord sends a prophet to slay all Catholic Priests.

It is a difficult task to describe the City of Mexico to Americans, for it is in many respects different from all our cities; a large part of it is strictly after the Moorish style, a whole square is enclosed by a wall one, two, or three stories high with windows in second and third stories but no doors except one wide gate from twelve to twenty feet wide and as many

high with heavy folding doors. Through this gate all the going out and coming in occurs, and a gate-keeper or porter has it in charge. In the center of this square is an open space paved with smooth stones and often adorned with trees and flowers. All the separate apartments or houses open into this open court by separate steps or stairways to the upper stories placed at the four corners. This is the prevailing style, though there are many modern buildings now being built. The roofs are flat and thick, made of concrete to keep out both rain and heat, the stories are fourteen to twenty-four feet high. The one-storied houses are about twenty feet high with strong heavy joists to support the roof.

The house in which we stopped was one accommodating twelve families in a *small* square, we were on the third story and looked down upon a busy street. It was interesting to stand at the end of the open square opposite the gate and see the inhabitants come and go, a strange motley race from the high to the low, and all kind of peddlers come into the court, crying their various articles of trade in a discordant yell, while dogs of every size, color and grade together with clean and dirty rollicking children romped and shouted at will. In the middle of this open square is a grated sink-

hole into which all the waste water and slops are poured and trash swept; once a day the court is washed and cleansed where decent people live; but in some places these open courts become perfectly horrid with vile odors and the seat of disease and death.

On the streets may be seen twenty nationalities of nations speaking as many dialects and representing every possible grade of humanity from the pure blooded "Castilian grandee" to the little black dwarf mountain Indian, the lowest type in America, but *little*, if any, above a well-trained Shepherd dog. But be it said to the credit of the Mexican government that this *lowest* class is equal before the law and has equal civil rights with the "grandee." They go and come everywhere unmolested, without fear, but everywhere are *sorrowfully* loathsome and disgusting; between these extremes you may picture all grades that the most active imagination can picture and then you are short of the reality as seen on the streets every day.

If you go into the open vegetable and fruit market and see what is there—see the kind of clothes the market-women wear, the kind of hands they have, see the dirty children and dogs, the hideous specimens of manhood smoking vile tobacco, see the muck and glum on every side,

hear the discordant babble of voices—you will become sick and not able to eat a full meal for some days.

There are many rare and interesting things in and around the City of Mexico; the most interesting is the great National Museum in which is being stored away many remarkable and wonderful relics of pre-historic Mexico. First of all is the great Calendar Stone. This is like a great mill stone about eleven or twelve feet across and layed off in degrees just as we divide the circle, then there are other concentric circles all divided into sections and engraved with unknown characters, pictures and symbols evidently full of meaning and information, if we could decipher the dumb record. I never tire of looking at this silent memorial of a lost race of men. There are hundreds of other equally interesting things to scientists, among them the colossal head of stone elaborately sculptured and covered with inscriptions; recently a huge block has been discovered representing a man in squatting posture, with elaborate carving all over the figure. The top of the head is cut off and the place formed into a basin capable of holding several gallons. It is supposed to be a "Rain God" or Sacrificial Stone, the basin to hold the blood of the victims.

On every side may be seen strange objects which bear the mark of having been formed by a race of people very different from the present, with a different civilization, actuated by different motives, and inspired by different hopes and aspirations; yet in many respects having the same knowledge of mechanical arts and scientific truths.

But of the many theories of eminent authors as to who that race was, from whence it came and why its fall, none are able to give a satisfactory answer, yet we may hope that some unexpected discovery may some day solve the mystery. As it is Mexico is as much a wonderland as Egypt or Syria and may be the older in civilization.

While in the city we visited many interesting places, but were disappointed in finding smoky, cloudy weather, so we could not use the field-glass to any advantage, so we had to confine ourselves to museums, libraries, Cathedrals, Parks and reading the faces of the people, which within itself was a rich field for study.

On the morning of January 14th, we left the city for Puebla, the cleanest city in the Republic. We arrived at noon, and here Julia L's ability to manage the treacherous thieving Mexicans was put to the test. The porters and coach-

men seeing we were foreigners supposed they had green geese to pluck, and gathered around and began to push and grab for our baggage, but Julia opened up on them in Spanish and I demonstrated by notions, so the coast was soon cleared, and she selected a carrier at satisfactory rates and we soon found a good boarding house kept by an American lady.

Puebla has 120,000 people, and the most beautiful cathedral in America. We visited this beautiful place, and were fortunate in seeing the effect it had upon the mountain Indian the first time; they came from their miserable huts of poverty and want, where there was nothing but a small dirty chapel in which to perform their devotions; when they entered the splendid hall dazzling with beauty and brightness, and heard the swell of the great organ and sacred music rise and fill the lofty dome, it filled them with speechless astonishment, it was to their darkened minds and dumb understandings as great a revelation as if a convoy of angels should suddenly walk into the church at Guilford College some Sabbath morning; such an event would impress the students in a way sure not to be forgotten, just so with those mountain Indians; their Priest had told them he would show them the gate to Heaven and when they entered

that cathedral it was to them ten times more impressive than angels would be at Guilford. From that hour they were the willing slaves of thy Priests and ready to follow them even to death.

The prime object in going to Puebla was to see the celebrated Pyramid of Colula which is claimed to be the largest artificial work in the world. It is nine miles out and is reached by train and rail. I approached it with a good degree of excitement for I knew there was some doubt about its being artificial. When at last I reached the hill and began the ascent I discovered its *natural* formation in ten minutes and was greatly disappointed. From the top I saw a line of low hills coming out into the valley fifteen or twenty miles from the mountains, the axis of which was in line with Colula, there were two other isolated hills of the same formation in the same line further back, which we visited.

Any close observer can see abundant evidence that this hill is natural, all along the railroad one sees the half-stratified adobe earth in the hills, road cuts, deep gullies and river banks, the most striking proof is just an hour's run from Puebla towards Vera Cruz on the left-hand side of the road a large hill eighty or ninety feet in extent, presents a wall almost as perfect as if built of adobe brick.

Colula is a beautiful natural hill standing far out in a picturesque valley, and has been beautified and adorned by every race of people who have inhabited the country, as a summer resort. A more beautiful spot can nowhere be found. The view from the top is exceedingly grand. Popocatepetl stands out in splendor just in front and the valley together with the mountains beyond forms one of the world's beautiful pictures.

From Puebla we went to Jalapa, an old town in the midst of the coffee and banana plantations. It was a novel experience to leave the vast cactus region and enter pine-covered mountains with a tropical growth of trees, shrubs, fruits and flowers. The coffee trees were loaded with beans and promised a goodly crop. The bananas were in all stages of development.

Back in the great plains there were thousands of acres cultivated in the maguey plant, from which the vile drink, Pulque, is made, but at Jalapa all was coffee, bananas and oranges, with grass growing green by the way side as at home. There were places where the rank tropical growth was so thick that one would find it extremely difficult to penetrate—think of a thicket of vines, bushes, briars and weeds twice as thick as any in Carolina, and you have some idea of the tropical growth.

Jalapa stands on the side of a

hill so steep that they have no carriages in the town, porters and donkeys do the carrying. The town is a dirty undesirable place. We found the worst quarters of any place up to date. From there we came to this place through three different gradations of natural scenery. When we came down to the low-land, we ran through a tangle of brush-wood and low growth of forest trees, all bound together with creepers; then we ran out into a grassy plain with many cattle and sheep grazing upon it, then into white, dreary sand-hills and sand-flats, in sight of the sea once more, and into this horrible place, and oh, what a horrible, filthy place it is! The worst I was ever in. It is worse than the outlet of Chicago river, the worst streets in Jerusalem or Constantinople, the green stagnant canals of Hamburg, the vile dumping ground of Paris, the Chinese Quarter in San Francisco or the *fumes* of Cotter's Hell in Yellow Stone Park.

English influence dominates the business operations, and I am happy to say they *have order* wherever they have control. From a little balcony on second story we look right into the great open shed under which all things pass in and are inspected. 'Tis an interesting place and sometimes I

almost forget the odor that comes upward to where I sit.

This city is somewhat celebrated in history, is the point where Cortez first established himself, was one of the strong naval stations of Spain, the point where Scott landed when he marched on Mexico, and is to-day the principal port on the Gulf. The once impregnable Fort on the shore that defended the harbor is now used as a State Prison.

Now is a good time to travel in Mexico to save money. One dollar of United States money is worth one dollar and ninety cents in Mexican money, and one dollar of Mexican money will purchase as much (*or more*) here as one dollar of American money in Greensboro.

The weather is cloudy in the morning but clears away before noon and is like beautiful May weather at Guilford. Too warm to walk on the sunny side of the streets and just right to sit in the shade under the trees.

It is Sabbath evening, all the city is on dress-parade, the air is full of music and the glad voices of children. Julia is sound asleep and I soon will be, so a glad good night and love to all.

Truly thy Friend,

ADDISON COFFIN.

ATHLETICS.

Athletics, like every thing else, can be promoted only when entered into in an organized, systematic manner. It was with this end in view that the men in college have formed themselves into an Athletic Association. A membership fee is paid and in this way every man feels a personal interest in the enterprise in which he has stock invested. The Association furnishes its members with athletic supplies; bats, balls and mitts for the base ball men, and balls and nets for the tennis players.

By vote of the members appropriations are made for the various departments. A manager of Athletics has in charge the procuring and the disbursement of the various supplies, the arrangement of match games, etc. There has never been a plan adopted at Guilford which has worked so well as this for getting men interested in field sports. Every evening that is suitable for a game of ball the diamond fairly swarms with men who are candidates for positions on the field. Tennis is much indulged in and several new courts will soon be cleared off. There are some good tennis players in college and we hope to see them wield their rackets in contests on other courts

than these when the season opens. On the part of many a field day this spring is looked forward to with eagerness. The officers of the Association are, Joseph Blair, President; J. K. Pepper, Vice-President; C. W. Sapp, Secretary; T. G. Pearson, Manager.

THE CLASS GAME.—One beautiful evening a short time ago the Sophs. and Freshmen again met in athletic contest. But this time they had called to their aid the two other classes in school. '97 stood shoulder to shoulder with '98, while the Seniors laying aside their dignity twirled the sphere back and forth across the diamond with their infant brethren—the Freshmen.

These are the men who played:

'96, '99.	'97 '98.
Kerner, pitcher,	Tomlinson, pitcher,
Morris, catcher,	J. Blair, catcher,
Watkins, 1st b.,	Pepper, 1st b.,
Hodgin, 2nd b.,	A. Worth, 2nd b.,
Glenn, 3rd b.,	Moffitt, 3rd b.,
Teague, s. stop,	P. Worth, s. stop,
Barbee, r field,	Pearson, r field,
Farlow, c. field,	J. Allen, c. field.
English, l. field.	W. Blair, l. field.

The girls all came out of course. So did most of the lady teachers. Prof. Haviland was there, President Hobbs paused as he passed by and smiled as he rubbed his hands when a pretty play was made—

he was a skillful ball-player in days gone by. The first inning looked as though the struggle would be a one sided affair and the Freshmen girls, as one after another of their classmates crossed the plate, alternately cheered the boys and made demonstrations at the Sophomore and Junior girls who sat apart with bangs drawn low. Ten runs were made the first time they took the bat but after that they failed to score. By steady work the Sophs put mark after mark on the score-book until when the supper bell sounded and hostilities ceased, fourteen runs had been recorded. But as five innings had not been played the match will be finished another day. The Freshmen girls looked cross, and in little squads started the shortest way for Founders. The Sophomore girls were jubilant and as they left the field, imitating the Freshman yell they answered the deep mouthed "Boom la yo," with the shout—

Guilford, Guilford!
Zip, zah! zine!
The Freshman girls,
Are far behind!

FORMAL OPENING OF THE GYMNASIUM.—The 11th of February the Board of Trustees met. The new gymnasium which had been under construction for a number of weeks had just been completed. In the afternoon a public drill of the class of young ladies was given by Miss Worth. In attendance were the Board, the Advisory Committee, the Faculty and a number of patrons from the neighborhood. The exercises were interspersed with College songs containing some amusing local hits. President Hobbs gave a talk in which he betrayed the great interest which he has always shown in athletics and gymnastics.

The regular systematic work of the gymnasium he believed to be almost as important to a student as any one of the regular studies of the class-room.

The Trustees were highly pleased with the drill of the young ladies and were especially amused and interested in the exciting game of basket-ball which followed.

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Office as second class matter.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

THE Athletic Association continues to grow in strength and enthusiasm. It has made some handsome appropriations for base ball and lawn tennis. Under its auspices and for its benefit an entertainment will be given in the near future. Every member of the college feels an interest in athletics and the Association is glad to give them an opportunity of showing it by inviting their friends to the exercises and by being present themselves.

OUR Matron favors a new plan of seating in the dining hall in Founders through

which the students will be expected to change their seats at specified times. "By this a more general rather than particular friendship will be fostered," declares the far-sighted Matron. A point well taken. A timely thought. We favor the change and so do all who have been consulted about the matter. Let it be brought about and that speedily.

THE announcement of the Regulation that all programs of Society entertainments shall be presented to the Faculty prior to adoption was timely. Very few members of the Societies knew such a law existed; and this accounts for certain programs of the past having been rendered without consulting the Faculty.

IN the dark hours of night two weeks ago a company of Archdale boys stealthily entered the cottage settlement. The purpose of the aforesaid being perfectly known, the inhabitants of White Street were, in a jiffy, up and in arms, and to make the story short the young men of Archdale were repulsed. They returned home weaker but wiser. Now we by no means sanction the methods resorted to by the sturdy Yeomanry but we feel constrained to leave the above on

record as another proof of the truism: "Tend to your own affairs and let other people's alone."

YOUNG men will remember the joint meeting of their literary societies late in last term and that in it was discussed the advisability of leaving to the disposal of a Joint Committee all candidates for membership in their two societies; that most if not all the objections to the new plan were successfully met, and that failure to take action on this important matter was largely due to that spirit of healthy conservatism which dominates the College.

It is not our purpose at present to enter into a discussion of the measure but only to point out the fact that there is a growing sentiment in favor of it, and to keep the matter prominently before our minds. More than one of the men who opposed the plan in the meeting have come to the writer with some such language as this: "I believe you fellows were right about that matter. I hardly felt like giving my sanction in the meeting, it was all so new to me, but I believe I am in favor of the movement and that in the spring we can adopt the measure. Now the fact that the sober second thought of those formerly in opposition is favorable to the change is the strongest of proofs that such a change is desirable."

NOW since the days of hazing have passed away when the boboker is no longer a potent factor in Guilford life, we might stop and ask ourselves whether or not we miss this element? If it really served any purpose in our College life? To both of these inquiries we would answer with an emphatic yes. By this we do not mean in any way to sanction bobokerism. On the contrary we condemn all such. We rejoice in the fact that all such tendencies are looked hard down upon every day. The college is to be congratulated upon its freedom from such an element. We do not wish for the days when leaders of bobokerism felt perfectly at home with the best element of the College. But the fact remains that the boboker performed a needed mission—that it was really his of course is not true—and it was, to see it that every new student had a proper appreciation of his place in College life. The boboker in a very large sense had a balancing influence. He would not tolerate extremes. No student could assume an air of indifference during "the reign of terror" neither could he be self asserting with impunity. So we are prepared for what we started out to say, and it is, that since the bobokers in organized capacity no longer exist the need of some other method

by which to bring the new students into line is sadly felt. Many of our new students, as is the case every where, come here not knowing what is really best for them, neither will they understand or do a thing by merely being told. They have to depend upon what the public sentiment is, and on being guided by it. They will not as a rule bring themselves but must be brought to definite action, whether it be to take an active part in class meetings or to become members of the several organizations of the College.

As we have said we are glad "bluffing" is no longer resorted to. But it seems that in its absence, the responsibility of building up strong sentiment—that which seeks to draw the students into true touch with the College and all its exponents—is even greater. Just incorporate with the above all you have ever heard about the importance of public opinion, and then act upon it and we will have no more indifferent new students, and none of those who are painfully self-conscious.

MR. F. P. TURNER, who is Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of the State, was at the College recently. He is a young man, perhaps twenty-five years old, tall but well proportioned, with a strong, manly face. He is a native of Tennessee and was graduated from Vanderbilt University in 1891. He was a classmate and special friend of Mr. F. S. Brockman who is so favorably known to all College Association men.

While in College Mr. Turner had an experience which all who persist in turning night into day may well remember.

He entered Vanderbilt a thorough believer in Todd's Student Manual and therefore arranged his program to sleep only six hours a day, retiring at 9 p. m. and rising at 3 a. m.

This plan worked very well for a while, but strange to say he found himself failing on mathematics, his favorite study. He worked harder and harder but still he failed and worst of all he got only three out of ten when examination came. Not knowing what was the matter—as his physical constitution gave no signs of loss of sleep—he became alarmed at the state of his mind and remained out of school one year, during which time he got hold of an old medical book and it revealed to him the secret of his failure, for there it was proven that *loss of sleep affects the mind before any other part of our make up*; that loss of sleep is the surest and shortest way to mental disorder. How many, like this gentleman, so long as their general health remains good, continue to keep late hours to the everlasting detriment of their minds! Mr. Turner learned the lesson and profited by it, but only after he had wasted much valuable time, and even now he says that he sometimes feels the effects of the great mistake of his College life. The regulation that sends us to bed at half past ten is right, and those students who are in the habit of asking permission to sit up late should consider well what they are doing.

LOCALS.

--Os goes a "bug hunting."

--The young ladies want a new tennis court.

--April 11th is the date fixed for the Joint Entertainment.

--The Athletic Association will give an entertainment soon.

--The Websterians held a mock trial and Joel was condemned to jail.

--What new boys call the girls' society, Filogean, Philogothenean, etc.

--The Freshmen hand the Athletic banner over to the Sophomores.

--The orchestra is again a thing of life. It is composed of ten pieces.

--Pres. Hobbs recently gave a second lecture on his travels in England.

--Scales and Teague are great exponents of the merits of the improved "face bleach."

--The Juniors have challenged any class in school for a game of tennis, single or double.

--On account of a severe cold Prof. Reynolds has been obliged

to take meals in his dormitory for several days.

--It is said that the young ladies are thinking of forming an Athletic Association. Hope they may.

--Groom in the midst of a nocturnal ramble: "Let's go to Archdale boys, no chicken can be got to-night."

--The young lady members of the Christian Endeavor Society were tendered a reception by Mrs. White one evening recently.

--One of the young ladies of the Astronomy class said the other day that the moon went around the earth twice last December.

--Rufus Stanley drove in from Center the other day humming his favorite tune, "That Court House in the Sky."

--Miss Mollie Roberts lectured before the young women of the College. Subject: "True Womanhood."

--In the Literary Societies the subjects of Venezuela boundary, Armenian protection, and British egression have lately claimed much attention.

A matter of some conjecture: What class will hold the tennis championship this spring.

—The girls now carry each other to ride in a new wheelbarrow. Some few make quite heavy loads.

—If you would know the character of any Guilford man read Mr. Foscue's recent pump speech.

—Prof. Davis lectured a short time ago on the Septuagint. He fully explained why there are differences of translation of the Bible.

—W. S. Darden and Miss Daisy Gorrell were married on the evening of January 15th. On their bridal trip they visited Washington and on their return stopped with his people in Virginia.

—Things we have recently heard:

At King Hall: That girls and cows have bangs.

At Archdale: The sun-set hymn chanted by the monks within.

At Founders: The clang of the great bell "oft in the stilly night."

—A cause for much good feeling on the part of the Athletic men is the sympathy shown for their enterprises by the members of the Faculty.

—Those who rule: Seniors, Addie Wilson, President, Loy Morris, Secretary; Juniors, Bertha

White, President, J. E. Blair, Secretary; Sophomore, Ada Field, President, Helen Smith, Secretary; Freshman, R. S. McCain, President, Alma McCulloch, Sec.

—Chas. Hubbard, the Vice-President of the American Humane Society was at Guilford two weeks ago. His talks were quite spicy and were much enjoyed by the students.

—The tidal wave of enterprise which has lately moved so many other things at Guilford has effected the Music Department as well. A Mozart Symphony Club has sprung into existence and is doing good work. Miss Fleta Brown is President and Miss Bertha Snow is Secretary of this organization.

—As the boys know them:

Kerner, "Oats."

Greenfield, "Wentfield."

English, "Old Lady."

Gant, "Joe Gnat."

Allen, "Hay."

Worth, "Ragged Robin."

Jones, "Blister."

Moffitt, "Little Tin Soldier."

—The new gymnasium is now completed and regular class exercises have begun. At one end of the hall is a gallery capable of seating perhaps three hundred people and from this we may expect to witness many interesting entertainments during the days to come. Beneath the gallery are

the dressing rooms and lockers of the students. Probably not a larger or better equipped gymnasium is to be found in any denominational College in the South.

—An enthusiastic reception was given to the Liberty Bell, which was being taken from Atlanta to Philadelphia, at the Guilford Battle Ground Friday, January 31st. The students were granted a holiday that they might avail themselves of the opportunity to see this honored relic. The Saturday evening following Prof. Haviland lectured on "The Effect of the

Battle of Guilford Court House on the Revolutionary War," with some happy introductory remarks concerning the Liberty Bell.

—The Twentieth Annual State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North Carolina, will be held March 19-22 at Charlotte. An interesting program is being prepared. Some strong speakers have already agreed to be present. Every Association in the State should be represented by as many delegates as possible.



PERSONALS.

R. D. Robinson is in Louisiana.

Mary H. Arnold, '94, is teaching at Laurenburg, N. C.

J. N. Coltrane is travelling salesman for a clothing establishment.

Paul Stockton is a motorman on the Street Car Line of Winston.

Josie McGhee, here in 1893-5, is teaching at Shady Grove, N. C.

Eugene and Will Lewallen, are running a saw mill near Asheboro.

Banks E. Teague is Rail Road agent at Chapel Hill.

Rosa Cude is teaching school in Rockingham county.

Fred L. Cartland is at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., working for an Insurance Company.

Dr. Walter C. Ashworth, of Kernersville, was a student here from 1885 to '88.

Jno. McDaniel, with his father, owns and operates a large saw mill near Asheboro.

Byron White is living near Jamestown on a farm which he has lately purchased.

James Tomlinson has charge of the mail transfer at Greensboro.

He was a student of the New Garden Boarding School.

Will T. Parker, recently engaged in the insurance business at Baltimore, has bought his brother Ed's interest in the Tomlinson Manufacturing Company of Archdale, and there he intends to live. His brother will go to Baltimore.

A. D. Cows, is engaged in the insurance business at Statesville, was a New Garden Boarding School student.

Alexander Whitworth, who did the wood-work on old Founders' Hall, is now living at Raysville, Ind. He is over 90 years old.

Bills are scattered advertising a play to be given at Sunbury, Valentine night. H. C. Benton is a prominent character in it.

Tom Matthews, Ed. and Will Ragan were seen on the Battle Ground at the reception of the Liberty Bell.

Marion Woodward, here 1892-3, spent the holidays visiting his parents and friends at Wilmington. He returned to his business at Cincinnati.

David White, is book-keeper for J. E. Rhoades & Sons' Belt Furnishing store, of Philadelphia.

J. T. Benbow, '90, and E. D. Stafford, '91, in connection with their law practice, edit and publish a flourishing journal in East Bend, N. C.

Thomas H. Redding has been keeping books for the Hoover Hill Mining Company ever since he left College in 1888.

Chas. E. Crossland, of Ben-
nettsville, S. C.; here in '87, is
assistant Clerk of the Marlboro
Superior Court.

CLIPPINGS.

THE NORTHLAND.

Song of the ancient world of fire and snow,
Land of eternal mist and gloomy shore,
Realm of old Woden and the Thunderer,
Mother of poets, nurse of hoary sires
Singing heroic deeds in words of fire
To the chill music of the Northern wind.

We love thy fierce, strong hearts, thy men and
maids

Who lived and loved among the ancient woods
The rough-hand warriors and their royal lives,
The gloom upon thy vast, sad Polar sea.
Thy poets breathe the spirit of their land,
The dreary forest and the winter rain,

Their time is gone. What matter now their
deeds?

The winter wind still sweeps around the capes,
And still the long surf beats upon the sand.
The mists still linger and the cold rain falls
Upon the marshes where they rest the while,
Between the South wind and the gray North
sea.

—*Nassau Lit Magazine.*

BEYOND.

A sigh and a sob in the darkness,
When the white mists creep up drear,
And young mouths smile and the morning
Knows naught of the night's dark tear,
Half hid by our shadows—this pathway
Which thousands of feet have trod—
But beyond it all,—in the silence
And over it all,—is God.

—*Exchange.*

A SKATING SONG.

The sound of the bugle over the hill—
Ho! lads, Ho!

The twang of the bow-string, silvery shrill,
Across the waste of snow.

Then hush ye, all my merry men,
And arm ye for the fight,
There's many a heart now whole, I ken,
Will helpless be this night—
For who can brave a maiden's glance,
Or ward her dear device—
What time the moon-beams are adance
Along the diamond ice?

The gallant rush as the squadrons wheel—
Away! lads, away!

The rallying call and the ring of steel—
Ah! but the world is gay.

So, merry men, lay down your arms
And quit a vanquished field,
For we are bound by stronger charms,
Than baron frost can wield.
The icy chains of doughty Jack
Must vanish at a breath,
But these fond ties we wear, alack!
Shall hold us to the death.

Dan Cupid's bow is never still—
And like a bell
Sounds love's light laughter over the hill—
A sweet farewell.

—*The Nassau Lit. Magazine*

DARK AND DAWN.

THE MORTAL.

Over the stones in the careless spring
White violets peep and grow,
But I think the peace that the flowers bring
The dead can never know;
Grant me to rest on a sad-browed hill,
Where the winds of the seasons sweep,
And sing me a song when the stars are still,
Sleep-sleep-sleep.

DEATH.

Under a dark-grown, frosty sky
I sing thee a slumber song,
And I sing that memories live and die;
But thine are dim and gone;
Where are the lives that have left thee alone?

Where are the Hopes that weep?
They are under the sod, they are under the
stone,
Sleep-sleep-sleep.

LIFE.

Under a sun-lit morning cloud
I bid thine eyes to see,
Awake, away from the sleepy shroud;
Awake! thine eyes are free;
The flickering hours have danced and gone,
The last sad sorrow dies,
And under the light and under the sun
Thy slumbering soul shall rise.

—*Yale Literature Magazine.*

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

This is the day call'd lover's day,
The gentle day of smiles and sighs,
When youth is bright and sad and gay,
And life seems but a girl's kind eyes:
When Cupid seeks the world to see
Who still neglects his changing spell—
When unskill'd rhymers try, like me,
To say what words can never tell!

For us it is no meaning, dear,
For our two hearts are not as they
Who, in the whole wide, spacious year
Find but a single lover's day;
Each minute, hour, our love shall see
To grow yet sweeter and more fine,
And life itself—shall it not be
One long, unbroken valentine?

—*The Bachelor of Arts.*

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

BY JUDGE ALBERTSON.

The pride of the present age is fed by its supposed knowledge of the laws and operations of nature, by the extent of luxury supplied by unbounded wealth, and by the anticipation of discoveries in the regions of the occult, giving color to the boast that soon the human intellect will dominate the world of matter and the cosmos of the invisible and hidden.

This complacency is frequently jarred by the discord of caution warning against a reversion to former ignorance and the cruder life of earlier times.

The admonition arises from the uncertainty of conclusions drawn from given facts and the doubt arising as to the existence of the facts as stated.

So numerous are the departments of knowledge and so many the facts in each one that no man can master them all and range

them under a trustworthy classification. A mistaken proposition it is seen may propagate errors that will delude for an age. Hence in the midst of glorying in our prosperity the secret fear of a Sabeian surprise.

The cultivated fruit tree, abandoned to a forest growth, dies or produces to us an inferior harvest. But the type remains and often the product is ideal. The apple that Adam ate was doubtless as fair as any we have to-day.

The horse, turned loose to wander at will and live as he can, changes in some minor matters, but the horse described in the book of Job is the peer of any that shelter in the stables of the kings of to-day.

The use of the term reversion may be allowed as an illustration or a comparison of different ways and manners at various ages of

the world, but not as a definition of mathematical certainty.

Even in the broad sense in which it is employed on occasion, is it correct as applied to the material world, material in the sense of palpable and ponderable?

Is there occasion for fear that the human race in its material prospects will return to the conditions of the earliest times and forget the appliances of the present? In the retrogression where are the limits of the fall? What particular period is to be taken as the standard of demerit? If we reach that point what hinders to go farther until humanity is lost in brutality?

Is our material knowledge of to-day very much superior to that of the earliest periods judged by the records that have come down to us?

Is our pride in our acquirements more superb than was that of Nebuchadnezzar when he gloried in the wonders of Babylon and believed that his reign would be the model for the world? Have we any juster right to boast?

Really what surpassing advantages have we over the most ancient of peoples in physics, in literature or the arts? After thousands of years have passed and human powers have been strained to the utmost tension in the field of discovery we have made but slight advance in these

departments. In war our battles are as bloody and as undecisive as theirs, in architecture and engineering skill their erections will bear comparison with ours and some of them will probably survive when the proudest structures of our age shall have crumbled into dust. They wrote history which we invoke to-day to prove the truth of our Bible upon which we found our faith. They sang and danced, related stories, watched the stars, tilled the land, navigated the sea, filled full the memory of tradition with precious lore, and used in substance if not in form all our appliances from the equipment of an army to the delicate fittings of a lady's chamber.

What principle of mechanics is to-day applied that was not known and used before the Pyramid was reared? The form and adaptability of the tools and implements may be varied from the old but those that were used accomplished work which we can only imitate.

Before we proceed further in making physical things more pliable to our will, we must find and apply some new principle of force, or be endowed with some new sense from the realm of the supernatural. The means of usefulness in this direction which we can handle, are all at our disposal and they have been with man from the first. In this direction

there is no reversion to early powers, however much the application of those powers may have varied at different ages of the world.

The earliest records make us acquainted with a race of builders. We speak of them as uncivilized if not barbarous. Yet the instinct or the inspiration was with them to prepare structures for comfort, for ambition and for worship. Their motive was the same as ours and their works were performed with similar means.

The pyramid, the tower of Babel, the cave temples of India, the temple of Solomon and the imposing cathedrals of Europe mark different epochs of time and changes of sentiment and thought, but the same agencies reared them all and nothing new in the abstract was used or could be used by man with his present faculties. Neglected facts may be picked up by the observation of the diligent and employed to advantage in subsequent tasks, but the methods of the labor have remained substantially the same from age to age.

In the physical world, the pessimist may take heart, in the hope that there shall be no loss to mankind by a reversion to conditions in which knowledge shall be lost. The inconsequence of infidelity is shown by the fact that, deny God and his directing

providence as he may, he is still subject to the limitations of other men, and each moment of his life is confined within boundaries which he cannot pass, he may call the compelling force what he pleases—law or chance.

But there is a reversion to a better and superior type of man, not to a lower; nor can the change be effected by any material instrumentality. We have no standard of a pure and sinless human being, for the Savior, whilst a man was more than man and may not be a fit subject for comparison, nor can we accurately conceive of the loveliness of Adam and Eve in body and soul before they sinned. In their state of holiness they were the original type of humanity and to that we must return. For ages we have fallen below the ideal of Eden and to return to it is the burden of prayer.

In mercy, to subdue a world cursed to gender thorns and thistles and yield bread to toil and sweat, God gave to Adam dominion over it and its products and the means to enforce his sovereignty.

But there was no power given him to redeem his soul from death. Neither prayers, or tears, neither sacrifice, or the repentance of one or the whole race could restore the lost estate or atone for fatal disobedience.

There was a promise of restoration, a mystery foretold by patriarchs and prophets and which angels desired to look into but man was helpless to inherit the blessing foretold. A spotless sacrifice was requisite to atone for sin and one with power to forgive. Neither condition was found on earth and only the Son could purge away sin by his death. When he died for us he "Led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men."

To the dead who die in the Lord he gives eternal life. Is there no promise to those when in the fulness of time the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ? Are those who remain not to recover on this earth the purity of Eden?

"Behold I create new heavens and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind," and in it the Apostle tells us dwelleth righteousness.

Is not this a promise that posterity shall on the earth made new, be free from the primal curse that is no longer remembered and purged from sin, "when the voice of weeping shall no more be heard in her," when "the child shall die an hundred years old" and when "my elect shall long enjoy the works of their hands."

By the atonement, "Now are

we the sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him."

God makes nothing in vain, and when he creates a new earth, it is in the divine purpose that righteous men and women may dwell in it whose sinless eyes shall see further into the Providence of the creator and gives him greater glory.

In St. John's Epistle, in which is the epitome of the requirements necessary to perfection, only human conditions are particularized, which do not apply to angels; and in fact he was addressing men and for men. In making brotherly love a primary virtue he speaks of it and intends it as an active work and not as a sentiment of the soul however exalted. To love one's brother is to help him when he needs help. This is the test and he who cannot abide it is no son of God. In heaven there can be no call for help. Only on earth is there want and distress and only of human beings is exacted the duty of relief.

Every act of selfishness on the part of any man, every cry of distress unheeded, postpones it may be, the inheritance of Eden; but humanity will attain to it in the New Earth wherein dwelleth righteousness and man will no more be forbidden to eat of the tree of life and live forever, sinless and pure.

Before this mortality can claim its inheritance, it must be changed and purified of its evil lusts and practices. The change is not through any physical means. The gates of Paradise have been left open by the Saviour and we can enter in only by the exercise of spiritual works. Our path lies within and through the realm of the immaterial, the impalpable. Within that kingdom new agencies direct our steps and guide to the goal of our hopes. As the butterfly sloughs the ugly form that held and hid the beauty of its expanded wings and revels in the light of day, so man, freed from encumbrances of this mundane, physical environment, shall develop into a being all glorious within—a human being, but a son of God—Adam in Eden through the Savior's death. Agencies of this nature are around us and influencing us every minute that we live. We know them only by their effects, and we cannot see, or feel, or weigh, or measure them. What form shall we give to the principle of gravity which keeps all things material in order and saves the universe from anarchy. That immaterial power steadies our tottering steps in infancy and saves us from death every moment of existence.

Electricity, owning no material parent, is now a ready Ariel to work for us in the ordinary drudg-

ery of life and is fast taking the place of the slower and weaker agency of steam. She has been so short a time our servant and so ethereal and versatile are the few traits of her character that we have ascertained that we now tremble as we guess at her secrets lest she suddenly cease to be the slave of the ring and loom up the giant that shall destroy us.

Chemistry, whose subtle analysis has unlocked a world unknown to mechanical research and whose compounds are banishing coarser and clumsier accessories of life, points unerringly to still more attenuated ministrations to human wants, which are growing more and more refined with the advance of the ages. The mysterious ether that fills all space and surrounds all the worlds, whose qualities and functions are only guessed at, may hide possibilities of human help as the spiritual faculties are developed.

Unexpected disturbances in the order of departments, supposed to be fixed and invariable, lead to the supposition, if not the discovery of new agencies at work, whose laws learned by recurrence lead to enlarged fields of knowledge and usefulness. The horizon of human vision is ever enlarging.

May we not expect the period when somewhere, on the ever widening circumference of that concentric circle whose centre is

Eden and whose last coil is fastened to the throne of the Majesty on high, may be found the explanation to the problem of the union of mind to matter. 30

Mind, in the abstract, is spiritual. None can see it, or handle it, or bind it. It is distinct from matter, but we only recognize the human mind in union with a human body.

"The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

Here were two distinct exertions of creative power, the making of a body and the union with it of a soul. St. Paul says "there is a spiritual body and there is a natural body," and the natural, he says, was first.

The natural body is an inanimate lump. The creator breathes upon it and life uniting with it makes the perfect product—a living soul.

How this adorable work of the father is accomplished no mortal will ever know seeking with all

the physical means at his command.

What is allowed to be known and what the father fails to disclose will not be known to humanity, but when in the time appointed, we revert to the innocence of Eden and our vision is cleared from the obscurity attendant upon sin, we shall know more fully of God's providence than now and be fitted to increase more rapidly day by day.

The true aim of education is to adapt all the means that are placed within our reach to the perfecting of that reversion to primitive purity which was Adam's before the fall.

But if deserting the field of spiritual lore, our minds are disciplined for the arena of selfishness which grasps only at wealth or worldly humor, by so much as we are gifted in powers for influence, by so much do we retard the spiritual advance of man, and postpone the day of his deliverance from all the ills of sin.

Elizabeth City, N. C.

A TALE OF ATSINIOTA.

There was something strange about her,—there had always been from the time she first landed in Atsiniota from a passing vessel that wild winter night ten years before. She lived alone in a little two-story house close by the grove of orange and oleander trees which shades the gray cement walls of the "Sailors' Retreat," the one hotel of the island. As she spoke only in Spanish her words had but little meaning to the simple townsmen. Only Alice, the old Spanish cook, whom Mrs. Slimmer had long employed in the village inn, could converse with her. She called the strange lady Senora Maretta. And so by that name the people became accustomed to speak of the tall, well-dressed woman of three or four and twenty, who came to the market occasionally, or, in the evening walked alone on the sheltered beach of Goose Cove. Her complexion was fair for a Spaniard. "Too fair," a revenue officer said, who once saw her as she passed the Sailors' Retreat. But of her birth and home she never spoke, and the good fisherwives at length ceased to wonder and only looked with pity on the sad young woman who spent most of her time indoors with her

books. Sometimes she sang softly to herself, and an old sailor who lived near said that her songs were not always Spanish ballads.

Ten years had passed since the schooner "Mable" had set ashore its strange passenger, and now the Senora lay sick. Mrs. Slimmer and the faithful Alice tenderly supplied all her wants, but the doctor said that she must die. When the sick woman was told that her end was near she asked for pencil and paper, and after a little time handed Alice a note, saying: "Read this when I am gone." But the Senora did not die, and in a few weeks was well and again treading the path of her strange, quiet life.

Some months after this a schooner came into the harbor slowly towing the hull of a vessel which had been found drifting in the Gulf stream. Near the foot of a condemned wharf, out of the way of passing vessels, the old waterlogged wreck was anchored. Apparently years had passed since a sailor had trodden her deck, or a pilot stood at her wheel. Barnacles and sea-moss covered her bottom. Her masts were gone, the rudder had long been unshipped. The hatch was partly open. Through this the rain of

many seasons had fallen, and what cargo she may have contained was now covered with water. On either side of the prow was the name of the ill-fated ship, the "Elizabeth Batty"—long years an aimless wanderer, tempest-tossed on the ocean, but now permitted to ride out her few remaining days in a quiet harbor.

The writer was one day rambling about her deck trying to think what could have caused the crew to desert a pretty craft like this, when he noticed a rusty piece of steel sticking in the stub of a mast. It appeared to be the end of a machete blade that had been driven into the wood with great force and broken. Here was something unexpected and interesting. Had the blow been struck at the time the ship was abandoned? I passed to the officer's cabin. The door was gone, the hinges showed that it had been burst from its position. There was a furrow in the door facing that had been made by a bullet, for the leaden missile was still lodged in the wood. The carpet that had covered the floor remained only here and there, for the roof had partially fallen in and exposed it to the elements.

Turning to leave the apartment my eye caught the gleam of a gold object in a crack opened by the warping floor. It was a small gold locket, such as men some-

times suspend from their watch chains. The ring with which it had been attached was wrenched open. In my room I examined the locket. It contained the picture of a young woman of perhaps twenty years. No name, no date, simply the picture of a fair face—the sole guardian, perhaps, of her lover's ship—doubtless the talisman which had kept the barge so long afloat. I related my experience to the landlady and showed her my discovery. I had arrived in Atsiniota but a few weeks before and had seen the Senora only once. I was much amazed, therefore, when the landlady exclaimed that the picture was the exact likeness of her Spanish neighbor as she looked ten years before.

The next morning there was a stranger at breakfast. He had arrived in the night, nobody knew how or from whence. He was a man of perhaps five and thirty years, a little below the average stature, and was clean shaven. He wore a light checked coat and tan shoes. His eyes, which he fixed on me for a moment as I took my seat at the table, were a cold gray, and somehow made me feel uncomfortable beneath their searching glance. He gave his name as Fairchild; said his business was that of a lumberman, and that he was looking for a place to locate a cedar mill. He talked

but little, and soon after breakfast left the nouse.

That evening, as I was strolling down the condemned wharf toward the place where the "Elizabeth Batty" lay, I saw a man descend from her side and advance along the walk. It was Mr. Fairchild. I spoke to him about the strange craft and how I should like to know its history. He showed but little interest and was about to pass on, when, to arouse some concern on his part for the old wreck, I showed him the locket and told him where I had found it. Interest showed itself at once, but was quickly curbed. He remarked that it was certainly curious, and asked if I would sell it for any price. Upon receiving a negative response, he looked at the picture once more, handed it back with a keen, searching look at me, and without a word, strode on towards the hotel. That night he was not at supper.

About ten o'clock I retired, but found it impossible to sleep. After an hour of fruitless effort I arose and dressed. The broad upper veranda offered a tempting place for reflection. As I stepped through my window I thought I caught a glimpse of some one moving among the trees of the grove. With feet on the railing I sat looking out over the sleeping town to the gulf beyond. The night was still, only a slight breeze

from the ocean sighed through the branches of the orange and oleander trees, and whispered to them tales of other lands. The plaintive sobbing of the tide from the neighboring beach was scarcely audible.

At the foot of the wharf lay the Elizabeth Batty dimly outlined against the sea beyond, silent, mysterious, unclaimed. Who was her former master? For what voyage were her sails last spread? Had she been a peaceful merchant vessel rifled by a pirate, or had she been a pirate and the victim of a mutinous crew? Why was Mr. Fairchild aboard her, and why did he wish to buy the locket? How came the locket to contain the picture of Senora Maretta? These and other questions busied my brain for hours. One thing I determined, that on the morrow with Alice for interpreter I would seek the Senora, show her the locket and ask for an explanation. Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by blinding flash on the harbor, followed by the sound of a heavy explosion. A vessel had been torn into a thousand pieces—the Elizabeth Batty had been destroyed. There were voices in the street below. Crowds were hurrying to the wharf; I joined them. There was but little to see. Wreckage scattered about on the water, with one or two excited boatmen rowing here and

there. There was but little sleep the rest of the night in Atsiniota. As I came down to breakfast next morning I was met by the landlady, who cried out that Senora Maretta was dead. Alice had gone over to her cottage on a little errand, had received no response to her knock and on opening the door had found the Senora lying dead upon the floor. Tenderly we raised the lifeless form. The purple marks on her throat showed where the murderer had grasped his victim. Alice suddenly thought of the Senora's letter, written months before and soon brought it to Mrs Slimmer. It contained a few lines, written in English, saying that there was a false bottom to her trunk, in

which was a small box, containing her few valuables and an account of her life. We opened the trunk, the false bottom was raised—the box was gone.

They buried her by a rose tree in the little cemetery.

Mr. Fairchild was never seen or heard of again. Months afterward an anonymous letter came to the village sexton, from a Northern city. It contained a check and description for a tombstone to be raised above her head. To-day, if you visit the little city by the Southern Gulf and wander to the cemetery, you may find, swept by the long sea grass, a simple headstone, bearing the inscription "Elizabeth Batty."

'97.

ON PURITAN SOIL.

BY MARY O. LAMB.

Cape Cod, the bare and bended arm of Massachusetts, with the shoulder at Buzzards Bay, the elbow at Cape Mallebaire, the wrist at Truro and the sandy fist at Provincetown, guarding her bay on the one side and battling with the Atlantic on the other, is a sandy, and for most part, bare country, with only a little scrubby wood left on the hills. There are tracts of land set thickly with Scotch or pitch pines which is

said to be the only use to which such tracts can be profitably put. Many of the hills which the traveller sees before him are covered only with *Hudsonia tomentosa*, a moss-like plant commonly called "poverty grass" because it grows where nothing else will. The apple trees are either narrow and high with flat tops like exposed plum bushes or dwarfed and branching immediately at the ground like quince bushes. The

fruit of a whole orchard could be gathered by a man standing on the ground, though he could hardly creep beneath the tree. There are trees twenty years old that are only three and a half feet high, spreading five feet each way at six inches from the ground. There are others not larger than currant bushes, yet the owner said they had borne a barrel and a half of apples that season. The largest tree in the neighborhood (of Truro) is nine feet high and spreads thirty-three feet, branching at the ground five ways. When one remembers that the Cape is swept by merciless wind-storms which half bury the houses with sand he can see what a provision it is that their fruit trees cling closely to the bosom of "Mother Earth." It is noticeable that the trees are so often covered with a yellow rust-like lichen, *Parmelia parietina*, also that the trees will not grow within a mile of the ocean.

As a rule here, plants have little leaf or stalk but run remarkably to seed.

Growing corn looks like our pop-corn, though one farmer says he can raise forty bushels to the acre without fertilizing and sixty with it. As for myself I must say that I have not yet witnessed the maturity of the crop, therefore I am not prepared to believe it.

The most foreign and pictu-

resque structures are the wind-mills — gray-looking octagonal towers, with long timbers slanting to the ground in the rear, there resting on a cart wheel by which their fans are turned round to face the wind. Sailors making land either steer by the wind-mills or meeting houses as there are no tall trees or other objects which can be seen at a distance.

Thoreau says of the sand: "It is a great enemy here. The tops of some hills are enclosed and a board put up forbidding all persons entering the enclosure lest their feet should disturb the sand and set it a blowing or a sliding." The sand drifts like snow and sometimes the lower story of the houses are concealed by it. There was a school house just under the hill on which we sat filled with sand up to the tops of the desks. Perhaps they had imprudently left the windows open one day, or neglected to mend a broken pane. It is said at one time the inhabitants were warned by law to plant beach-grass (to hold the sand) as elsewhere they are warned to repair the high-ways.

Now, if we can imagine the houses to be low, flat structures, a story and a half high, with the roof coming more than half way down the side and painted red, and the large chimney in the middle we shall have some idea of the cape. But we must not

forget that here everything tells of the sea, even when we do not see its waste or hear its roar.

For birds there are gulls, and for carts in the field there are boats turned bottom upward against the houses, and sometimes the rib of a whale is woven into the fence by the roadside or a joint of the backbone for a flower stand or a conch shell for a flower pot.

With this general idea of "The Cape" we will take a look at Dennis in particular. Dennis is situated on the inner side of the "arm" between the shoulder and elbow. What has been said of the cape generally is true of Dennis to a less extent.

To quote our same author: "While we were stopping at Dennis we ventured to put our heads out of the windows to see where we were going and saw rising before us through the mist singular barren hills, all stricken with 'poverty grass,' looming up as if they were in the horizon, though they were close to us, and we seemed to have got to the end of the land on that side, notwithstanding that the horses were still headed that way. Indeed that part of Dennis which we saw was an *exceedingly barren and desolate country for which I can find no name*: such a surface perhaps as the bottom of the sea made dry land day before yesterday. There was hardly a tree in sight, but

here and there a little weather stained, one-storied house, with a red roof—for often the roof was painted, though the rest of the house was not—standing bleak and cheerless yet with a broad foundation to the land. There were almost no trees in this part of Dennis, nor could I learn that they talked of setting out any. It is true there was a meeting house set round with Lombardy poplars in a hollow square, the rows fully as straight as the studs of a building and the corners as square; but if I mistake not every one of them was dead. I could not help thinking that they needed a revival here. But taking Dennis as a whole we liked it well, better than any town we had seen on the cape, it was so *novel*, and in that stormy day so *sublimely dreary*." Thus wrote H. D. Thoreau from a stage coach one stormy October day in 1849.

Very different it looks to me this clear midsummer day as I sit on "Scargo Hill," the highest point of land on the cape, overlooking the beautiful little Lake Scargo upon whose bosom once played the gentle Nobscussets with as little thought of danger as the little herrings that now gambol in its waters by the thousands, yet upon its banks they now sleep the gentle sleep from which no rude sounds awaken while their spirits rest

with the God whom the "pale face" taught them to serve. Looking beyond this we see the village, a perfect poem of peaceful beauty which is lulled by the gentle music of the bay, which ever sings to her gently as the mother to the babe, with never a harsh or discordant sound. Surely if Thoreau could stand here to-day and see Dennis with her quaint old fashioned cottages, now revelling in a coat of pure white paint, peeping from ample shade, beneath whose boughs hangs the never failing hammock inviting you to *rest—rest—and* listen to the song of the sea in which there is no surge, no storm, nothing but *rest*. No more could he call it "*sublimely dreary*."

When I think of the "noble red men" who here lived and loved and so freely *gave* himself and all that he had; of the early settler who struggled against every adverse circumstance that he might secure that freedom for which his soul panted; of the scores of the "bravest and best" whom the sea has claimed for her own, I feel like saying, "tread lightly, 'tis sacred soil."

The Nobsussett Indians owned this particular part of the Cape. They were uniformly kind to the English receiving them with open arms, and sustaining them through their early trials with their grain and fish.

The subjection of the Indians was an easy matter. "Manifest destiny" decreed that the strong should subdue the weak and none seemed to appreciate the fact more than the Indians themselves. Some of them became slaves, and 'tis said that Mr. Cotton, the minister, sold the services of his Indian, Saxuant, with as little compunction as he would a negro or a bullock. The whites seemed to have exercised their authority humanely and wisely, allowing the Indians the use of such lands as were needful for agriculture, for residence and fire-wood.

Intemperance had much to do with their decline in numbers. Their love for it was such that they would sacrifice anything for rum. A story is told of an Indian who was asked by a deacon how he liked a certain preacher who often preached to the Indians. He answered, "Mr. Stone one very good preacher, but he preach too much about rum. When he no preach about rum Indian think nothing 'bout it, but when he tells me how Indian love rum and how much they drink, then I think how good it is and think no more 'bout the sermon. My mouth waters all the time so much for rum."

There were among the white settlers several who devoted themselves zealously to the work of Christianizing the Indians and

were remarkably successful. It was reported at one time that the number of "praying Indians" were one hundred and ninety-one, and that there were six wigwams that belonged to the church. The following story shows their piety and devotion: Deacon Rider lost some turkeys and very naturally suspected his Indian neighbors, as he was not well acquainted with them. He rode into their village very early in the morning, tied his horse in the woods and walked in silence to the door of one of the wigwams where he stopped a moment and found that the Indian was at prayer. He passed on without disturbing the pious occupant to another wigwam. The head of this family was piously engaged in the same manner. He felt ashamed of himself, but thought he would try once more. He did so, and this time it was Deacon Nanhaught. To his astonishment he found him offering the morning sacrifice in the midst of his family. Deacon Rider was extremely mortified and ashamed of himself to think he should have suspected the poor Indians of the theft when he found them before sunrise pouring forth their morning petitions while many of their white brethren were sleeping and never named the sacred name of God unless to blaspheme.

This story of Deacon Nan-

haught is beautifully commemorated by Whittier in his poem "Nanhaught, the Deacon." Nanhaught once found a pocket book containing a quantity of money. Such were his ideas that he would not open it nor suffer any one else to until he got to a public house. *"If I were to,"* he said, *all the trees in the wood would see me and witness against me."*

Disease and civilization were fast doing their work for the Indians, and in 1763 small-pox swept off nearly their entire number. In 1707 there was one wigwam occupied by a negro and a squaw. And all that now remains to tell of their existence is the little inclosure in which they rest upon the banks of beautiful Scargo Lake, their requiem ever sung by its murmuring waters, their monument old Scargo Hill.

In August, 1638, the Colony Court of Plymouth granted leave to Stephen Hopkins "to erect a house at *Matacheese* and cut hay to winter his cattle, provided it be not to withdraw him from the town of Plymouth." He was one of the Mayflower company. In the same year came Gabriel Wheldon and Gregory Armstrong, and many others, the descendants of whom now form the population of Dennis.

Of their early life as a colony, of the church with its fort, of their Blue Laws, of their religious dif-

ferences it is not my province to speak, tho' it is all very interesting and necessary to a true understanding of these people. The fact that they were, (with one exception) kindly disposed toward the Quakers is worthy of mention. This sect found a home with them and built a church which is kept up at present.

In one part of the village, with more picturesque surroundings, is a more pretentious dwelling of better dimensions, having the chimney in the middle. On either side of the front door are two windows above and below and one above the door. The roof lacks the proverbial slant for which cape houses are noted, except on the back where it slants sufficient to cover what is known in old houses as the shed, which is an extension of the house proper, but is only one story in height. From this an L extends a few feet. This house is surrounded by Lombardy poplars interspersed with various flowering shrubs and fruit trees each growing in nature's own way. The lawn is a beautiful green which stretches away into a meadow of the old-fashioned kind, which has the button-wood, the tall rushes, cat-tails and meadow pinks upon its bosom. (This meadow was once used for ship-building.) Upon the east is an old-fashioned garden with its

picket fence, and on the west is the orchard.

This house is dressed in "hoddenden gray," never having had a coat of paint except the blinds, which were green, and yet we feel that it is a house for "a' that and a' that," for it was the home of Robert Dennis, the "beloved pastor," for whom the town was named. It requires no long stretch of the imagination to fancy the poundings, sewing circles, the social teas, and perchance the marriage at the parsonage, in which the brave young sailor led proudly to the altar his old sweetheart at school. Then our fancy wanders a little farther down the road to the little church, and we see a company of pale, sad-faced women in sable robes assembled there listening as best they can for weeping to the consolations of this "Father in Israel" who gently reminds them that all His chastenings in love have come and the bride of one year is there, for "the brave sailor lad" went down with many others whom the sea has claimed for its own. For do not the grave-stones of Dennis each year proclaim the old heart-rending story of "Here lies ———, drowned at sea." And in the memorable gale of 1841 twenty-eight of the brave of Dennis found watery graves. And only last year the baby boy

of the village carpenter met a like
death on the "ill-fated Elbe."
A noble lad was he, the pride of

the village, and the trusted mail
agent on the vessel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HALL AND CAMPUS.

THE JUNIOR BANQUET —Perhaps the most dignified as well as the most joyous gathering of students at Guilford this term was the night of February 22d, when the classes of '96 and '97 met in the College parlor in social intercourse. President Hobbs, as an honored guest, was present, and added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. Tapestryed with curtains, decorated with evergreen and adorned with paintings, the banquet hall received its guests. For an hour and a half the feast was continued. As course after course was served, the spirits of the company glowed with pleasure and good will.

Mr. Joseph Blair, the toast-master, then took up the program of toasts. President Hobbs responded in a happy manner to "Co-Education." The Seniors were saluted in an address by Miss Bertha White, the president of the Junior Class, to which the president of the Seniors, Miss Addie Wilson, responded. Then followed toasts by a number of others present. O. P. Moffit, '97, did honor to our illustrious dead, the anniversary of whose birthday

was just drawing to a close. Miss Mollie Roberts, '96, read the "Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class." In this it was found that to the Juniors they had bequeathed their "dignity, responsibility and influence," also their text books on "Logic, Philosophy, Psychology" and other studies dear(?) to the leisure loving student. The hour was late when the happy good-nights were said.

IN THE PHI. HALL ST. VALENTINE'S NIGHT.—Up two flights of stairs in Founders' marched the members of the Websterian Society. They filed into the Philagorean Hall, the door was closed, the bell tapped and the exercises begun.

Quotations from authors by each member; a pithy paper on the happenings of the week; after which was an able discussion on which profession a young person should follow, that of the physician or lawyer. Then the young men listened to a carefully prepared paper on the origin of St. Valentine's day. But the young ladies had still another treat in store for their visitors. Prettily deco-

rated cards were distributed and a game of chance was entered into.

The result was made known when Miss Annie Ragan arose and in a charming little speech presented to Mr. Walter Blair, on behalf of the Philagorean Society a handsome volume of Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, and further told him that he was to be their Valentine for the year. Thus sped the evening. Ten o'clock sounded from the tower, and the visitors went their way, every man to his own tent.

ON THE CAMPUS. — The improvement on the campus contin-

ues. The large trees west of Founders' have had many of their top branches cut out to give them space to develop a more elegant top.

The new drive to the rear of Founders' runs back of the gymnasium and is lined on either side by a row of shade trees.

Near one hundred trees of various kinds have been planted on the campus this spring. The grass is becoming better set each year. Many have claimed that the Guilford campus is unsurpassed in the State for its natural beauty and we hope to see its attractions still improved.

Y. M. C. A. ITEMS.

The membership of the Association is about as large as that of previous years. The committees are all working in a very satisfactory manner. Some general religious work is done from time to time, and regular teachers are furnished to some of the Sunday Schools of the neighborhood.

A public missionary meeting was held a short time ago at which "Armenia and Her Needs" was the subject discussed. Interesting papers were read, some of which were: "The Mohamedan Religion," "Armenia To-day," and "The Red-cross Society." These missionary meetings, which

are held each month, are occasions quite entertaining in their character, and serve at least to keep the subject of mission work before us.

The Thursday night prayer-meetings are well attended and much religious interest manifested. It is often remarked that in these gatherings the young men feel freedom and liberty of expression to an extent not experienced in other religious services at the college.

A few weeks ago Mr. Turner, the new State Secretary, was with us for a few days. He is a young man, a graduate of Vanderbilt

University, and is a typical example of the enthusiastic Association man of to-day. The addresses which he gave were delivered in a quiet, unassuming manner, and all felt the power of his deeply religious nature. The meeting which he held with the young ladies was also attended with much spiritual uplifting. We hope that in the coming State Convention to be held in Charlotte several delegates may go from Guilford, and there receive more from his life and influence.

The Association has secured some good lecturers this spring who will address the members and the public on topics of gen-

eral interest. The following gentlemen will lecture: March 20th, Prof. Thomas Hume, of the State University; the second is to be March 28th, by Prof. Joseph Holmes, State Geologist of North Carolina; the third April 11th, by Henry Lewis Smith, of Davidson College.

For various reasons it has been deemed best to adopt the model constitution as suggested by the International Committee. The principal changes are that the officers will be elected the first Wednesday in March and will continue in office for one year. The present officers have been re-elected for the ensuing year.

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MARCH, 1896.

THE recent reception of certain new subscriptions to *The Collegian* is gratifying. A longer list of subscribers we very much desire. You are not only helping yourself by taking the journal, but you are doing a favor to the many who now read it. For it is the money from our subscribers that goes a long way toward furnishing our financial support. And substantial backing we ask in order to make *The Collegian* all we desire it to be.

MEMBERS of the literary societies are to be congratulated upon the zeal with

which they are working for broader development. The varying of the programs so as to include other exercises than the regular debate, is doubtless the best plan under the circumstances. However, we deplore the fact that such conditions exist, that such action is necessary, that the students, in seeking literary work, have to crowd into the time properly belonging to debate a series, of orations, essays and the like. An effort was made by one of the societies early in the term to hold meetings semi-weekly. But the faculty would not allow the extra meeting, as study hour would be infringed on. We are still of the opinion that the "John Bright" should be revived in order to give opportunity for distinctively literary work.

WE give below a letter from Judge Albertson sent with an article prepared by him for *The Collegian*. The letter explains itself.

Enclosed I send you a communication. I do not know whether the matter is such as to commend it to the pages of *The Collegian*. If not, consign it to the waste basket. In the eternal providence it is not decreed that the masses of mankind shall forever suffer from physical privation and the attendant depreciation of mind and morals. The atonement of the Savior for original sin and the resources of nature provided by a Merciful Father are sufficient to banish sin and

suffering and in the end will accomplish the work. My mind is full of the contemplation of the glorious end, and in the essay I send you I feebly portray the means to that end.

The best wishes of an old alumnus goes to all that belongs to the Guilford School under any name.

Very truly,

I. W. ALBERTSON.

ONE of the professors, in Collection a few mornings since, spoke at length on the importance of good public sentiment among students. He gave quotations showing the action of the students in two leading institutions of our country on how their fellows should behave while on examination.

The work was done through a committee which reported any unfairness to the students at large, who at once proceeded to try the offender; if found guilty he was fined or advised to leave school. Should the student fail to comply the matter was brought before the faculty.

The plain talk and knowing hints, although the students here have a remarkably good record for honesty on examination, were doubtless of use and the way is thrown open for any action we may wish to take. There would be no difficulty we think, in uniting the students on this matter if once it is believed that some such plan is necessary. No student

should shrink from responsibility in maintaining honor at any time, nor should any one object to being watched. In what is generally understood as business life people expect to be watched, why not be watched and that carefully while a student. We believe that for our students to appoint a vigilance committee would be a good thing. There might be nothing for it to do, but the very fact that there was such a thing would be helpful. Students might learn sometime, through a little systematic watching, that they are subject to the same restraints as other people; that they can't steal or cheat with impunity any more than any other class; that it is just as wrong for one of them to steal a chicken as it is for the ignorant darkey, who is at once tried and put in jail for such an offence.

QUITE a number of the students are known to pay frequent visits to the museum and to study the different specimens of natural history aside from that required of them in regular class room work; still we are of the opinion that our cabinet is not sufficiently appreciated. The rule, so common, of paying no attention to the things that every day come in our way is too closely followed.

We are apt to think that because the museum is right here

and open to all that it is a rather common place institution after all and that we will spend our time otherwise than looking through the cases and along the crowded shelves of this storehouse of nature.

But this should not be the case. In the museum you will find rare specimens taken from all parts of the world; fossil remains from all ages of the world; and numerous representations of bird and animal life of our own time—a sufficient basis for the thorough study of natural history.

Every student should avail himself of such an opportunity. Allow yourself to become interested in such studies; they are profitable; they will teach you to think for yourself, and besides, if the students become interested the museum will also be a gainer. More collections will be sent in. Interesting and reliable information will be gotten hold of, and in that way the time will be hastened when Guilford will be recognized as an authority on subjects of Natural History.

MANY seem never to have thought that it is a duty to grow handsome; nevertheless it is, and no class of people should keep this fact more prominently before them than students. Now while at an age in which you have control of your whole development.

And to grow handsome in the highest sense of the word requires the fostering of all that is good within us and the casting out of all the evil tendencies. The face can but record the doings of the mind. If an evil thought has come into your mind it has as surely been written down upon your face. You cannot see it, perhaps; some of your associates may not see it, but those who carefully observe your countenance will read it out, and if you are continually revolving bad thoughts in your mind, if it has become a habit, you had just as well stand on the platform in King Hall and proclaim those thoughts to the faculty and students, for they will read them by the expression on your face. On the other hand the conquering of an evil in your nature will tell. The victory will be announced by that silent herald, the countenance, and just the proportion of good and evil that exists in your nature will your face make known to all with whom you come in contact. The world is quick to read this message, and it reads it correctly. This may not be an age famous for literature and art, but no time has given more study to human nature and is more capable of judging it than our own. Certainly at no time have people relied more on the appearance of a person to form a judg-

ment as to his general make up. So grow handsome; not for that in itself, but for what the growing involves, and for what the *being* will lead you to.

THE recent work on "Quakers and Slavery," by Dr. Stephen B. Weeks, is scholarly, conservative, and on the whole perfectly satisfactory. This is the verdict of many prominent Friends who have given the book a careful study. The author, in a brief introduction, speaks in general of Quakerism and incidentally calls it the Flower of Puritanism. He discusses the society on this continent while in its infancy, giving the names and brief memoirs of the lives of those who, through much persecution, made it possible for the new faith to live.

The expansion of the church is carefully noted. He gives the names of all the different Quaker meetings that have existed and still exist, and by a map shows the exact location of each. Mark-

ing those extinct and still active by different colors.

He gives at length the history of the Western migration of Friends, showing that while the church suffered greatly in the Eastern States, that it was one of the most important factors in the building up of the great North-West. The relation of Quakers to slavery is, of course, thoroughly discussed. It was the opposition of the Friends to slavery which distinguished them from all other religious bodies.

He has a chapter on the Renaissance of North Carolina yearly meeting, giving a full but conservative account of its work for education. He speaks of Guilford, placing her in the front ranks of educational institutions of the State. All the information is based on the original records of the church, and one feels a peculiar confidence in the reliability of every statement as he reads the book of 400 pages.

LOCALS.

—Measles in camp.

—Good skating recently.

—Little Mary falls into the wood-box.

—Those Spring sleeves! Arn't they immense?

—Watkins and Thompson have been called home by their parents.

—The mid-term examinations are upon us. Idle student, prepare to meet thy fate.

—The Guilford yell is in the new World's Almanac; it should have been there years ago.

—Miss Annie F. Petty, Librarian at the State Normal, recently paid a visit to her many friends at Guilford.

—During the sickness of Miss Sallie White, Miss Cornelia Roberson has taken her place at the primary school.

—Several requests have come in that we ask one or more of the students to be a little less boisterous in the dining-room.

—The rats seem to have taken Founder's by storm. An organized rat hunt, ladies, is the only thing that will relieve you.

—The residence of Mr. Willis, which has been under construc-

tion for some time, is now completed, and the family has moved therein.

—The public school about half a mile north of the college, which has been taught by James Parker, has closed. Jim had a big commencement.

—A barbarous custom of devouring raw eggs is gaining much headway at Archdale. Is it because Governor always smells them if they are cooked?

—A Junior whose memory has slightly failed him on some points of physiology told the class the other day that the skin was of two coverings, the cutis and cuticula.

—A young lady recently called for a copy of Pilgrim's Progress written in poetry. The same lady failed in a recent batch of candy, much to the regret of Messrs G. and R.

—If some of the young men who are now considered on the first ball team wish to retain their position it will probably be necessary for them to manifest a little more interest in the practice games. There are men in college who really want to play ball and those who strive the hardest usually attain the most.

—Prof. Davis did not meet his classes on Wednesday, the 4th. He was absent attending the funeral of his brother's wife, Mrs. Stephen Davis, who was buried at Deep River.

—Relative self-confidence of the classes:

Fresh—"I know it."

Soph—"Of course I know it."

Junior—"I doubt it."

Senior—"I know it not."

—We were glad to have with us for a short time a last year's Soph., Wm. McCulloch, otherwise known as "Josh Billings." Josh is looking fine and says that he and the world are on good terms.

—The new, clean base-ball suits are now to be seen every evening on the athletic field. The ladies are to have two new tennis courts. They have ordered some goods and really mean business.

—A bill appropriating \$25,000 to the erection of a statue of Gen. Greene, at the Guilford Battle Ground was recently favorably reported to the Senate. The appropriation will doubtless be made.

—On the 22nd of February Joseph Parker celebrated his 76th birthday. The big turkey was killed and many were the guests at his board. May he live to meet his friends on many succeeding birthdays.

—Barbee notes:

Whit has recovered from his illness.

Lacy has the measles and La gripp.

Mr. Barbee Sr. was on the jury last session of court.

—A student who has long walked in wisdom's ways looks pityingly down at a little under-classman and says, "Don't say, 'Take the rag off the bush,' but say rather, 'Remove the dilapidated linen from the shrubbery.'"

—'96 and '99 have refused to play out the unfinished game with '97 and '98, thus forfeiting the game. The Freshmen claim that the Sophs. have never defeated them, as stated in last issue, and will play them a game soon.

—The College farm is in fine shape, oats and wheat fields are green. The ground is broken for corn and potatoes are being planted. Mr. Knight has recently cleared up the piece of woods which joined the pond on the west.

—On behalf of those who drink milk at the College we protest against the use of that new machine at the dairy barn. It takes all the cream out of the milk before it ever reaches the house. We want rich milk again, we do.

—"Southern Quakers and Slavery" the latest work of Stephen B. Weeks is out and several copies are now at the College. The

book has been highly recommended by prominent Friends who have examined its contents. It is doubtless the most complete work ever issued on Southern Quakers.

—Sounds that cause our hair to rise:

Greenfield groaning over his Greek.

The racket in the bath room boiler when the water is heated.

The voice of the stolen cookies crying from Joel's pocket.

—Mr. Schanch, '95, of Roanoke College, has been in the neighborhood for several days. He is general agent for a northern publishing house. We understand that Ed. Taylor and Whit Barbee will each travel for him on a guaranteed salary of \$50 per month.

—While out walking near here the other day two of the young men made an interesting discovery. Seeing a bone protruding from the edge of a gully they dug and found a complete skeleton, together with charcoal, sea shells, a number of small beads and an arrow point—but no tomahawk or war-whoop.

—March 21st and 22nd is the date set for the District Convention of the Christian Endeavor Society which will be held at Guilford. Rev. Thaeler, of Winston, who is the President of the State organization, is expected to

be present and address the Convention. It might be of interest to note that this is the first gathering of the Endeavors in any district. An enjoyable time is expected.

—A shipment of books has recently been received for the Dr. Mendenhall Memorial Library. They partake mostly of the character of Biblical History. Among them we notice the following works of Max Müller:

"Anteropological Religion."

"India." "The Four Gospels in Syriac."

"Origin of Religion."

"Natural Religion."

—The following program was executed at the recent Athletic Entertainment:

- I. Instrumental Solo.
Miss Flete Brown.
- II. Debate—Question, Resolved that the world do move.
Aff: Waldo Woody.
Neg: Wilson Carroll.
- III. Quartette—"The Sailor's Song."
- IV. Declamation Chas. W. Sapp.
- V. The Sentinel—Joseph Blair.
- VI. Vocal Solo—Tom Roberts.
- VII. Dialogue, "Courtship under difficulties."

At the close of the program refreshments were served and a neat sum was realized. The proceeds go for the promotion of athletics.

—Some time ago the following notice appeared on one of the room doors at Archdale:

"1. We have no matches, no

kindling wood, nothing to eat, no books, straps, strings, nails or anything else you want; we don't care to stroll and we don't want to go to the store.

2. Your joke is funny but we do not want to hear it; we are not going to sport Saturday night, we have no note paper and don't care to know who you are going with.

3. We don't know where Tom is; whether the mail has come or not, therefore we have no stamps.

4. My room mate is not in,

neither am I; come some other day."

Now there is more truth than poetry in the wishes of the gentlemen whose words are given above. A college loafer, hanger-on, always lying around in some fellow's room; in short, an all-round dead-beat, is an object under whose afflicting presence we all grow prematurely gray. We hope that if anyone of the above class reads these brief lines they may stop for a moment and think of what a bore they are to humanity.

PERSONALS.

Samuel Pickett is farming near Burlington.

Robt. Blair is proving himself a good farmer.

Will Cook assists his father in his store at Pomona.

Mahlon H. Cox is tending Prof. Davis farm on Deep River.

Gertrude Smith closed her school at Muirs' Chapel the 4th.

Carl Wheeler is in partnership with a Mr. Pearson, handling horses.

B. B. Hauser is complimented by a schoolmate as one of the brightest of his class in the Medical College of Baltimore where he is a student.

Henrietta Hatch, now Mrs. Hardy, is living at Comfort, Jones County.

Cyrus Cox is employed in the mail service of the C. F. & Y. V. Railroad.

Earnest Benbow, commonly known as "Peck," is in school at Oak Ridge.

Fowell B. Hill, spent the winter in Carthage, Ind., recruiting his health.

E. Clark Mendenhall, of Deep River, was a student here for several years. He entered in '76.

Nellie Wheeler, of Winston, is visiting her friend and schoolmate, Margaret Holmes, of Albertsville, Ga.

S. E. Coltrane was called from school on account of his father's sickness to have oversight of the farm.

John Stanley and family have sold out and moved to California. The community is sorry to loose them.

Laura Cox made her friends at the College a farewell visit. She will soon move with her father to Kansas.

Albian Winslow is assisting his brother in performing the duties of Register of Deeds of Randolph County.

Harry Thornton was recently married to Miss Georgia Lampman, of Greensboro. *The Collegian* extends best wishes.

Allen Jordan, who has been engaged in the lumber business at Ryland, N. C., has emigrated north with larger business views.

Ellen Woody has closed the school she was teaching in the western part of the State and returned to her home at Saxapahaw.

S. H. Hodgin had the pleasure of seeing at the Newberne Fair

his old schoolmates Gus Foscue, Richard and Florence Kennedy.

Cora Anthony and John Lowe joined their fates for life on the evening of the 5th of March. The best wishes of *The Collegian* are theirs.

Lieutenant Douglas Settle and bride are visiting friends in Greensboro. His alma mater extends congratulations for his recent marriage.

Friends of Joseph Moore, of Earlliam College, celebrated his sixteenth birthday on the 29th of last month. Several letters of congratulation were sent from here.

We are sorry to chronicle the death of Roxana Davis which occurred the third of this month at her home at Deep River. *The Collegian* extends sympathy to the bereaved.

Addison Coffin and Julia Balingier have reached the ruins of Yucatan. Uncle Addison advises the antiquarian to make his first visit to these. He thinks no place in the world contains more ruins for the extent of territory than Yucatan.

EXCHANGES.

There seems nowadays to be two sources of literary inspiration: fullness of mind and emptiness of pocket.—*J. R. Lowell.*

One of the things that attracted our attention in the last *Bachelor of Arts* is its offer of a prize of \$125 to any one of its undergraduate subscribers for the best orig-

inal short story of college life. An incentive to the story writing which is becoming so popular in almost all of our college magazines.

"An optimist is a man who has sound health and is a stranger to ideas."—*Yale Lit.*

THE SAME OLD GIRL.

"Where are you going, my pretty lad?"
 "I'm going a-milking, miss," he said.
 "May I go with you, my pretty lad?"
 "Yes, if you wish, kind Miss," he said.
 "And what is your name?" asked the blushing lad.
 "I'm the new woman," she proudly said.
 "How new might you be?" asked the pretty lad.
 "That's none of your business, sir," she said.

—*The University Cynic.*

"MY LORD, THE SUN."

The forests sway and homage pay,
 As, rising from an eastern sea
 Of rosy cloud the sun shines proud;
 Largess of light he scatters free,
 And showers around with glory crowned,
 His rich regalia royalty.

Lo! gray cloud-foes his path oppose,
 The monarch Sun of flight is fain;
 In mist chained fast, his splendor past,
 He spreads imploring rays in vain.
 The face of Day, his queen, droops gray,
 Tear-stained with drops of falling rain.

—*The Wellesley Magazine.*

A POET.

Through long years sought he poet's fame,
And Fame was coy as Woodland elf,
The song that glorified his name,
He did not sing—it sang itself.

—*The Bachelor of Arts.*

THE BIRTH OF THE WHITE VIOLET.

I know a place where the violet blows,
A shadowy, silent dell,
And only the stream beside me knows,
This spot where the violets dwell.

'Tis a nook where twilight fancies hide
And sleepy shadows dream ;
Where only the pale-eyed violets guide
The footsteps of the stream.

—*Brown Magazine.*

HOMER.

That conjuring name doth change the centuries
And the enchanted pagan world restore !
Old Triton and the Naiades sport before
Poseidon's chariot storming down the seas.
Pan blows his mellow reed, and to the breeze
The nautilus unfurls his sail once more ;
While silver voices wake the waters o'er
'Mid asphodels on Anthemusia's leas.

I hear the Odyssey and Iliad rise
With deeper rhythm than that of Chios' surge ;
And there upon the blue Ægean's verge,
Unchanging while the centuries increase,
After three thousand years before me lies
The unveiled shore of old sea-cinctured Greece.

—*College Message.*

Life is a spider's web, and Death the center ;
 Each thread that runneth out, some pet ambition,
 Whereon some fool, becoming a dissenter
 From current views, and troubling some tradition,
 Is but the sooner for his striving hurried
 To Death, the spider, key to the enigma ;
 So comes it then to pass that those who worried
 The unknown God do but receive a stigma
 And are soon brought to meet their latter end :
 Mark you now, some there are that 'scape, being quiet ;
 And now, I tell you as an honest friend,
 Your best plan is to take this scheme and try it ;—
 So then, I counsel you to choose some by-way,
 Be still, nor even stir upon a highway.

—Cynic.

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HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a various language."

No one has communed more earnestly with nature, nor interpreted her various language more intelligently than Henry David Thoreau, who on a quiet sunny July day in 1817 first saw the light of this world. It was Concord, that hallowed place to all Americans, that had the initial distinction of being his birthplace. There, in a quaint old-fashioned house, surrounded by green meadows and beautiful orchards, the first few months of his life were spent. His parents becoming dissatisfied, spent several years away from Concord, part of which were in Boston where Henry went to school. But after an absence of five years they returned to Concord and remained there the rest of their lives, little dreaming that the name of Thoreau and Concord were destined in after

years to become intimately and inseparably associated. On one side there was French blood in his veins, and on the other Puritan. Thus it was the wild, untamable French nature in him that made him turn with such zest and genius to the aboriginal—a dash of gray wolf that stalked through his ancestral folk-lore; and it was the Puritan element in him—strong, grim, unyielding, almost heartless, that held him to such high and austere ideals.

Perhaps there are few who are acquainted through photograph, portrait, or written description, with Thoreau's spare visage, eagle nose, and piercing, watchful eye. His features were of the swarthy Norman cast, and his figure alert, but not graceful. In size and stature he has been compared to such a man as Julius Caesar might have been. The kindly expression of the eye and the sweet but firm curves of the mouth classes

him among the sympathetic and humanity loving. He was a man so thoroughly devoted to principle and to his own aims in life, that he never seemed to have spent one idle moment, and always demanded the highest and best from others as well as from himself. When asked what errand he had to society and mankind he confessed that he felt mean. "Undoubtedly I did not feel mean without a reason, and yet my loitering is not without a defense. I would fain communicate the wealth of my life to men, would really give them what is most precious in my gift. I would secrete pearls with the shell-fish, and lay up honey with the bees for them. I would sift sunbeams for the public good. I know no riches I would keep back." The after years of his life proved these words to be true. He gave the world the bravest and best there was in him, the Pearls of his life. Thoreau's character was an extreme product of nature, and was more or less isolated from his surroundings. He placed himself far beyond the coast-line that bounds most lives.

In writing of Thoreau we cannot criticise him, for we would fain accept him as he was, analyzing and adjusting him into his proper place just as we would any other product of nature. There were greater men among his con-

temporaries, but there could hardly have been one more sincere and genuinely natural. To all he was ever the same except when surrounded by his silent friends in the quiet woods and sunny meadows of Concord, then would his face light with enthusiasm and joyousness. This "Poet Naturalist" laughed with Nature in her joyous moods, coaxed her into gaiety when sad, and followed her into places never trodden before by any human being. Here he gazed on Nature's naked loveliness, and with keen vision and divine perseverance solved her most sacred mysteries. Fortunate was he who was an accepted companion on his long strolls through the woods and along the shores of Walden Pond, for often would he say when someone begged this privilege: "I do not know; there is nothing so important to me as my walk; I have no walks to throw away on company." But a rare treat was in store for those who did gain this privilege. "His powers of conversation," says one who was thus favored, "were extraordinary. I remember being surprised and delighted at every step with revelations of laws and significant attributes in common things. * * * The acuteness of his senses was marvelous, no hound could scent better, and he could hear the most faint and distant sound

without even laying his ear to the ground like an Indian. As we penetrate farther and farther into the woods he seemed to gain a certain transformation, and his face shone with a light that I had not seen in the village."

We often say that the outlines of a profile are strong, or weak and broken. The outlines of Thoreau's moral nature were strong and noble, but the direct face-to-face expression of his character was not always pleasing, not always human. He appears best in profile, when looking away from you—looking towards nature and not man. He combined rare strength of will with a strangely sensitive and delicate nature. He was of the Opposition, and had a constitutional No in him that could not be tortured into a Yes. The abhorrence of all sensuality or grossness showed itself in his words, "I wish to live as tenderly and daintily as one would pluck a flower." Yet he was an expert in all out-door exercises, and lived as plain and severe as any of our Puritan forefathers.

His friendships were rare, probably because he demanded so much and gave so little. The very value he put upon them was the chief difficulty he had in keeping them, but if he was too cold for human friendships, he turned to nature where all was warmth and feeling. He was a

civilized man who never found a home among civilization. It seems strange that a man with so much wildness in his nature never sowed any wild oats, but his very isolation was his defence. His genius would not bear the rough usage of the world.

Thoreau's friendship and intercourse with Emerson had much to do with rounding up and shaping the asperities of his character. He has been called "Emerson's best pupil." It is true he may have been a little too near his friend Emerson and yielded too much to his influence, still he was just as positive a fact as Emerson, and made a strong impress upon his fellow men. But the largeness of Emerson was painfully lacking in Thoreau, and the quiet recluse got from his library and occasional walks across the fields a forbearance and charity that his pupil failed to imbibe in his long draughts of country air, and constant communing with nature's silent voices. But every one is thankful that he got so near nature's heart and described her in such simple and poetic words. "He peered into Walden Pond and saw more than a straight stick bent in a pool."

His love and sympathy for children is the theme for many a pleasant story of his life in Concord. He was the happy and skillful leader of huckleberry par-

ties, and on such occasions his entertaining powers knew no bounds. He would tell them of the Indians who once lived thereabouts, search for arrowheads and other relics of an almost forgotten race, and weave around them wondrous tales, till the children would startle at a noise, and almost expect to see a red man peep out from behind some bush or tree.

His life at Walden Pond was begun on Independence Day, 1845, rather significant for such a departure from the customs and habits of those about him. His description of the bean field makes one almost decide to hoe beans the rest of his life. He takes one of the common things of life and idealizes it and magnifies it into something divine. He says: "When my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and to the sky, and was an accompaniment to my labor which yielded an instant and immeasurable crop." There is an idea prevalent somewhere that Thoreau lived a hermit all his life, but his stay at Walden Pond was only a brief period. He took long tramps to Canada, Cape Cod and the Maine woods, and we have voluminous records of his travels. His wants were few and simple, and his eccentricities were genuine and not assumed.

His writings compose nine volumes, the most famous being "Walden" and "Cape Cod." Behind these descriptions is a mind observant and thoughtful, trained by a certain discipline learned at college, and a decent culture gained by much reading.

Was he a poet? Yes, in thought and feeling. He was too much a poet to forget the ideal behind the real, the soul of things; and too much a naturalist to forget the habit of accurate observation. His few poetic utterances have been upon nature's lowest and commonest things. Well might he have said to the streams and forests of Concord, to its flora and fauna: "A chiel's amang ye, takin' notes." The Transcendental movement in New England found a ready response in Thoreau, and his life at Walden was a living example of its doctrines. Some of his best and most congenial friends were found here. This common mind brought them into a closer bond of friendship. Some one has called Thoreau a "skulker," but to those who know him best this term would seem averse.

The world has a right to the best that there is in a man, knowledge from the scholar, wisdom from the statesman, good husbandry from the farmer, and virtue from all; but it has not the right arbitrarily to say who shall

be scholars, farmers, statesmen, poets, etc. Then who can say that the world did not receive the best from Thoreau? "Is there no virtue but virtue? no salt but that which is crystallized? and no religion but in creeds?" Emerson's words of an obscure poet might be applied to Thoreau: "Deep, true and simple, your audience should be large."

The American people are slowly recognizing the power there was in him, and his fame is slowly increasing as it was bound to do, for it was only in the bud at the time of his death, the leaf and flowering are yet, perhaps not in years to come.

A. F. P., '94.

THE APPLE IN FABLE AND STORY.

Frequently has the melodious warble of the bird been the inspiration of human song, and many have been the times since the command, "Consider the lilies," that the exquisite grace and beauty of the flowers have been voiced by human lips.

To the non-evolutionist the forbidden fruit of Eden's garden had more to do with the destiny of mankind than any other of Nature's productions. Though Christian art has so persistently designated this fruit as the apple, yet we have no scriptural proof to bear us out in such belief. The botanist has declared that he has found the identical fruit and has named it Adam's Apple. The peculiar indenture upon the surface, he affirms to be a perpetuation of that made by the teeth of our great progenitors as they took the

curse-attendant bite—that bite of which "earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat, sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe that all was lost," and which, when repeated, "earth trembled from her entrails as again in pangs, and nature gave a second groan, the sky cowered, and muttering thunder, some sad drops wept, a completing of the mortal sin original."

Leaving the legendary period of Jewish history we find Josephus making mention of the Apples of Sodom. These are now considered well-nigh fabulous, yet they retain a place in our literature as a beautiful figure of speech. Some affirm that there is a fruit growing near the site of ancient Sodom which bears a strong resemblance to an orange; this, when unripe, is very nauseating, but when fully

matured, crushes almost into nothingness—fair in external appearance but bubble-like in nature.

As Milton made the story of Eve and her apple the foundation of the greatest epic of the English language, so mythology has made an apple the basis of the wonderful story of the Trojan war. Of this apple Homer and Virgil have sung in such strains as to make their names immortal.

At the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis all the gods and goddesses were assembled except Eris, or Discord. Enraged that she should thus be slighted, she sought revenge by seeking to disturb the concord of the occasion. Her purpose was most effectually accomplished in the following manner: She threw a golden apple among the guests with this inscription, "To the most beautiful." Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, and Juno, the queen of the gods, all laid claim to the treasure. Jupiter, unwilling to make a decision in so delicate a matter, sent the goddesses to Paris, a young shepherd on Mt. Ida. Each tried to influence the youth in her favor by fair promises. Minerva promised him glory and renown in war, Venus the most beautiful woman for a wife, and Juno power and riches. Paris in the exuberance of manly strength, desired the fairest wo-

man for his wife, so the golden apple was given to Venus. In the estimation of Venus Helen, the wife of Menelaus, was the fairest woman, and Paris was directed to secure her. His elopement with Helen and the war which was waged to get her back is familiar to the college student, and does not need mention here.

Not less interesting is the story of Atalanta and her three golden apples. Here Venus plays a part quite as important as in the case of Paris.

Atalanta was a maiden huntress and delighted in the chase, though in gratifying this desire she had been the innocent cause of much sorrow to Althea and her family.

Atalanta's beauty and general attractiveness made her suitors numerous. To all she put this answer, "I will be the prize of him who will conquer me in the race; but death must be the penalty of all who try and fail." One Hippomenes was appointed judge in this race, and, despite the hard conditions, many resolved to try their fate. All failed, and when Atalanta came up, invigorated by the race, and her loveliness much enhanced, Hippomenes suddenly became infatuated by her beauty and immediately proposed to test his fate.

Before beginning he implores Venus to come to his help. She, ever ready for such an emergency,

gives him three golden apples, with instruction as to their use. The race begins, and when Hippomenes finds himself losing he throws down one of his apples. Atalanta stops to pick it up and soon regains her place in the race. He drops a second apple, and she again stops and again regains her place. The goal is now not far distant, and Hippomenes throws the third apple a little aside from the track, and while Atalanta stops to get it he makes the goal and consequently wins his wife. They are perfectly happy in their union, but in their happiness they forget to thank Venus, who, to avenge so great an error, causes them to be turned into a lion and lioness.

Mythology has yet another interesting story in the apples of Hesperides. These apples were given Juno at her wedding by the goddess of the Earth, and were committed to the keeping of the daughters of Hesperus, assisted by a dragon. Of the twelve "Labors of Hercules" the securing of these apples was one, and a difficult one from the fact that he did not know where to find them. After various adventures he went to Mt. Atlas, in Africa, there to get Atlas, the father of the Hesperides, to aid him. Atlas, a Titan, was compelled to bear the world on his shoulders as a punishment for his revolt against the

gods. Hercules takes this burden while Atlas seeks and finds the apples. Atlas reluctantly assumes his burden and Hercules returns with the golden apples.

Bridging the wide gap between the creations of fancy and the pure matter of fact, we find that to Sir Isaac Newton the apple was the suggestion of the great law of gravitation, which Dr. Young terms "almost omnipotent and omnipresent." Even children are familiar with the story of Newton, who, while sitting in his garden, noticed the fall of an apple, and wondered why it did not go *up* as well as *down*, and finally evolved a fact which completely revolutionized the scientific world.

Not less interesting is the story of the apple in the struggle for the freedom of the Swiss cantons of Uri, Schwitz and Underwalden. It was the freedom-loving son of a freedom-loving father who could stand unflinching, balancing upon his head an apple, the target of his father's arrow.

The tyranny of Gesler, the deputy of the haughty Albert, who occupied the throne of the Cæsars, had been endured till longer endurance was impossible. Among liberty-loving Swiss William Tell, together with two of his friends, had planned an insurrection. Before the plans could be carried out Tell was thrown into prison, and freedom from

chains could be secured only by shooting at an apple upon his son's head. After much persuasion by the noble boy, who had perfect confidence in his father's skill, Tell drew the bow and the arrow severed the apple in twain and passed beyond the unharmed boy.

Thus have we found the apple the basis of three great epics, the material for simile and metaphor, the turning point in science and in the history of an heroic people.

JULIA S. WHITE.

SOME THINGS A COUNTRY GIRL SAW.

When a young woman from the rural districts suddenly finds herself in the midst of the metropolis of the New World her first impulses are hard to describe. She is bewildered, to say the least, because her ears and eyes are tried to the utmost. There is the rattle of innumerable carriages, trucks and drays, the clanging bells of the cable cars, the roar of the elevated trains, the noise of the whistles and the unceasing tramp of countless human feet. In the midst of this confusion she can hardly keep from crying out, "What's the matter?" as, wandering along in a listless country manner, she sees the thousands about her hurrying as if the very air were filled with cries of fire! But there's no trouble; each individual is bent on his or her own particular errand. They seem well dressed and for the most part look like respectable people, but the young woman has so often

heard the warning, "Beware of pick-pockets," and has read how pick-pockets and confidence men are sometimes very fine looking fellows, too, despite their calling, that she feels suspicious in such a crowd, and she grasps her pocket book with a vice-like grip, mentally resolving that if a pick-pocket gets her money he will have to be a good one, and the first chance she gets she relieves her pocket book of its little surplus and then breathes easier, for she knows that no man--no, not even a New Yorker--can find a woman's pocket. After this initiation she, metaphorically, pulls herself together--that is to say, gains her normal condition sufficiently to be able to look around a little to satisfy her curiosity, and to ascertain her whereabouts. Such at least is what the particular country girl did of whom we are writing.

This rural maiden had read a

good deal about New York City. She had seen pictures of the Brooklyn Bridge, City Hall and Statue of Liberty: had been shown views of Central Park, the lakes, reservoirs and Cleopatra's needle, and so she will not attempt to describe them. She has too much respect for *The Guilford Collegian* and too much consideration for its editors and readers to indulge in such superfluity.

She knew that the city of New York was for the most part built on Manhattan Island, that the said island averaged about two miles wide and fourteen miles in length, that it was bounded on the west by the Hudson River and on the east by the Harlem, that where the Hudson and the Harlem meet at the south end of the island they poured their contents into New York Bay. She knew that Spuyten Duyvil creek was the northern boundary. She had learned that much while at dear old Guilford. She had also read that old country colonists, famous for their sausages and sour-kraut, had bought the island from the Indians for about twenty-five dollars, payable in rum. Twenty-five billion would not buy it now.

The country girl who had always lived remote from great water areas had the idea that the island was low and flat just because it is an island, but such is

not the case. There is a ridge of high stony ground running nearly north and south about the center of the city, and the land slopes gently from this central divide east and west—east to the Harlem river and west toward the Hudson. This ridge, or backbone of Manhattan Island, is traversed nearly all through its course by Fifth Avenue. Hence Fifth Avenue may be called the backbone of New York City, topographically as well as financially. This avenue is nearly seven miles long, and the greater part of it is bordered with palaces, the homes of millionaires, and church edifices which are architectural creations of art. Some of them are veritable poems wrought and carved in stone.

One bright Sunday morning our rustic friend entered the vestibule of the church, and for five or ten minutes stood debating whether or not to proceed. Finally an usher saw her and invited her to a seat. Imagine her humiliation as her shabby cloak brushed a sealskin at its side. The congregation was not great in numbers, but elegant in attire. True, nature had not been lavish here in her gifts of fine forms and fair faces—she had been assisted by the modern school of beautifiers. The costumes were wonders of art, constructed of fabrics of beautiful texture and exquisite

blending of color for delicacy or richness as best suited the wearer. Some of the dresses looked as if earth, water and air had been visited for a contribution. Silk, velvet, lace, ribbon, fur, flowers and gems—all on a single outfit, to say nothing of wraps and head-gear. After the strains of the organ and the surpliced choir had died away the minister arose, a well groomed man to be sure, but *one* in the congregation couldn't help thinking how awkward a man looks in a mother-hubbard. The most fastidious student of literature could find no fault with the sermon. The words had been most carefully chosen and built into perfectly polished sentences. There was nothing sensational and nothing to wound the feelings of any one. Sinners were chided tenderly: the preacher seemed to understand how to temper the wind to the condition of his flock.

These learned men have discovered many hitherto hidden meanings to the words of the original text of Holy Writ. By such researches they have succeeded in enlarging the eye of the needle so that an unloaded camel can easily pass through.

The poor are not excluded from these churches. At every place one or two back seats are reserved for their especial use, and most of the Fifth Avenue

churches have two or three poor people as regular attendants. They are usually employed in keeping the grounds and the edifice in order, and might be called protégées of the congregation. The churches treat them well and are pleased to have them attend, and—it is fulfilled that which was spoken by our Lord and Master, "Ye have the poor always with you."

This is not all the good our wealthy congregations do. They pay their ministers salaries ranging from ten to fifteen thousand yearly, with a palace for a parsonage thrown in, and so do not allow their spiritual advisers to live in poverty as some other congregations do. They also subscribe liberally to foreign missions. Having telescopic eyes, they can easily discern the needs of a poor heathen hungering for the gospel ten thousand miles away. It must be admitted that at short range their vision is not so good, but now that the Cathode ray has been harnessed perhaps something may be invented which will accommodate their vision to the less remote districts in New York City as well as those in Central Asia and Africa.

Just as the land gently slopes from the Fifth Avenue back-bone to lower levels, so by similar gradations do the people who inhabit it descend in social and financial

status. From a quarter to half a mile on either side of Fifth Avenue is what is called the Brown Stone District, so named because a large per cent. of the homes are built of that material. The men who, in any other community would be called wealthy, are hardly recognized here.

The country girl, having tired of Fifth Avenue scenes, began to investigate the tenement house districts. It was chiefly curiosity that caused her to wander up and down and seek excuses for talking with the tenement dwellers. They were not uneducated, but they were uniformly kind, both men and women. Once, when she had lost her bearings and inquired the way of a big grizzly truck driver, who with his wife was standing before the door, he handed the baby to its mother and promptly volunteered to accompany her a short distance to a place from which he could direct her more intelligently.

On one occasion, accompanied by a friend, she made a night excursion. The moon shone so bright that the electric lights, which glared and flashed and sputtered on Greenwich Avenue, seemed, for the time being, a useless waste of energy. They did their best, however, to outdo the moon and make themselves appear to be a necessity. It was in the Indian summer time and just

warm enough to make tenement house people wish to get out of doors—and with them “out of doors” means on roofs and streets. All available space seemed to be occupied that particular night. The children fairly swarmed upon the streets making merry with songs and games. It was a neighborhood where the residents were chiefly of English extraction, and that is probably why groups of the little ones sang songs and played games such as “All around the rosy bush—the rosy bush,” “King William was King James’ son,” “Raise the gates as high as the Sky,” and others—songs that seem to be as universal as the English language. While the older people sat upon the fire escapes and front stoops, and congregated on the sidewalks to watch the children play, they chatted at intervals—told stories, old perhaps as the children’s songs, which are doubtless older than King William. Looking upon that scene, one’s thoughts naturally reverted to the lines of the Quaker bard:

“And jests went round * * * *
And quaint old songs their fathers sung,
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,
Ere Norman William trod their shores;
And tales whose merry license shook
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,
Forgetful of the hovering Dane.”

But the joy of the romping children was complete when a belated organ-grinder, anxious to add a few more pennies to his

day's scant earnings, stopped in their midst and began playing. Groups of girls fourteen or fifteen years old, who ought to have been in long dresses but were not, danced to the music of polka and schottische, and plenty of little tots not more than three or four years old, locked in each other's arms, whirled away in the mazy waltz. The little fellows did it so well, kept such perfect time to the music, and looked so supremely happy, that the country girl regretted that she herself had inherited a Quaker foot.

The street dancing is perhaps the most pleasing novelty of the monotonous lives of the poor children whose capacity for enjoyment not even grinding poverty can wholly suppress. The city for a while once denied that pleasure because a certain man said that this open air gymnastic exercise was corrupting the girls and was a nuisance to pedestrians, and on this complaint a command was issued to suppress it. The children realized their doom and accepted it—when a policeman was in sight. Complaints against the ruling were so many that those in authority investigated and considered the charge so utterly absurd that the order was immediately revoked.

Many people in New York City literally obey one Biblical injunction if no more: "In the sweat

of thy face thou shalt eat bread."

The part of the city where the thousands of workers, male and female, eat and sleep and call home extends for several miles up and down the Hudson and Harlem Rivers, but the most densely populated localities are along the Harlem just back of the great warehouses that guard its banks like giant sentinels. For a half a mile inland is the so-called tenement house district. There the huge ten to fifteen story houses are alive with human beings. In some of the most crowded localities where the buildings are the tallest it is said that a population of ten thousand to the acre is not unusual. Imagine every man, woman and child in Greensboro packed into a monster series of buildings covering an acre of ground! Greensboro wouldn't stand it. Her good citizens would get disgusted and go on a strike just as New York workingmen often do.

It is a mistake, however, to imagine that all the occupants of the tenement houses are of the very poor. The lower floors are often divided into suits of four or five rooms, not large, but fitted up attractively with all the modern improvements. Such rooms can be rented for from twenty to twenty-five dollars per month and are usually occupied by the families of the better class of mechan-

ics, clerks and salesmen. It is on the top floors which seem to but against the sky where we find the really poor—the laborer, the meat-shop employee and the widow who goes out to wash or scrub and leaves half a dozen children to mind the house. Though their associations are humble, they live high up in the world, but not from choice—rents are cheaper up toward Heaven. There they can rent one, two or three seven by nine rooms for from five to fifteen dollars per month. The number of rooms that these people occupy is not regulated, as one would suppose, by the size of their families, but by the amount of their individual incomes. A family of four or five souls often live in a single room.

The character, race and nationality of the inhabitants of these districts are various. While there is a goodly sprinkling of native American families scattered all over, the great majority are immigrants or immediate descendants of immigrants. As a rule those of the same nationality seem to huddle together in certain localities. The Germans and Irish are, however, exceptions—they are

ubiquitous. The lair of the African, or Afro-Americans, as they prefer to call themselves, is in Thompson street. The Chinese smoke opium and play "fantan" in Mott street. The Italians are principally found in a portion of the northeastern part of the city, which is sometimes called "Little Italy." Hungarian, Russian and Polish Jews swarm all the way down from Fourteenth street east to the Battery. Arabians, Syrians and Armenians monopolize Washington street on the west, and the English and Scotch hug the west side in the vicinity of Abingdon Square.

When Imperial Rome was at the zenith of her glory the rural inhabitants along the slopes of the Italian Alps believed that that great city was the *ne plus ultra*. They had a saying, "See Rome and then die." Whoever may wish to see a greater panorama of the world and a sample of its every nationality more varied than ancient Rome could afford would do well to come to New York City, for he can see them all here in a bunch.

EULA L. DIXON.

ON PURITAN SOIL.

[CONCLUDED.]

Some of these houses are very old and curious, perhaps there is no better place to study the lives of the early settlers of the State than Cape Cod. There are several houses in Dennis that are near two hundred years old. One which I visited was built in the year 1700 by Jos. Hall and has been occupied ever since by his descendants, but now, alas! stern fate has decreed that it shall become a sacrifice. The house was two full stories high with an L at the back and a small shed at the back of that. Of course the chimney is in the middle. The chimney in a house of that period was no small part of it. This one had no less than five divisions, the principal one of which was the *brick oven*, which suggested savory viands long since cooked for the sailor husband and sons when they returned, for most all of the male members of the family were sea captains. The old shovel for lifting and turning was there almost worn to the handle, also other implements of its kind. We closed the door which appeared to be only that of a closet, with gentle hands, knowing that full soon it would cease to tell its gentle tales of good cheer.

The front door opens into a hall which extends only so far as the chimney will allow. On the right we entered a door leading into the parlor, with its gay wall paper of striking colors, and impressive figures. Opening from the parlor was the dainty little spare room, extending its invitation to remain. The opposite side of the house was divided in the same way and was the sitting room. But a door from this room opened into the spacious kitchen which was almost the entire length of the house, with its various pantries, butteries, and closets taken off. And surely there were enough of these to satisfy the most greedy housewife. Beyond this room, and I presume built on much later, was another small kitchen and pantry which allowed the larger room to become a dining room.

The rooms were the same upstairs with the exception of a small kitchen. In place of one of the pantries was a tiny room which belonged to the last Capt. Hall and to others perhaps. In it was the little old-fashioned hair covered trunk he used to take to sea; a quaint little writing cabinet containing many beautiful daguerrotypes of handsome men and fair

ladies. One of the latter was especially beautiful. From the appearances there had been many trophies here of land and sea. After a glance at many quaint old fashioned ruins of articles of use and luxury we pass down the narrow stair and out, there to take a view of the surroundings. The house is built in what might have been a meadow. There is a tiny brook flowing just back of the house on the north, the bank of which is thickly set with willows as far as the road which is a few yards away on the east. These were planted by one of the old captains but are now dying (perhaps from sympathy) as are the Lombardy poplars on the front or south. On the west are some fruit trees and grape vines. On the north-west is the barn and out buildings, and here let it be said to the credit of these first settlers that they did not *hitch* their out buildings to the house as the latter ones did. The house is shingled instead of "weather boarded" and has never been painted except the blinds. It is in fairly good repair and appears to be good for another century. But here comes the saddest part of the story. The last occupant of the house was for many years a lone widow, who was feeble for a long time and necessarily incurred debts which had to be met at her death by the sacrificing of the

property, and soon this old house will be torn down, and is even now begun.

Dennis was originally a fishing town, with a sprinkling of those who were engaged in foreign commerce. This factor increased until Dennis was at one time the nursery of enterprising, intelligent ship masters. 'Tis said there were one hundred and fifty captains of vessels living in the town at one time.

While Dennis seamen were ploughing the main, and seeking adventure in almost every land, her people at home were not idle.

There was one Captain Sears who believed that salt might be made by solar evaporation as had been done in France for so many years. As early as 1776 Mr. Sears erected a vat with a movable cover, so that the rain might be shut out and the sunshine let in. His vat was leaky and he only obtained eight bushels of salt the first year. He was ridiculed by his neighbors, who dubbed his invention "Sear's Folly." But Captain Sears persevered, and the second year obtained thirty bushels of salt. For the three first years the water was carried in buckets to the vats, a painful process. The fourth year witnessed the invention of a pump to be worked by the wind. Other inventions were made, such as a roof to move on rollers, which

was improved and patented from time to time.

Thus through many vicissitudes the salt industry passed until the year 1801, when it appears that there were forty-four thousand bushels of salt manufactured, and in 1830 there were six hundred thousand bushels manufactured in the State. In 1834 the business was checked by a reduction of the duty. The State withdrew the bounty offered at first, and the discovery of salt springs in New York and elsewhere tended to make the industry of less importance, until to-day there is no salt manufactured in Dennis.

Thus was witnessed the rise and fall of a once thriving industry, but Dennis will ever have the honor of being the first on this continent to produce salt by solar evaporation.

About the year 1834 attention was called to the cranberry grounds. This delicious fruit, which is indigenous to the soil, has from the earliest settlement of the country been greatly esteemed, but from restricted production has not been in general use. The berry was a luxury for the rich and the table of epicures. In 1677, to appease the wrath of King Charles, the second, who was angry with Massachusetts Colony for coinining pine tree shillings, the general court ordered that a present be sent him

of "ten barrels of cranberries, two hogsheads of samp, and three thousand cod fish," luxuries which it was thought would soften the ire of an angry monarch.

It is about seventy years since an effort was made to cultivate the fruit, and it has taken much careful study and experiment to ascertain the processes and conditions necessary to successful culture. But their labors have been rewarded, and now farmers on Cape Cod reckon their wealth by their "cranberry bogs." In fact, it is their principal source of income. About the first of September the festive season of the year for the Cape folks begins—"cranberry picking," when everybody, old and young, turns out either to pick or sort cranberries. Lest some one should think as I did, that the berries grow on a bush, I will explain that the berries grow on an herb, six to eight inches high, which has few or no brambles and alternating opposite leaves. Two or three berries may grow on one plant.

Dennis was once a great whaling port, and the Nobscussett bathing houses now occupy a part of two acres of land which were set apart for "whaling purposes forever." But the discovery of a white whale in the bay a few days ago created scarcely a ripple, despite the fact that the once best house in Dennis was built

with the profits of one season's whaling. The discovery of kerosene, it is said, ruined that business.

Thus Dennis has passed through her varying fortunes, never elated, never cast down, but ever the same to outward appearance. The houses are the same steep-roofed story-and-a-half structures. Most of them can now boast of a good coat of paint. Each yard is gorgeous with the various colors of many flowers, and shaded with either a row of willows or Lombardy poplars, also an orchard near by of the stunted fruit trees. And almost every place boasts of at least one fat sleek cow and horse and a handsome drove of poultry. I have read that they did not raise pork on Cape Cod, but I have seen a caricature of a pig painted on the side of a barn and underneath the significant words, "For Sale by Jere." I do not know whether the picture was a true representation of the pigs for sale or not, but if it was Cape Cod pigs would put to shame any Southern "pine-rooter" that I ever saw.

Gardening seems to be in vogue in Dennis, and I think I have seen the best vegetables growing here that I have seen in Massachusetts.

As has been said of the Cape generally, everything speaks of

the sea. The weather-vane on the barn is either a ship or a cod fish. The children's play-house is a boat in one corner of the yard. In the evening the telegraph wires are covered with bank swallows perched thickly for many yards, and lastly the villagers themselves savor strongly of the briny air that they have breathed for so many generations, especially the older people. There is a weirdness, a hardiness about them that must have come from a long acquaintance with the sea and its perils, and perhaps part of it is an inheritance from their Puritan ancestry, for it is said that the Cape Cod people have more Puritan blood in their veins than any others now living.

The quiet, the restfulness of Dennis, with its cool, invigorating sea breezes, makes it a delightful summer resort, and already the smart summer residence has reared its gabled roof, a thing apart from its humble ancestor, the quaint Dennis cottage; and no doubt it is only a question of time when Dennis will don modern airs, which, in the eyes of some, will be a great improvement. To others it will be but the putting away of sacred things—the marring of a beautiful picture—the discord in enchanting music.

MARY O. LAMB.

Y. M. C. A. ITEMS.

THE LECTURE OF MR. HOLMES.—State Geologist Joseph Holmes lectured here under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. April 28th. Subject: "The Geography and Geology of North Carolina." The lecture was illustrated by means of a powerful stereopticon. Views were exhibited representing some of the beautiful scenery of North Carolina. The lecture was interesting throughout, and listened to with wrapt attention.

DR. HUME ON OLIVER WENDALL HOLMES.—The coming of Dr. Hume on the evening of April 3rd was looked forward to with much pleasure for we had before heard that learned gentleman speak to us. He chose as his subject "Oliver Wendall Holmes, his Wit and Wisdom." Those who had made a careful study of America's great literary man pronounced the lecture a faithful presentation of his life, character and writings.

DR. SMITH LECTURES.—"European Travels" was the subject of a lecture given here April 18th by Dr. Henry Louis Smith, of Davidson College. The effort was pronounced a decided success by all. He held the closest attention of his audience for an hour and a

half. His graphic and sometimes glowing descriptions were especially praiseworthy.

THE STATE Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.—No way having opened for a verbal report of the Y. M. C. A. State Convention held in Charlotte March 19-22 it is thought well to have on record for our readers, both in and out of the college, a short account of the proceedings of that representative assembly of Christian young men of the State.

The largest per cent. of the delegates arrived in the city at 12 m. on Thursday, March 19th, and were conducted to the Association building. At 3 p. m. the Convention proper convened. After the usual business routine Mr. F. S. Brockman led in the "Silent Hour," basing his remarks on the familiar passage, "And the Lord opened the young man's eyes and he saw." He first asked that we take a look within—what sort of desires, what sort of ambitions are directing our lives? Second—a look without at the great work to be done for the cause of Christ. Third—a look upward, to higher things, to the manifold blessings of God. The service was heart-searching and deeply impressive, a fit opening for the

coming together which partook more of the character of a spiritual awakening than of what is generally understood by the term Convention. The spirit of simplicity and earnestness combined with the freest, most open-hearted good humor was most noticeable.

At night the Convention met in the Second Presbyterian church. The auditorium was large and magnificent. After the speeches of welcome and the response by Prof. Mims, of Trinity College, in which, among other things, he said: "The culture life is indispensable to the highest religious development," a most able and convincing address was delivered by Dr. Felix, of Asheville, on what gives value to young men in a community. He said, first, implicit trust in God, and that he believed it was only a question of pressure as to the falling of one into sin and wrong doing, who did not depend on God for help. Second, that one must have a real, deep, well-defined desire to live rightly, that he found that many seemed to wish to do right, to be Christians, who did not do it, and that the only way he could dispose of such cases was that such people were willing to do right if they did not have to do right to do so. Third, that young men should seek good companions, that he would not believe anyone

was living as he should if he chose bad company.

Friday morning the time was largely taken up with permanent organization, State work, various reports, and papers on different phases of Association work.

At eleven o'clock Rev. Mr. Hoffman, of the Episcopalian church, made a strong appeal for more consecrated work by Christian laymen, followed by Mr. Coulter, so well and favorably known here, on the railroad work of the Association.

In the afternoon also the work was confined to the Association, with the exception of an open conference led by Mr. Brockman in the discussion of "What constitutes a successful gospel meeting," and the four essentials dwelt especially upon were clearness, definiteness, earnestness and brevity. At night the reports of Secretary Turner and the State Executive Committee were given and accepted. The inter-collegiate movement discussed by representatives from the University, Trinity and Guilford. Mr. D. A. Sinclair of Dayton, Ohio, made an address on the Educational Work of the Association.

Saturday morning the main feature of the session was an address on the "Macedonian Cry," by Rev. Dr. Lambuth, of Tennessee. He spoke with great power, giving a brief history of the work

done in foreign fields, pointing out the responsibility of Christian people in this line of work.

In the afternoon a conference of college men was conducted by Mr. Brockman in the parlors of Tryon Street Methodist church. There were present seventy-five men representing fourteen institutions. Personal work, Bible study and the relations of these to a spiritual awakening were especially dwelt upon. At the close of the session twenty-five young men were pledged to attend the Knoxville Summer School.

Saturday evening the Convention was opened by the usual devotional exercises conducted by Mr. J. H. Southgate, of Durham. The educational work was again taken up by Mr. Sinclair, who showed by means of charts the great influence which the Y. M. C. A. is having in this line of development.

One of the most remarkable addresses of the Convention, taken from Acts 1:8, "Ye shall receive power," was delivered by Dr Lambuth, who is a return missionary from China. His remarks showed deep spirituality. Some of his experiences related were

quite as remarkable as those related here by David Tatum during last term. His forcible manner and careful statement seemed to us capable of convincing the most unconcerned of the reality of the religion of Christ.

On Sunday all the delegates distributed themselves among the different congregations of the city, both at the morning and evening services, but at 9 p. m. all the congregations adjourned to attend the farewell meeting of the Convention, held in the Second Presbyterian Church. For an hour and a half most impressive services were rendered by the pastors of the different churches, by prominent Association workers and by testimonies from delegates.

The Annual Convention closed by the uniting hand in hand of the entire Convention and singing with spirit, "Blessed be the tie that binds." Of the many Christian courtesies shown the delegates, the receptions, drives and parties of different kinds we have not space to speak, but suffice it to say that the historic city of Charlotte was never more cordial in her reception was the general verdict.

GREENSBORO DISTRICT C. E. CONVENTION.

The first District Christian Endeavor Convention in North Carolina was held at Guilford College Saturday, March 21st.

Delegates or members from the different societies embracing the district were present with one exception, and reports show a total membership of about two hundred and twenty-five members.

At the beginning of the afternoon session the following officers for the district were elected:

President, Prof. G. W. White, Guilford College; Vice-President, Prof. Whitaker, Oak Ridge; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Cora Donnell, Oak Ridge.

The following is a program of the exercises of the three sessions:

MORNING SESSION—10 A. M.

Opening Song.
Bible Reading—Rev. A. D. Thaeler, Winston, President State Union.
Greeting—Mr. J. P. Parker, President of Guilford College C. E. Society.
Response.
Christian Endeavor and Missions—Mr. James R. Jones, Pastor of Friends' Church, Greensboro.
Song.
The banner of C. E. Societies—Mr. J. S. Williams, Pastor M. P. Church, Greensboro.
Song.
Reports of Societies of Christian Endeavor.
Close for Dinner at 12:15.

AFTERNOON SESSION—2 P. M.

Song Service.
Christian Endeavor and Free-Will Offerings—Open Parliament, led by Mr. Thaeler.

Young People and their Vows—Mr. George Wood, Minister Friends' Church, Deep River
Song.

Address—"Latter Day Problems and their Solution"—Mr. A. D. Thaeler, Pastor Moravian Church, Winston

7:30 P. M.

Song Service.

Address—"Enthusiasm"—Mr. J. F. McCulloch, Editor *Church Record* Greensboro.

NAIL HEADS FROM THE CONVENTION.—The devil's kingdom received a great blow when the C. E. was organized.

Christian Endeavor is Christianity intensified.

We owe the Lord our lives, and we give Him a promisory note when we give ourselves to Him. He endorses the note payable to others in the words, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel;" therefore we owe our lives to others.

No lock is too complicated for an honest man, neither is any pledge too strong to bind us to Christ.

So long as the American carries the sovereignty of the nation under his own hat he is responsible for its government.

Enthusiasm is the outgrowth of feeling and faith, and is not dependent on position.

Let us not only be true on paper, but in action.

No human soul is compelled to be out of its true position.

THE JOINT ENTERTAINMENT.

In King Hall, on the evening of April 11th, the three societies: Websterian, Philogorean and Henry Clay, gave their second joint entertainment.

The decorations were simple and neat, the most conspicuous being the beautiful monogram, W. P. C., each letter covered with the colors of the society it represented.

As the people assembled they were greeted with excellent music rendered by the Brockmann Orchestra, of Greensboro.

Mr. E. E. Farlow, the general manager, cordially welcomed the audience and announced the first exercise, an oration, "The Birds Our Friends," by Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson. The speaker showed how the birds were our friends, and that in return we should be friends to them. It was of much interest, and displayed the oratorical powers of the speaker.

The discussion of the question, "Resolved, That the present indications point towards peace among European nations," was an interesting feature of the evening. The affirmative was presented by Mr. Oscar P. Moffitt, clearly proving his side of the

question. Miss Amy J. Stevens presented the negative in a very pleasing manner. From the points of argument produced by each it would have been difficult for the question to have been decided.

The recitation by Misses Moffitt and Blair, as they represented two Quaker widows, was very entertaining. The reciting was by Miss Moffitt, who told her friend of the trials of her widowhood.

The next hour was consumed by one of Shakespeare's plays, "Comedy of Errors," which caused laughter and applause as the curtains were drawn on the different scenes. The personae were clad in sixteenth century costumes.

All through the program the exercises were interspersed with music, and as the last selection sounded in our ears we could but wish that it might continue.

Many old students were present. The words of praise that fell from the lips of the visitors were many, and President Hobbs, in the next morning collection, complemented it as one of the best entertainments that had ever been given at Guilford College.

D. B. W.

AMONG THE CLASSES.

FRESHMAN CHAMPIONSHIP.—The long talked of game of base-ball between the Freshmen and Sophomores has come off, and the Freshmen are the winners.

Tomlinson and Pepper ran the battery for '98, while Kerner and Teague handled the artillery for the Freshmen. From the start the Freshmen seemed to have the best of their adversaries, and by steady work their runs gradually increased until at the close of the game the score stood 12 to 8. Kerner struck out three men and Tomlinson ten, yet the Freshmen managed to cross the plate a little too often for the comfort of their opponents, and they are recognized as the champion class on base-ball as well as foot-ball.

The championship in tennis yet remains a disputed point between the two highest college classes.

THE JUNIORS PLANT A TREE.—Arbor day at Guilford was duly celebrated. At five o'clock in the evening, in solemn procession, the class of '97 marched with measured tread to a chosen spot on the campus, and gathering around a spacious hole in the

ground gazed thoughtfully into it. In a box near by stood the willow tree which was to be planted, and which in years to come should mark the spot of this evening's gathering. Speeches were made by various members, the class history was given, and a poem for the occasion was read. A glass jar containing the class archives was buried beneath the roots of the tree. The hole was then filled, each member taking a turn at the shovel.

Then back up the slope to Founders proceeded the thoughtful column, while, leaning from the casement above, the spectators sang "Tavern in the Town," laying particular emphasis on those words which mention something about hanging a "harp on a weeping-willow tree."

SENIOR PREP. DAY.—Wednesday, May the 20th, at 8 o'clock, P. M., will be the graduating exercises of the Senior Preparatory class. A large class will finish the preparatory course this year. "Steam," "Happy Accidents," etc., will be among the subjects of their orations.

MISS RAGSDALE AND THE EUROPEAN SCHOLARSHIP.

Every reader of *The Collegian* will rejoice on account of the success of Virginia Ragsdale in Bryn Mawr College. The European Fellowship which has just been won by her is the greatest honor in the power of the College to bestow. This Fellowship gives five hundred dollars to the holder, sufficient to meet the expense of one year's study in some university on the continent of Europe.

No greater academic honor than this can be won by a woman in America; and when it is considered from how large a circle come the young women who compete for it, the people of our State will feel a just pride in the fact that this year so great a prize has come to a North Carolina girl.

This Fellowship has been given to young women from Boston, from New York, and from Berlin; and Miss Ragsdale has the distinction to be the first girl in the

South to whom the honor has come.

Miss Ragsdale was the first young woman to obtain at Guilford College the graduate Scholarship which Bryn Mawr confers every year upon lady graduate of Guilford, the selection being made on the ground of scholarship. Therefore Guilford has rejoiced at her success at Bryn Mawr, and when the announcement was made one morning at the opening exercises there was great applause and the hope was expressed that some of our present students may in the future obtain a like great reward.

The success thus achieved by one of Guilford's alumni should bring to all our pupils the lesson that there are no short cuts to scholarship and academic honors, but that such come by long continued effort and the performance of hard work. "There is no excellence without great labor."

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

May 2nd—Philagorean Contest.
 May 8th—Henry Clay Contest.
 May 9th—Websterian Contest.
 May 17th—Baccalaureate Sermon—Rt. Rev. Edward Rondthaler.
 May 19th, 8 P. M.—Senior Preparatory Class Exercises.

May 20th, 2 P. M.—Alumni Business Meeting.
 May 20th, 4 P. M.—Alumni Address—Rena G. Worth, B. S., '89
 May 20th, 7:30 P. M.—Address before the Literary Societies—Dr. D. H. Tuttle.
 May 21st, 10 A. M.—Commencement.
 May 21st, 7:30 P. M.—Alumni Banquet.

The Guilford Collegian.

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ADDIE WILSON, '96.
JOSEPH BLAIR, '97.

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APRIL, 1896.

UPON the resignation of L. L. Barbee and Charles Osborne as business managers, the societies elected in their stead S. H. Tomlinson and W. E. Blair. While we regret to lose the services of the former young men, who have worked so faithfully for the support of the magazine, we welcome with pleasure their successors, who have both energy and ability.

THE management of the recent entertainment is grateful for the remarks of President Hobbs in morning collection the Monday following the exer-

cises. It is not often the President in a public way speaks so highly of a program, and, with this in mind, the committee should feel doubly complimented.

IT is a disappointment to learn that the oratorical contest usually given by representatives of the different colleges of the State in connection with the Teachers' Assembly is declared off. We understand from Secretary Parker that failure to arrange a program is due to general lack of interest. We were glad to receive an invitation to enter the contest, and were hoping to be represented. We hope that a contest can be arranged for next year.

THE recent note sounded in regard to the frequency of entertainments came clear and strong, as do all from that source in support of the interests of the students within the college walls. "Numerous entertainments are of course a great advertisement to the college, but what we first have in mind is the interests of the students now here" is sufficient to show the drift of the sentiment expressed, and it will be readily recognized as the policy which has guided this institution for nearly sixty years. But how far this hint is to be carried we do not know, tho' certainly we are

not encouraged to get up a greater number of entertainments. We suspect it means a fewer number. This we do not favor. The system under which we are now working was adopted ⁸⁵after much effort. It has been in effect only two terms. We have not had sufficient time to thoroughly test it. The societies so reluctantly abandoned the old plan that we hardly think they would be willing to give up another channel through which to do literary work unless some better substitute is offered.

RECENTLY we noticed from the pen of an editor who flourished in the days gone by, when Guilford had stood forth as a college for only a few years, a message long drawn out on oratory in college. As fares so many of its comrades, the editorial was not read, glanced through and thrust away. But the sarcastic tone, the good humored yes, yes, spirit with which the flowering forth of spring oratory was touched upon forced us to remark, "He wrote not wisely, but too true."

True, and listen all who orate in the coming month, as often orations are like some frail but highly colored flower. Enduring for the moment only to fade forever! Full of inconsistencies, whims, mad plunges into the

dark, adjectives, exaggerations, wild gesticulations, all clutched together in one desperate grapple to seize upon the sympathies and judgments of the audience. Such might well cause the veteran editor to pass over in a light and gainsaying manner much of the so-called oratory of our times.

But to speak of oratory in the true sense in a light, half jesting manner is a crime against our better judgments. Just as well deride other useful agencies; declare the plow a humbug, burn your Greek books, defy your friends to speak to you, say that art is a sham, make caricatures of Michael Angelo's Madonna, hurl from their pedestals the statues that have made the world renowned, or declare that religion is null and void, for oratory is both useful, artistic and divine.

In college these characteristics are seldom recognized. It is easy to jest at the feeble efforts made to strike out the true sparks of oratory. But the critical should bear in mind that these are but beginnings. Remember that disparaging remarks at this period are most discouraging to the young speaker. No word may be spoken, but the general indifference, if there be any, is easily detected long before the oration is delivered, and especially is the youth discouraged when he begins to speak if, on looking around

over the audience, he sees individuals capable of getting out everything good in the oration—those who should sympathize and help him most, looking with a kind of indifference across the room, or, what is more trying, gazing contentedly on the floor. Look the speaker in the face squarely and fairly! If you don't like his speech you need not look pleased. Look like you feel, and then he will know whether he is succeeding or making a failure. Take some part in the exercise. So many audiences seem to think that they have nothing to do with what is going on. But they really have a great deal. According to Daniel Webster they at least control a third interest in the success of a speech.

It is hardly necessary to say we expect the contestants of the coming season to do their duty. The audience can only do a third. You have over half of the battle. In the selection of your subjects you have already done all that is possible. Now in their treatment

and delivery is your success or failure.

AT a recent meeting of the Trustees it was ordered that the campus should at once be cleared of all buildings except those used distinctively for school purposes. This action doubtless meets the hearty approval of the alumni and friends of the College in general.

Quite a change, however, will come over things. The two cottages "out of bounds for all boys at all times" will be moved away. The barn in a stone's throw of Archdale, the "shop" and other numerous fixtures will be no more. The place will indeed be changed. In fact we are rather loath to give up the old landmarks, but they must go, as all things that fail to come up to the full measure. Our old friends were useful but not ornamental. Those who wish to see the campus as it has been for many years should pay a visit to the College.

LOCALS.

—The new catalogue is out.

—Calvin tries to serve two female masters at one time.

—The song F. J. Smith failed to sing: "Punk, punk-a-punk."

—Sap in geology—"This specimen contains a large amount of brass."

—Misses Leak and Lyon of the G. F. C. recently visited friends at the College.

—Students, buy your spring goods of the houses which advertise in *The Collegian*.

—The Chief says he will have an editorial in this issue on oratory. Let's all read it.

—A large per cent. of the students living near went home for Easter. Jas. Jones occupied the College pulpit.

—The Junior and Sophomore classes each regret the loss of a good member by the recent calling home of Flavius and Fleta Brown.

—Frank Edgerton, the son of Henry Edgerton, who has long been in Florida has returned and recently erected a handsome residence near the depot. Mr. Darden is also building a new house near the station.

—Prof. Davis has at his home a handsome bust portrait of his deceased wife. The portrait is said to be an excellent likeness of her.

—Happy Founder's girl—"Have you a beau for Saturday night?"

Hopeful companion—"Not yet."

—The village of Guilford is becoming quite a literary place. An Old Gentlemen's Society now meets for literary work each Friday night.

—The *Weekly Sentinel*, the new paper issued by some of the progressive ladies of Founders', bids fair to be a formidable rival of *The Collegian*.

—Freshman, to his room-mate—"How do you spell cane, a walking stick, c-a-i-n?"

Room-mate—"No, simpleton, k-a-n-e, of course."

—Every one at Guilford rightly feels a keen sense of pride because of the very high honor recently conferred upon Miss Virginia Ragsdale. Besides knowing her excellent abilities many of us are privileged to know her as a personal friend and this adds even more to our joy at her great success.

—As the local man found the chief the other day:

The editor sat in his sanctum,
His feet were under his chair,
His pen was lying idle,
And his fingers were in his hair.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harris Haviland of Glenn's Falls, N. Y., spent a week at the College recently. It was a great pleasure to Prof. Haviland to have his parents with him.

—Greenfield — "Yes, father, when I graduate I intend to follow a literary career, write for money, you know."

Father—"Why Johnie, you have done nothing else since you have been at Guilford."

—The Joint Entertainment was a great occasion. Numbers of old students and friends were present and many remained over Sunday. Among these were O. E. Mendenhall, S. A. Hodgins, C. F. Tomlinson and Misses Stanley and Johnson.

—One Sunday, a short time ago, Mrs. Woody made an appeal for funds to be used towards educating some of the little child-widows of India. At the close of her remarks a collection of over \$50 was taken up which will be sufficient, it is said, to keep two children in a mission school an entire year.

PERSONALS.

Will Hammond is travelling for a Richmond nursery.

We are glad to learn that Clyde Capel is improving in health.

John Van Noppen is book-keeper for his brother Charles.

Willie Harrison, a '77 student, is now doing business in Chicago.

John Franks, a student here in '77, is a prosperous farmer in Richland, N. C.

T. W. Coston has begun editing a paper called *The Gates County Observer*.

W. Frank Armfield has the clerkship at the Catawba Springs Hotel this season.

Wallace Watson is shipping clerk for the Eagle Furniture Factory, of High Point.

Emma Hammond is at her home at Archdale. Her school at Burlington has closed.

Mrs. Daniel Moore, of Jamestown, and Mrs. William Ragan, of High Point, lately spent a few days in Philadelphia and paid Bryn Mawr friends a visit.

W. W. Mendenhall has bought Mr. Pegram's interest in the firm of Hodgkin, Pegram & Co., of Greensboro.

B. B. Hauser came home from Baltimore a few weeks ago. He intends to stand examination for an M. D. soon.

Henryanna Hackney, '95, with three of her Bryn Mawr friends, spent a week at sight seeing in New York for Easter vacation.

We are sorry to chronicle the serious illness of Joseph Peel. He has found it necessary to return home for a few months rest.

Flavius Brown, class of '97, has headquarters at Henderson, N. C., selling pumps. We learn that he gives his house excellent satisfaction.

Charles Van Noppen has moved headquarters from Norfolk to Washington, D. C. He stopped over at the college a few weeks ago on his way South.

Thomas Matthews, who has been clerk at the McAdoo House for several years, has been transferred to the Benbow. Albion Winslow fills the vacancy at the McAdoo.

Addison Coffin and Julia Balingier have had their tour interrupted by the Nicaragua rebellion. Travelling through that country is unsafe, and they have returned home.

Mrs. Mary Henly, formerly Dixon, wife of William Henly, peacefully passed away on the morning of February 6th at her home at Snow Camp. She was a student here in the fifties.

MARRIAGES.—Joe M. Dixon, '89, who has been in Missoula, Montana, the past four years, was joined in wedlock to Miss Carrie Worden, of that place. The ceremony took place at Denver, Colorado, on the 12th of March. Missoula will still be their home.

Carl Wheeler and Miss Nelie Grey, of Lexington, were happily married at the residence of the bride's father on the evening of March 25th. They are making their home with the groom's father, Mr. O. C. Wheeler.

On April 2nd, at the college chapel of Kimberlain Heights, Tenn., Prof. John B. Dickson was married to Miss Jessica Johnson, of the class of '90.

In the church at Friendsville, Tenn., according to Friends ceremony, Mr. Jasper Thompson, '92, of Snow Camp, N. C., and Miss Josie Hackney, of Friendsville, Tenn., were married on April 23rd.

April 22nd Mr. Scott Dundass and Miss Cora Copeland in Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Collegian extends best wishes to all.

EXCHANGES.

The *Trinity Archive*, one of our pleasing visitors, was especially welcome last month, as it contained cuts and sketches of prominent North Carolina writers.

Each one would do well to read the "Hero of the Mob" in the *Central Collegian*. It is needless to analyse it, but only make a quotation, "What we want is not more law, but more love; not legislation, but kindness; not sover-

eign contempt, but human sympathy."

"The Santer" in the *Haverfordian* was read with interest. It is a true story and good enough to give to the world.

The *Hampden-Sydney Magazine* is somewhat like the Songs of Solomon because it is full of love. Dan Cupid holds sway in poesy.

THE PASSING OF THE VIOLET.

Sweet, tender violet,
 That in thy purple innocence doth lie,
 Thy slender strength the rocking winds do fret
 And time despoils the beauty of thine eye.
 Within thy lowly bed,
 Beloved, besought of all, thou fall'st asleep—
 All silent now will lie thy lovely head
 Till bloom and snow their wonted seasons keep.
 —*Texas University.*

THREE GATES.

If we are tempted to reveal
 A tale some one has told
 About another, make it pass,
 Before you speak, three gates of gold.
 These narrow gates: First, "Is it true?"
 This, "Is it needful?" In your mind
 Give truthful answer, and the next
 Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

And if to reach your lips at last,
 It passes through these gateways three,
 Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
 What the result of speech may be.
—*Exchange.*

MARCH.

Summer, banished far away,
 Sat alone and wept, one day,
 Gone the glow upon her cheek,
 Rent her garments, tresses torn,
 Disappointed and forlorn,
 Sobbed she there and did not speak.
 But warm-hearted Custer, stirred
 By the sobbing that he heard,
 Roused the winds; with might and main
 Battled they by day and night,
 Boreas was put to flight,
 Summer came to earth again.
—*Yale Lit.*

We love our dead where'er so held in thall
 Than they no Greek more bravely died, nor Gau,
 A love that's deathless; but they look to-day
 With no reproaches on us when we say,
 Come let us clasp your hand, we're brothers all.
—*H. J. Stockard in Trinity Archive.*

OVER THEIR GRAVES.

A raveled rainbow overhead
 Lets down to life its varying thread,
 Love's blue, joy's gold, and fair between
 Hope's shifting light of emerald green;
 While either side in deep relief,
 A crimson pain, a violet grief;
 Wouldst thou amid their gleaming hues
 Clutch after those, and these refuse?
 Believe! as thy beseeching eyes

Follow their lines and sound the skies,
 There, where the fadeless glories shine,
 An unseen angel twists the twine,
 And be thou sure what hue so'er
 The sunbeam's broken ray may wear,
 It needs them all, that, broad and white,
 God's love may weave the perfect light.
 —*In Mnemosynean.*

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their headquarters when in town.

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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MAY, 1896.

NO. 9.

PRESIDENT HOBBS' ADDRESS.

In accordance with the statements of these letters, we heartily admit you to the honors and privileges of Guilford College, and extend to you our very cordial congratulations upon the success of your continued and earnest efforts that have marked your progress, and thus auspiciously crowned the end of the race.

As you take your places among the sons and daughters of Guilford, it is the heart-felt wish of those who have noted your advancement from year to year that good success and the reward which follows persistent striving after the true, the beautiful and the good may be yours; and that your training here may have prepared you for that struggle that must be carried on by the earnest and faithful, not only for the earning of an honest livelihood, but also to maintain those individual convictions of moral and religious

truth which your training fits you ably to maintain; and thus to stand for a moral force that makes for righteousness. In this warfare of life one needs—

- (1) Knowledge,
- (2) Concentration of effort,
- (3) Consecration of his powers.

With either of these three left out, or with either deficient or defective, one's life is marred in its best results.

To some knowledge has seemed so transcendent in importance that science is held to be the panacea for all ills; and we all recognize that knowledge is power, and that on account of having too little of it we have all made mistakes that a clearer insight would have prevented. I therefore commend to you all a continuance of your efforts to enlarge the field of your knowledge, and to break up, so far as possible, those limitations by

which we often find ourselves debarred from higher and better achievements.

Concentration of effort will bring to nought many a difficulty in your way, crumble the solid rocks of opposition, and bring victory, when victory is possible, in any department of intellectual life.

Above both these in effecting life's noblest ends and bringing joy and consolation will be found a dedication of one's powers of thought and action to the guidance of divine wisdom and illumination. The complete yielding of one's being to the touch of the divine hand is the one all essential condition to make life responsive at all times to the highest impulses, and to bring about that adjustment of one's powers of thought and feeling by which knowledge is gained and motives supplied, that is necessary to produce the finest results in action.

While want of time for study and reflection may limit one's acquisition of knowledge, and inadequate or defective early training, or want of zeal may render concentration difficult or even impossible, the consecration of one's powers of productive thought and achievement to the service of truth in the highest realm is *wholly within his own power*; and the rejoicing for having done so is in "one's self alone and not in another."

We invite your kind interest and co-operation in everything that concerns the welfare of your Alma Mater. By your sympathy, your thoughtful recommendation you can do much to increase the usefulness and patronage of the College, and thus for the great cause of education in our State.

Guilford exists for the good it can do. It has no ulterior purpose of its own to promote apart from the intrinsic value of its service to young men and women, and by its effectiveness in serving in this highest possible field of service, viz: the promotion of sound learning and the development of Christian character in the young people who come under her instruction, the fulfilment of her destiny is to be sought, and the object of those who in the past have given to her foundation and support to be gained, as well as the hope of the future from the actual observation and perceptions of the excellence of her work to be assured and brought to pass.

From eight years of steady operation the kind of work Guilford is doing can to some extent be judged; and a glance at what the college sought in its organization and at what it has done will not be thought out of place or inappropriate.

To move an institution of learning from the grade of a school to

that of a college, using these terms, school and college, in accordance with the meaning attached to them by scholars or college bred people, is not a small thing; and the management of the original school were not hasty, but somewhat hesitating and doubtful as to the wisdom of such a change.

But when we found standing at our back and sanctioning the change, and proposing the name, our benefactor, the late Francis T. King, a man conversant with the needs, and work, and scope of the most advanced institutions in our country, and seeing with a prophetic eye the growth and large destiny of the South, we laid aside, at least for a time, a too modest estimate of the character and extent of the instruction here being given, and considered the enlarged sphere of our activity, future endowment and growth, and the step was taken: and yet never with the thought of assuming a name without carrying out with a good degree of rigor the courses of study adopted, said courses being of a degree of advancement and covering a scope of learning in the various essential departments that would be deemed in the eyes of scholars adequate to the dignity of the name college.

It is not an unnatural thing for parents to be proud of their children and to hold them in the ten-

derest affection, and thus to occupy an attitude towards them of the most gracious helpfulness and encouragement. It is, I venture to say, in a spirit akin to this that the college looks with a just pride and a helpful affection upon all who in the eight years now closing have passed in and out of her walls.

We gladly bring before us every class and ask, How goes your life work? In '89 the first class of eight young men and women were graduated; in '90, eight; in '91, eight; in '92, eleven; in '93, eight; in '94, twelve; in '95, twelve, and this year adds six to the number, making in all seventy-three—forty-seven young men and twenty-six young women.

Thirty-six have engaged in teaching, four have graduated in law, one is a civil engineer, thirteen have taken academic degrees elsewhere, two have entered the ministry of the Gospel, one completed a course in physical training, and others are engaged in the various business enterprises.

The work and standing of Guilford College is to be judged by these young people whose lives have been marked, in a large measure, by the course of study at Guilford, and perhaps still more by the intellectual, moral and spiritual tone of the college in its entirety. The energy, ambition and lofty aim and

pure lives of the mass of the young people who have received an imprint here, and who in turn have quickened the good impulses of their friends and neighbors, in combination, have been a power for good in the development of knowledge and independence of thought and action that in estimating the educational force of the college must be reckoned of great moment and value.

The steady purpose of the college to be thorough and painstaking in instruction, modest yet hopeful and faithful in maintaining a high standard of scholarship, and helpful and sympathetic in all matters pertaining to moral and religious life, has at all times been in mind. On account of the helpfulness of the friends of the college in the way of endowment, bequests and constant personal assistance and encouragement, the future of Guilford is assured; and the institution is recognized as an educational power in the State, destined as it becomes better known in its essential character and purpose and equipments to attract to these quiet, healthful and restful grounds a still larger number of young people, for whom alone it has an existence.

The additions which the trus-

tees have in the last few years made to the departments of instruction have proved sources of usefulness and value in giving additional educational power and discipline to the College. I refer to the departments of music, art and physical training.

During the year we have abolished the commercial department and the first year of the Preparatory. You may see, however, that we have made book-keeping an elective study in the Freshman year.

Those who have been absent for a year will note changes on the campus in consequence of the work in physical training. In the near future you will note with great pleasure other changes, the removing of the barn and small cottages which now obstruct the view of the college buildings and mar the natural beauty of our grounds.

We look to other improvements which we need—the enlargement and improvement of Archdale Hall, the founding of a Science Hall; and in the entire work, comfort, good health and scholarship, and character of all who are yet to come to Guilford, we ask the co-operation and wise counsel of all the Alumni and friends of the institution.

THE INFLUENCE OF FICTION IN THE RIGHT ADJUSTMENT OF SENTIMENT.

Since the day that darkness was changed into light the world has been constantly changing. Generation after generation has played its part in life's drama and been gathered unto the fathers. No effect has lacked its cause, and no cause has wanted its effect, tho' often we fail to perceive the true forces at work, or undervalue their worth.

The influence of fiction in the right adjustment of sentiment is one of the forces underestimated by the unthinking masses, so quiet is its work, so subtle its arguments, yet, withal, presented in forms so varied and attractive as to compel attention.

Time was when the reading of fiction, in its narrower meaning, was considered sinful, but this was the result of a mental confusion between the two terms—fact and truth. Fact relates to the particular and individual; truth to the universal. However paradoxical it may seem, it may be affirmed that "fiction is truer than fact." He who vows total abstinence from it excommunicates himself from contact with the best and noblest minds.

The moralist may advise a strict

adherence to literature founded on fact, but Professor Moulton says: "It is good to make our reading catholic; but if any young friend be straightened in leisure and opportunity I would counsel him to leave to more fortunate persons the literature that limits itself by fact and make the best of his time by going straight to the world's great fiction."

Plato wove his whole philosophy into fictitious form.

It was the way the world's greatest Teacher loved to teach His disciples. "Without a parable spake He not unto them."

It is the chosen manner of the poets to give their literary messages to the world in story. Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow would be names almost unknown had they not had this means of talking to humanity.

The sweet, simple story of Enoch Arden presents a lofty ideal of true and generous manhood that cannot fail to awaken the sympathy and inspire the admiration of every reader.

England was stirred and the hearts of the people went out to the poor in their misery to help

and to save as they read of Little Nell, the artless, loving, trusting child, her old grandfather's only support and comfort. And as they saw her fading and it was said she will be an angel before the birds sing again, letters poured in upon Dickens from every side begging, "don't let Little Nell die."

In the great work of the Reformation, fiction was not without its place and influence. In his Canterbury tales, Chaucer attacked with stinging sarcasm the pernicious practices of the Catholic Church. The monk, friar, pardoner are in turn the subject of his sportive yet caustic jests. He proclaims their wickedness, protests against their deception and outrage of the people, ridicules their reverence for sacred relics; yet it is done in such a striking manner that the people received his teaching, while the Bible was forbidden and Christian martyrs were burned at the stake.

John Bunyan did not realize that through his wonderful allegory his name would be immortalized and men and women, hundreds of years after, would receive strength and encouragement from his words.

Who can read "Ben Hur" and not have a more exalted idea of the Jew? See the young Judah as he turns sorrowfully away from his childhood's friend, so changed

in five short years of separation. Listen how he and his mother talk tenderly together of his duty and responsibility in life. See him again as a galley slave he skillfully plies the oar which bends beneath his powerful force.

Hear him now as he talks to his Arab steeds — "On Atair, On Rigel. What, Antares! doest thou linger now? Good horse—sho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory! and the song will never end.

The race is won, the proud Roman is humbled in the dust; Judah, the Prince of the House of Hur, commands respect for his people.

Lanier says: "As a people the novel is educating us." The realm of the novelist is unlimited. There is not a people, a science, a good or an evil that may not become the subject of his pen.

Stated as bare fact our sensitive ears would be shocked, horrified at the cruelty, the inhumanity sometimes practiced by enlightened people, yet we need to be educated in these things. No matter how unpopular the theme, the novelist may weave through it a thread of romance, add pleasing incident, and entertaining personality and it will be received.

From the vast multitude of

writings we can give only a few examples to illustrate the power of fiction and to show how *truth* outweighs *fact* in shaping human progress.

How beautifully Hellen Hunt Jackson has presented the Indian character in "Ramona," based on years of careful study among them.

Our historians picture them as a wild, crafty, revengeful, warlike people, and the average school-boy looks upon them simply as savage barbarians.

While this may be true yet it is not the whole truth. They have failed to show them in their better light, possessed with a nature constant as brave, strong as manly, with a mighty love for all that is beautiful and sublime, and above all a holy reverence for the Great Spirit who has prepared for his braves a happy hunting ground for their final home.

Longfellow sings of Hiawatha and his love for Laughing Water. Oh! noble race of American soil, a just and beautiful tribute to your memory!

Turn now to a dark cell in an English jail and look for a moment on that shrinking figure crouching in the corner, while beside her kneels a slender woman tenderly stroking back her dark curling hair.

Watch the strong carpenter as he walks slowly through the

woods, his broad shoulders bent, his eyes fixed upon the ground and say whether George Eliot did not speak truly when she said: "There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease."

"Adam Bede" is a rich gift to the world. Adam, the hero, Dinah Morris, pure, sympathetic, noble-souled, by some declared the most beautiful character in English fiction, call forth the best in every nature and inspire a longing for the highest good.

The changes that have been wrought by George Eliot in her quaint yet forcible way are wonderful. Her teaching does but expand the command of the Master: "Be ye perfect, as I am perfect."

The very mentioning of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" brings before our minds scenes of war and bloodshed, a long and bitter struggle between a common brotherhood that left desolated homes, broken hearts, and souls that burned with bitter hate for many years.

There are few, if any, now who do not recognize that slavery was an evil; but in ante-bellum days circumstances were very different.

The people had been taught for generations that it was right. It was defended from the pulpit; the Bible was quoted to sustain it. If, perchance, any felt it to be wrong, they solaced themselves by saying they saw no remedy; they could do nothing alone.

Is it any wonder that they refused direct teaching against it? The slave was money; the slave did the work; the people did not know how to exist without him.

But, when Harriet Beecher Stowe began her famous book as a serial in one of the leading literary magazines, public attention was arrested. The people would read and indignantly throw the paper aside; yet, there was a charm in the story they could not resist. They were anxious to know whether good, patient Uncle Tom would be redeemed, or perhaps they wished Topsy to amuse them in her droll way; it may be they read a few chapters for the sake of following the history of spirit-like little Eva.

Those were the principles im-

planted that did much toward hastening on the war that rent our nation asunder.

But, Holland in his touching story, "The Mistress of the Manse," has helped to bridge the chasm between the North and the South. What a queen among women is Mildred, so gentle, yet so strong? What sublime heroism she displays as she faces the angry mob gathered before her door demanding their prisoner, her only brother, a hero no less brave, tho' he marched beneath the stars and bars, than Pilip, who fought valiantly for the stars and stripes.

The inscription upon the stone that marks their last resting place is a fitting memorial to every gallant soldier who offered his life's blood for principles he held dearer than life.

"In Northern blue and Southern brown
Twin coffins and a single grave,
They laid the weary warriors down;
And hands that strove to slay and save
Had equal rest and like renown."

AMY J. STEVENS, '96.

THE RUINS OF YUCATAN.

When and by whom were the ruins of Yucatan built? These are questions that are very perplexing to the archaeologists, paleograpists and paleontologists. They seem to have been built by

a race of men with ideas of the sublime and beautiful wholly different from all other races. Their architectural ideas, their mechanical skill, their knowledge of natural laws of heat and cold,

of cohesion, attraction and repulsion, and especially all the laws of light, have been equal if not superior to the highest attainments of our day. The recent discovery of the X rays of light, which has astonished the world, may prove to be but re-discovery of a knowledge of the X rays known to the builders of the Yucatan ruins.

By supposing that the ancient Maya race was master of the science of electricity, and used electric lights, and knew the secret of the X rays, we can understand why they constructed their buildings as we find them. In some of their immense edifices are chambers twenty feet wide, sixty long and thirty high, with pointed arches. Many of these have no light except through a door six by eight feet. Yet the walls and stuccoed ceiling are covered with beautiful paintings, hieroglyphic and picture writing, which cannot be seen and read distinctly without artificial light. In copying the paintings for the World's Fair Dr. Thompson found it impossible to do the work without a system of reflectors by which he could throw strong concentrated sunlight into the dark chambers. Le Plongeon had to do the same to get correct photographs. The harmonious blending of brilliant coloring in the pictures is so perfect that the

work could not have been done without sunlight or perfect electric light. The paintings show wonderful perfection, while here and there colors are used now lost to art.

In the construction of their buildings the builders seem to have possessed a knowledge not in use since their time. The body of all their edifices are built of a peculiar concrete, made of a combination that is a non-conductor of electricity, thereby protecting them from the destructive effects of lightning in that land of violent thunder storms. They also showed a perfect knowledge of the power of earthquake disturbances. All the great pyramids are built of a solid mass of concrete sitting on the smooth, solid rock of the country, cased on the outside with hewn stone. In case of earthquakes this solid block of concrete was not broken, but rocked to and fro like a block of wood or stone. When there were edifices on top of the pyramids their bodies were a combination of the concrete mass, Nowhere is there evidence of destruction by lightning or earthquake. Trees may be shivered at their base and the rock beneath may be fractured, but the buildings of the Maya remain untouched. Time and the gun-powder of the brutal Spaniard have been the destroying elements.

Why did this ancient race build of concrete instead of hewn stone like all other nations? There was no lack of stone anywhere; in many places it would have been easier to have built with stone, for often fine slabs of building stone were broken up for rubble in the concrete. The concrete is also proof against X rays. I am not a scientist and find it takes an effort to keep up with scientific discovery, but I think it is evident that we are far behind in scientific and mechanical ability, not only of the ancient Maya race, but also of some more recent civilizations. When we examine the ruins of Egypt we find that this country's beginning was more perfect than its ending; that there were other people equal to them in civilization whose history is lost; that the ancient Hittite empire preceded it and was equal in knowledge, wealth and power, and left a record on its ruins as yet but imperfectly understood. Beyond the Hittite we have no history in the old world. In Yucatan we have ruins still older, with evidence of a higher civilization than the Hittite, Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek or Roman, and that they had anticipated by thousands of years our most wonderful discoveries.

On one of the square stone pillars in front of the building situated on top of the great pyra-

mid at Chichen-Itza are two figures of men wearing long beard dressed in the costume of the ancient Hittite. We learn from Egyptian history that the Hittite empire extended over Asia Minor to the Euphrates and to the very border of Egypt 1900, B. C., and was a rival for supremacy in Western Asia. Scripture and Assyrian history says the Assyrian conquest ended the Hittite empire 700, B. C. The Egyptian empire ended with the conquest of Alexander about 931, B. C. The question now arises, When did these two Hittite men visit Yucatan? The event must have been a noted one, for no other figures of bearded men are found in America.

Dr. Thomson reads the hieroglyphic, picture and symbolic writing back 7,000 years at Chichen and Uxmal ruins, while LePlongeon reads back beyond 13,000 years, claiming he has the key to the alphabet. When I see, read and hear all these facts and historic statements they unsettle all my conclusions formed before seeing Yucatan. When in Egypt I noted the effect of constant sunlight in a rainless country on earth, wood or stone. In Palestine the result of 2,500 years of climatic effect on the same thing, also at Damascus and Baalbeck, in Syria, were evident. Then in Greece and Italy where

the rainfall is more regular, and still further noted the effect of Ireland's climate on ruins, going back 900 years, B. C., to the first colonies of the Hebrews, and last of all noted the effect of arctic frost and the midnight sun on old Norse ruins, going back into lost time in Sweden and Finland.

With all this notation of old world ruins in mind when I stood on the great pyramids of Chichen and Uxmal they seemed like the gray-haired grand-sires of the world. The sense of lonely desolation that seems to cover them adds a grandeur to their old age, and we feel like we want them suddenly crystallized so that time could no more waste the crumbling walls nor deface their beautiful facades.

All authorities unite in admitting that the Maya race is the oldest in the new world, and dates back near the beginning of humanity. Any one who has seen and observed the old world ruins and then see those of Yucatan will not hesitate a moment to say that the Yucatan ruins are purely original, and were designed and built by a race wholly different from any who have lived since. The fact of this originality being beyond question opens up another question. Did the Maya race come up through the long line of Darwinian mice and monkeys before they built these

wonderful ruins so perfect in ideal and architectural outline? If so, where were the shops in which they modeled their crude original rudimentary forms? Master artists and inventors of to-day praise their first rude efforts higher than their grandest achievements, even the old jack-knife is laid away as precious.

Still another unsolved problem presents itself. Why were all those vast cities deserted about the same time? Like other great cities, they were centuries in coming to perfection. The empire must have had a slow and steady expansion for at least 1,000 years, and must have had a duration of many thousand.

On the ruins and on small tablets of stone among the ruins over Mexico are well executed figures of the Mammoth and other extinct animals. Were the early Mayas contemporary with the Mammoth?

If there was a large inhabited island called Atlantis submerged in the Atlantic Ocean, were the Mayas Atlanteans? If so, did they retain their Atlantean civilization? From Boston to Florida, along the Atlantic coast, and from there around the Gulf to Nicaragua, the sea has receded from five to one hundred miles; three-fourths of Yucatan is in this recession. Would the sinking of Atlantis have drawn off the water

to that extent to fill the cavity? All the ruins under consideration have been built since the sea receded.

There is no sign of defensive walls around any of the ruined cities as seen in all the Old World. The defensive wall of the great cities of Europe, Africa or Asia is the last thing to disappear.

In Yucatan and all Central America the cities did not need defensive walls. The people and the civilization were wholly different from any that ever existed in the Old World. So view the question as we will, there are so many appearances of *facts and probabilities* that we have to leave it as we found it—unsolved.

On the border of Canyeché, Cliopus, Yucatan and Guatamala is a country half as long as Indiana, in possession of independent Mayas. Near the centre of this territory is a mountain fastness or stronghold that is absolutely impregnable. It has always been held by the native Mayas; no stranger or foreigner has ever entered it, or, if they did, they never returned. In all the long ages of war and conflict, defeat and conquest it has been the last hope, the last retreat for a last remnant, where they could be safe and be free.

Natural forces have surrounded that sanctuary with impassable cliffs, from two to four thousand

feet high, and for miles back from the retreat the country is one continued succession of ravine and impassable gorges, through which no one will ever wish to force a passage. Individuals can and have ascended the neighboring mountains and gazed from afar into the hidden sanctuary. As seen from a mountain peak it is a beautiful valley, about thirty miles long and fifteen to twenty wide, thickly dotted over with villages and all in cultivation. The entrance is to the northeast between perpendicular cliffs, two thousand feet high, and in many places ten feet wide, with a small stream of water running through it in the rainy season. To the southwest is a reservoir covering a large area of land. The valley seems to be a perfect paradise of rest and peace. How they have lived, how they are governed, what their social life is no one knows. When they come out to trade among their brethren they are seen to be a superior class, physically and mentally; are dressed alike, seem to have a high standard of self-respect and are honorable in their dealing to honorable dealers, but tricky when dealing with the dishonorable. They have the reputation of being brave to a fault and are merciless and terrible in battle. In the rebellion of forty years ago, when their brethren who were citizens of the State of

Yucatan rose in arms against oppressive taxation from State and church, the hidden nation came to their help and shortly overran two-fifths of Yucatan and still hold their ground in spite of frequent efforts to subdue them. All the members of the hidden nation are idolaters, as are many of their outside brethren, and as seen by outsiders the idolaters are fully equal to their Roman Catholic brothers.

There is so much that is intensely romantic and thrilling about these people that we almost involuntarily espouse their cause and hope they may *forever* remain a *Hidden Nation*. Through long ages of seclusion and conflict they may have lost their history and their higher civilization, yet they would be a grand object lesson if the world could be trusted to look in; but as for humanity, there is not a nation or a people on earth with whom their freedom and safety could be trusted.

History says that attempts have been made to dislodge them for at least two thousand years. The

Spaniards lost 30,000 men in the last two hundred years in vain attempts to "destroy the idolaters." Five hundred men could defend the pass against the world and two thousand could in like manner patrol the mountains against countless odds. Their numbers are variously estimated from 50,000 to 149,000. Just now the Mexican government has 20,000 soldiers stationed in a cordon of posts around the free Mayos to prevent and restrain their encroachments over the border, and for the *first time* have opened friendly negotiations with them to stop the desultory warfare and secure their rights to their land and protection to person and property. If this is done, it will be a blessing to all parties and stop a great outlay of money. The Hidden Nation will not suffer a brother Maya to come near their stronghold if he be a Roman Catholic, for they consider all Roman Catholics as treacherous, like the Spaniards have always been.

ADDISON COFFIN.

THE GROWTH OF OUR NATIONAL IDEA.

When the motion was carried in the Continental Congress "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States," the development of a free nation was well begun.

The affairs of the States were entrusted to a Continental Congress. In carrying on the war this body exercised some of the highest functions of sovereignty possible to any governing body. It declared the independence of the United States, it raised and organized the Continental army, it borrowed large sums of money, it built a navy and contracted alliances. All this it did; its prerogatives were the willing gifts of the States.

There was no written law beneath this body till 1781, when the articles of confederation were adopted which defined its powers, and at the same time limited them till they became useless as a means of binding the States in a union. When the treaty of peace was finally signed at Paris in 1783 recognizing the independence of the United States, there was no union. The tension of war, the means that served most efficiently to keep the States together, was removed. There began a drifting toward thirteen little democracies.

Anarchy was about to become monarch of land and sea. That was the critical period of our national existence. The States were hostile to one another. Foreign credit was gone. The veteran soldiers of Washington were unpaid. Congress was respected neither abroad nor at home. Washington declared "We are one nation on one day, thirteen on another."

The need of a strong central government was beginning to impress our people. Our greatest men early saw the advantages of concerted action on the part of the colonies. A few years before our need had been for warriors to gain our liberties. Washington, Greene, Lincoln, LaFayette and countless others had responded. Now the demand was for statesmen to save the "Ship of State."

The Virginia Legislature, after fruitless debate on the question of clothing Congress with the power over trade, at last hit upon an expedient. It was Madison's plan. It proposed that commissioners from all the States should hold a meeting and discuss the best method of securing a uniform treatment of commercial questions. The Governor of Virginia issued invitations proposing Annapolis as the place of meeting,

on the first Monday of September, 1786.

A majority of the States failed to respond, and the assembled delegates adjourned after adopting an address written by Hamilton, in which it was advised that another convention be held in Philadelphia on the second Monday of the following May "to devise such further provisions as shall appear necessary to render the constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the exigencies of the Union."

As appointed, the convention assembled in Independence Hall, already memorable. Washington was chosen president. Franklin was there, so were Hamilton, Madison, Adams and Jay. Fifty-five representative men of America, all of whom had performed some work in these troublous times whereby they won distinction, began the work to which they were appointed. Behind closed doors the work of framing a new constitution went on through four wearisome months.

The story is one of continuous compromise, the yielding of local and State interests to the welfare and establishment of the union. A draft of the constitution was presented to Congress, who promptly submitted it to the several States for ratification.

The delegates had returned to their homes and explained to

their anxious neighbors what had been done during that memorable summer in Philadelphia. Party lines were drawn. During this fall and the following year went on the debates, educating public sentiment, that were to result in the ratification of the constitution. The large States record the hard fought battles. On the next day after the convention broke up Franklin and his colleagues laid before the Pennsylvania Legislature a copy of this cherished piece of work and urged their "most favorable consideration." His words fell on willing ears. A State convention was appointed on the 20th of November, and on the 12th of December Pennsylvania ratified by a two-third vote, after severe opposition.

Virginia's convention was called at Richmond on June 2nd. Patrick Henry, Mason, Lee and Greyson opposed ratification, but the tact and genius of Madison overpowered all, and Virginia was won. Madison found an able supporter in John Marshall, who was destined to become one of the most illustrious jurists of the English race.

Great interest centered about the action of Massachusetts. She was the largest of the thirteen, and the Federal Union without her would be weak. The convention met on the 9th of January, Governor Hancock presiding.

What the decision would be was very uncertain. The business was begun by overhauling the document from beginning to end. Samuel Adams, the father of the Revolution, by far the most popular man in Massachusetts, sat listening. His decision the one way or the other would carry the convention. His support was finally won, and by a narrow majority Massachusetts ratified February 6th.

New York was won with the greatest difficulty. When the convention assembled at Poughkeepsie on the 17th of June two-thirds of the delegates were avowed anti-federalists. Such eminent men as Jay and Livingston were on the side of the Federalists, but to one man fell the honor of turning this majority to the support of the constitution. It occurred to Hamilton to explain the workings of the proposed scheme of Government in short essays. He made known his plan to Madison and Jay. The result was the "Federalist," the most profound and suggestive treatise on government ever written. Of the eighty-five numbers, fifty-one were the work of Hamilton's intellect. But the most stupendous task was yet before him, the work of defending the constitution before that hostile convention at Poughkeepsie. With an eloquence then unheard

of he argued from week to week until the leader of the opposition was won over. Confusion ensued among the anti-federalists, and on the 26th of July New York ratified.

When by small majorities all the States had ratified they knew not the strength of the union of which they were members. The relation of the State to the union was vaguely settled. The framers in their wisdom had left it so. The State was the object of pride, the nation of distrust. A train of events was destined to further develop the national idea.

The wonderful success of the first attempt to set in motion this vast piece of machinery under the direction of Washington greatly contributed to the respect which the constitution was so soon destined to command. Hamilton completely removed our financial embarrassments. Jefferson placed us in a proper attitude before the mocking nations of Europe. That splendid series of decisions, masterly and comprehensive, handed down by Chief Justice Marshall during his thirty-five years of service, each time giving strength to the union, placed American nationality on an impregnable basis. The purchase of that vast empire beyond the Mississippi over doubled our territory and gave a new conception of the powers granted by the constitu-

tion. The admission of new States to the union, each time another star in our flag, gave a grander conception of our nation. The annexation of Texas and the territory acquired through the Mexican War opened up new avenues for national growth.

A happy event for the young Republic was the second war with Great Britain, in which the effectiveness of the constitution was tested and feeling aroused to a pride in the nation. And by this war our commercial relations were settled.

New respect was gained for the government at home and abroad by breaking up a nest of piracy in the Mediterranean, a deed Europe herself had failed to accomplish. Our ships now had free play on the ocean. Railroads interwove our interests on land. Local prejudices were broken, and States found their interests of common importance.

While these tendencies were active in gaining strength for nationality, there were others that threatened to break the union. The question evaded by the framers of the constitution had steadily worked its way to the

front and demanded an answer. To what extent was the national government the ruler of the State? Very early factions took up the question. The South was the supporter of the "States' rights" view; they quickly advocated "nullification" and the rights of secession. The North became staunch supporters of the union. Hayne and Calhoun opposed Webster, Story and Curtis. Slavery forced the issue. Legislation had performed all within its power. Compromise upon compromise was offered. The angry factions could not be brought together. In vain had Clay won the title of "Great Pacificator." The one plan was open. The South could but withdraw from the Union. The North was bound to the support of her principles. In 1861 the "legislation of the sword" began. The four years of war handed down this decision, 'An indissoluble union of indestructible States.'

The defeated party has wisely changed its views to meet the requirements of defeat, and all have come to rejoice in the result.

O. P. MOFFITT, '97.

SOCIETY CONTESTS.

PHILAGOREAN CONTEST.—The annual oratorical contest of the Philagorean Debating Society was given on the evening of May 2. Notwithstanding the rainy afternoon, a large audience had gathered to greet the contestants as they came upon the rostrum.

Miss Cornelia Roberson presided, who, after giving a hearty welcome in a few neat, well-chosen sentences, announced the first exercise, a piano solo, beautifully rendered by Miss Pearl Moffitt.

The first oration, "The Salvation Army," was given by Miss Bertha White, showing its mission and methods of work.

Miss Annie Ragan made a most impressive appeal in behalf of the social phases in our body politic by means of the simile in her oration, "The Boomerang."

"Action Based on Desire" was the third oration of the evening. This, given by Miss Lillian Hill, won the laurels.

A pretty vocal duet, "See the Pale Moon," given by Misses Craven and Stevens, turned our thoughts into lighter veins for a few minutes.

Miss Lelia Kirkman's oration, "Guilford Castle," the story of one of the old ruins of Feudal Eng-

land told us from whence came the name of our dear old institution.

The fifth and last oration, "Rewards of Industry," by Miss Jessie Stockard, showed clearly how perseverance conquers almost all difficulties.

While the judges, Miss Gertrude Mendenhall, Rev. J. A. B. Fry and Prof. W. W. Haviland, were in consultation Misses Craven and Moffitt entertained the audience with a beautiful duet.

Rev. J. A. B. Fry was then introduced and in an impressive and practical speech presented the prize (a set of "American Poets") to the successful contestant, Miss Lillian Hill.

HENRY CLAY CONTEST.—The tenth annual oratorical contest of the Henry Clay Literary Society occurred on the evening of May 9. Joseph Blair, the president of the society, in a brief address spoke of the necessity of cultivating the power of public speaking and of the work the society was trying to do along that line. He then announced the first speaker to be Wilson J. Carroll, the subject of whose oration was "Patriotism." The speaker entered into his subject in an en-

thusiastic manner, which held the strict attention of his audience.

Wade Reavis followed with the "Rise and Progress of Democracy." Mr. Reavis conducted himself well upon the stage and treated his subject in such a manner as to win second place in the contest.

"North Carolina for Liberty" was the subject discussed by Rufus S. McCoin. The gentleman spoke with much fervor and feeling and made a most favorable impression.

J. K. Pepper then spoke on the subject "Music, the Favored Art of God." This oration was written and spoken in a very beautiful manner.

"Growth of Our National Idea," O. P. Moffitt, was the last oration. Mr. Moffitt was the successful orator and as his production appears in this issue it needs no comment.

Music throughout the exercises was rendered by Miss Craven and some of her pupils.

Colonel James E. Boyd delivered the medal to the successful competitor in a lengthy speech, after which A. M. Scales, also one of the judges, delivered the improvement medal to B. F. Craven. J. W. Scott was the third judge.

An attentive and appreciative audience was present on the occasion.

WEBSTERIAN CONTEST.—The closing oratorical contest of the series was given on the evening of May 9 by the Websterian Society.

The following orations were delivered in a very excellent manner:

1. "The Evolution of Political Liberty," J. W. Woody, Jr.

2. "The Demands of American Citizenship," W. W. Allen, Jr.

3. "A National Evil," W. E. Blair.

4. "The New Dutch Republic," C. W. Sapp.

5. "The Olympic Games," H. H. Scales.

6. "Paidology and Its Application," J. M. Greenfield.

The young men showed that they were thoroughly interested in the subjects chosen and had given them careful study.

The contest was a close one, but after much deliberation it was decided by the judges that Mr. Sapp had outclassed his fellows.

Judge Bynum's talk in presenting the prize—Webster's International Dictionary and stand—was full of wit and wisdom, and his counsel is worthy the earnest consideration of every young man and woman.

Not the least interesting exercise of the evening was the unveiling of a bust portrait of our loved and greatly lamented Vance. Memoirs of his life were given by the President, T. G. Pearson, and President Hobbs also made a brief speech expressing his high regard for North Carolina's patriot. The whole audience then attested their

loyalty by singing "The Old North State."

A beautiful gold medal was presented to J. A. Blair for most improvement in debate during the year, presented by L.^{es} M. Swink, Esq., of Winston, in a few well-chosen words.

The exercises were brightened by selections on the piano by young ladies of the music class and a well-rendered vocal solo by Mr. Roberts.

The contest was one of the best Guilford has had in several years.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.--Bishop Edward Rondthaler preached the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class May 17th.

In his learned and reverential manner he addressed the large audience for over an hour in a manner that told in unmistakable terms of his love for humanity and his great devotion for the cause of right.

SENIOR PREPARATORY AND MUSIC CLASS ENTERTAINMENT.—Tuesday evening, May 19th, occurred the Senior Preparatory and Music Class exercises. Well prepared essays, which were either spoken or excellently read, were given as follows:

"Snow Bound and Its Author," Clara Ione Cox.

"Printing," Cora Ruth Thornton.

"Petroleum," Calvin Duvall Cowles, Jr.

The programme of the evening was opened by a chorus, "Herd Bells," which was rendered by the young women of the Preparatory and Music Class. This was followed during the course of the evening by a piano solo, a duet and a quartette.

That the music department has rapidly developed under the skillful management of Miss Craven was evident to every one who was present by the very beautiful and difficult music rendered by Misses Moffitt, Snow, Cox and Diffie.

The exercises of the young people all the way through were highly entertaining and were a source of much gratification to their teachers. Mrs. Blair then presented the certificates to the following students, which grants them admittance to the Freshman Class without examination: Clara Cox, Calvin Cowles, Rosa Coffin, Newton Farlow, J. Carson Hill, Cora Thornton, Deborah Tomlin-

son and Annie Worth. She then spoke of the pleasure which they as pupils had been to her and bade them farewell as they now passed from her charge. During her talk she announced that the scholarship in Guilford given to a member of the Class each year had been won by Newton Farlow, whose average grade for the year had exceeded 95 per cent.

The address to the Class was given by President Hobbs. The main course of his remarks was along the line of their continued mental improvement. In plain, simple language, but in a most convincing manner, he strove to encourage them to higher attainments and to impress upon their minds the truth that the way to this lies only along the line of faithfulness to duty and unceasing energy; that nothing is accomplished without great labor.

ALUMNI BUSINESS MEETING.—The attendance at the Alumni Business Meeting Thursday afternoon was not so full as it had been hoped it would be.

But little business was transacted. The Guilford scholarship was continued and the following officers for the coming year were chosen: President, Rhena Worth, '89; Vice-President, Addie Wilson, '96; Secretary, Dora Bradshaw, '95; Treasurer, George W. Wilson, '94; Orator, Ed. W. Wilson, '94.

THE ALUMNI ADDRESS.—The alumni address was given by Rhena Worth, '89. Seldom has the alumni listened to a more literary or carefully prepared production by one of its numbers than the one delivered on Wednesday afternoon. "The Present Condition of American Literature and Something of Its Authors," was the subject discussed by Miss Worth.

The oration was delivered in a most effective manner, was thoroughly scholarly and both demanded and received the wrapt attention of the audience.

THE ADDRESS BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.—Rev. D. H. Tuttle, of Raleigh addressed the three Literary Societies Wednesday night. The subject of his discourse was "The Bible as a Guide to Conservative Scholarship."

The speaker made a deep impression on his audience and in a very forcible manner drove home to every mind the truths he presented.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.—The Commencement Exercises were opened in King Hall May 21st at 10 o'clock, a. m. A large audience convened. Many alumni, friends of the institution, the trustees, members of the Faculty and students, all assembled to participate in the fifty-ninth Annual Exercise in the history of the College,

to do honor to the cause of education, and to the efforts of the self-denying founders and present supporters of the institution. Pres. Hobbs presided, and after a few words of greeting stated that Dr. Barton of Philadelphia, who was later to deliver the Baccalaureate Address, had consented to conduct the devotional exercises. These consisted in a Bible reading and an earnest prayer that every part of the day's program might be to the glorification of the maker of all things.

The first oration was then announced, which was given by Addie Belle Wilson. Subject: "Heoric Minorities." The speaker handled her subject with a spirit of sincerity and earnestness which was irresistible. She put new life and color into the actions of the minorities of the past and present.

Amy J. Stevens was next announced who spoke from the subject: "The Influence of Fiction in the Right Adjustment of Sentiment." This oration appears in another part of the *Collegian*.

The last oration, there being only three members of the class elected to speak, was delivered in a clear and forceful manner by Robert William Hodgkin. His subject was "Civil Service Reform."

Below is the program of orations, excepting those above:

The Holy Alliance,

Thomas Jefferson's Relation to the Democratic Party,

Mollie Bright Roberts.

The Development of Protestantism,

Enoch Edgar Farlow

President Hobbs conferred the degrees and presented the diplomas. His address to the class appears elsewhere.

Dr. Barton, of Bryn Mawr College, being introduced began his address by making a few pleasant and helpful remarks in behalf of the cause of education in general and of his knowledge of thorough work done at Guilford. There was hearty cheering when he spoke of Guilford's first representative in Bryn Mawr, Miss Virginia Ragsdale, and many a heart was made to feel proud of old Guilford when he said that Miss Ragsdale had just been awarded one of the first honors in the gift of the institution, referring to the Bryn Mawr-European Fellowship. The speaker's address was based on the progress of the century just closing in Science and Religion. He dwelt especially on the adjustment of Religious thought to recent Scientific Discoveries, and its application to the social fabric.

It would hardly be just to undertake, in the space allowed, a synopsis of this scholarly and in every sense elevating address.

The subject was necessarily scholarly, but the clear and sim-

ple language in which it was couched made it possible for the most unthinking to easily follow the speaker into those deep thoughts which lie at the basis of religion.

The close attention given by the audience to every part of the program was most gratifying. A large company of those present lingered at the College throughout the day with friends and old acquaintances and visiting different points of interest.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET.—One of the most pleasing features of Commencement week was the Annual Banquet of the Alumni Association. The company of forty assembled in the West room of Founders at 8 o'clock p. m.

S. Addison Hodgins, '91, was toast master and he presided with ease and dignity.

A toast to Guilford College was responded to by Dr. Barton who was the lionized guest of the College.

Prof. W. A. Blair, in his usual happy vein, recalled pleasant events in his life while a student here in the days of the boarding school.

James P. Parker, '93, in behalf of the Alumni welcomed the class of '96. Mollie B. Roberts gracefully responded in behalf of the new graduates. "The Teacher" was the subject of the toast given by Ruth C. Blair, '94. She spoke of the important position Guilford graduates hold in this profession.

Ottis E. Mendenhall, '95, toast: "Business Man." His address was listened to with much interest.

Lucile Armfield, '94, toasted to "Bryn Mawr and the European Fellow."

Every class in the history of the College was represented. The highest good humor prevailed the whole evening as is always the case at a feast so elegant and so tastefully served.

The Guilford Collegian.

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MAY, 1896.

THE *Collegian* takes this opportunity to thank President Geo. T. Winston for his invitation to the staff to attend the University Summer School free of expense.

IN the young men's societies the same board of managers for the *Collegian* was elected for the coming year, with a few changes which will appear in the next issue. The Philagorean's elect next fall.

DR. BARTON'S address at Commencement kept in balance the conservative and por-

gressive forces in religious thought in a remarkably able manner. It will be of value to every thinker on such subjects who heard the address to ever keep in mind the points developed by the speaker.

IT will be of interest to every one interested in Guilford to know it is the purpose of the Y. M. C. A. to send two men to the Knoxville Summer School this season. We hope that every old student will return to the College with a strong determination to maintain the high moral tone of the institution.

MANY of our educational institutions properly belonging in the rank of small colleges seem to have an insatiable desire to step out into the broader field of the University.

Numerous departments are tacked on to the regular curriculum. Law, medicine, theology, all the professional branches are advertised as receiving special attention. This is indeed a sign of energy and progress. Such action on the whole is hopeful. There is, however, an overlapping of work which ultimately is not conducive to the best results. This spirit of hurry, dwelt upon at length and so heartily condemned last week by President Hobbs in his address before the Preparatory graduates is one of the most serious prob-

lems to be dealt with in our intellectual life as well as in the world at large. The subscription school is hardly a thing of the past and the success of the Academy assured when the management in charge begins to look about for some one to teach the "Spencerian system" of writing, book-keeping, elocution, and sad fact that it is "to fit for the active duties of life." And so we might write on—the reader into dream land and ourselves into a "frenzy" over the almost criminal action of some of our educators either knowing, or ignorantly, in setting up false standards of education to the youth of our land. You see the point. Too many of our educators are intellectual but not wise. The above but touches the old cords which ring out the importance of conservative, thoughtful action. We often wonder why some of our orators do not choose to portray the life of some of the world's characters who have held it on the great high-way of sound development, as well as to paint in glowing terms the exploits of some daring race or to revive the memory of a William Tell.

This institution, throughout its continuous course of nearly sixty years, has ever stood firm for thorough and systematic training in those branches of study which

properly belong in the curriculum of a small college.

While other institutions have seemed to take on larger life Guilford has remained with those colleges which have by their persistent efforts made the belief common that the graduates from the colleges are, as a rule, better prepared than those turned out from the great universities.

In no other way, of course, can the small college compare with the university than in furnishing atmosphere for study. None of the rush, varied interests, and large numbers are to sweep the student into a whirl-pool of thought and action.

And as a result the students are found to have clear conceptions of what an education is. They learn the true place of the university—that it is an institution for the treatment of special studies, and when their collegiate course is completed they go to the universities in larger numbers. This is particularly the case with Guilford.

In looking over the comparatively short list of her alumni we find that a very large per cent. have taken advance courses. This we think is the highest possible tribute to a college for its ability to convey the proper idea of education.

LOCALS.

—Commencement with its crowd has passed.

—Will we ever forget those chats commencement night?

—The gymnasium has been made the recipient of a coat of white paint.

—Twenty-two volumes have recently been added to the Memorial Library.

—President Hobbs will deliver addresses at Yadkinville and Asheville soon.

—Governor gets himself a bicycle and the boys give him a search light lamp.

—Ed. Farlow will remain at the College a while yet. His services are almost indispensable.

—The local man acknowledges an invitation to the Alumni Banquet of the Preparatory Department.

—A Junior recently declared in the astronomy class that the shape of the earth is a "spherical rhomboid."

—The new catalogue which has been out a short time is more satisfactory than the one last year and approaches more nearly the point of doing Guilford *justice* than the ones of previous years.

—The Vance portrait which was exhibited for several days in Greensboro attracted much attention.

—A loon, some ducks and several smaller birds have lately been added to the mounted specimens in the Cabinet.

—Clyde Capel is back from the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore where he has been under treatment for some weeks.

—Miss Amy Stevens had the pleasure of having with her during Commencement week her father and uncle, Ex-Senator Thos. Kennedy.

—Ben Morris was over to see the boys Commencement week. He has spent a very successful year at the Louisville Medical College and will return there the coming autumn. Success to you Ben.

—John R. Marshall, who is in the field representing the Students Volunteer Movement visited the College a short time since. His talks on the Mission Field were clearly presented and well received.

—The Society Contests, on a whole, were pronounced as successful this spring as are often

witnessed. The Juniors, Sophs. and Freshmen each had a successful representative among the contestants.

—Prof. Haviland will occupy a position as teacher in the "Friend's Select School," Philadelphia, the coming year. Augustine Blair, '90, and who has just taken his A. M. degree at Haverford College, will fill the vacancy as Governor at Guilford.

—The exhibit of the Art Department is more attractive and elaborate than ever before. It would be a marvel to many old Guilford students to see the beautiful display of drawings, paintings, decorated china, etc., which Miss Hill had on exhibition this year.

—While the *Collegian* is not supported wholly by the subscriptions, it is nevertheless necessary that now and then a subscriber pay up in order that the expenses of the journal may be met. It will be a great personal favor to the Managers if those delinquent subscribers who have recently received a statement of their account will kindly take the time to enclose the amount due and for-

ward it at once. A representative will be here after Commencement to receive any subscriptions which may be forwarded after that time. The *Collegian* is needing money and *your due* will help meet that need.

—A few weeks before the close of the term the base-ball club went up to Winston and played the Davis School team.

They lost the game by a score of 7 to 12 in favor of Davis.

The members of the club who went are as follows:

Teague, Catcher;	Parker, Pitcher;
Pepper, 1st base;	Wray, 2d base;
Roberts, 3d base;	Tomlinson, s. stop;
Glenn, r. field;	Kerner, l. field;
English, c. field;	Jorden, sub.;
Pearson, Manager.	

Parker played well in the box, striking out more than a dozen men. Glenn, Wray and some others did good work at the bat. Guilford was ahead until after the fifth inning. But Davis managed to increase her score quite rapidly the last few innings with the above result.

The men speak of their visit with the military boys as a most pleasant one.

PERSONALS.

E. C. Blair is expected home from Washington in a few weeks.

W. A. Blair of Winston, visited the College commencement day.

Eugene Gillespie, '93, is spending his vacation in Bennettsville, S. C.

R. S. McCoin, '99, has a paying position in Greensboro during vacation.

H. J. Lipsey, '99, has left for Indianapolis, Ind., with his business interests

C. M. Hauser, '95, is in the Commercial National Bank, of High Point, as assistant bookkeeper.

Miss Craven is expecting to take a course in music this summer, either in Boston or New York City.

H. A. White, '94, and O. E. Mendenhall, '95, are expecting to enter Haverford College, the coming year.

W. T. Woodly, '94, takes an A. B. at the University this month. He is one of the speakers commencement day.

Emma Hammond, '94, and her sister, Mrs. W. H. Futrell, will spend the summer in the mountains, near Mount Airy.

Alphonso Perkins, one of the best known of Guilford's old students, was married, May 17, to Miss Ross, of Pleasant Garden, N. C.

Mrs. Lizzie Holland, with her two children, who have been boarding at Joseph Parker's for the last year, have returned to their home in Virginia.

Samuel Hill a prominent business man of Minneapolis, recently paid a visit here to his sister, Annie Hill, and his cousin, Mary E. Mendenhall.

W. W. Allen, '97, has planned for himself an extensive tour in the North this vacation. He will visit Philadelphia, New York City, Niagara and other places.

Virginia Ragsdale, '92, has been elected demonstrator in physics at Bryn Mawr for the ensuing year. She will delay the use of her European scholarship until next year.

Eula Dixon has returned from a long visit with her uncle in New York. Her health has greatly improved, and she has announced her intention of beginning the study of medicine the coming winter.

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